



BACK TO BACK

**KEITH GIFFEN
ALAN GRANT
SIMON BISLEY
CHRISTIAN ALAMY**

**SEE THE
MAIN MAN IN**

DC STUDIOS



**IN THEATERS
THIS SUMMER!**



BACK TO BACK



BACK TO BACK

Keith Giffen plot/breakdowns

Alan Grant script

Simon Bisley **Christian Alamy** artists

Lovern Kindzierski **Daniel Vozzo** colorists

Todd Klein letterer

Simon Bisley collection cover artist

Lobo created by **Keith Giffen** and **Roger Slifer**

Tay-ble of Contentz

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From Lobo #1, November 1990 Cover art by Simon Bisley

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From Lobo #2, December 1990 Cover art by Simon Bisley

57 "The Last Czarnian, Part Three: Spell or Die!"
From Lobo #3, January 1991 Cover art by Simon Bisley

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Moar Storeez

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139 "Lobo's Back, Part Two: Heaven Is...a 4-Letter Word"
From Lobo's Back #2, June 1992 Cover art by Simon Bisley

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From Who's Who in the DC Universe #8, April 1991

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LOBO: BACK TO BACK

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LOBO

1 of 4
NOV 90



KEITH
GIFFEN
ALAN
GRANT
SIMON
BISLEY

BISLEY-90-

THE LAST ZARNIAN

PART

ONE:

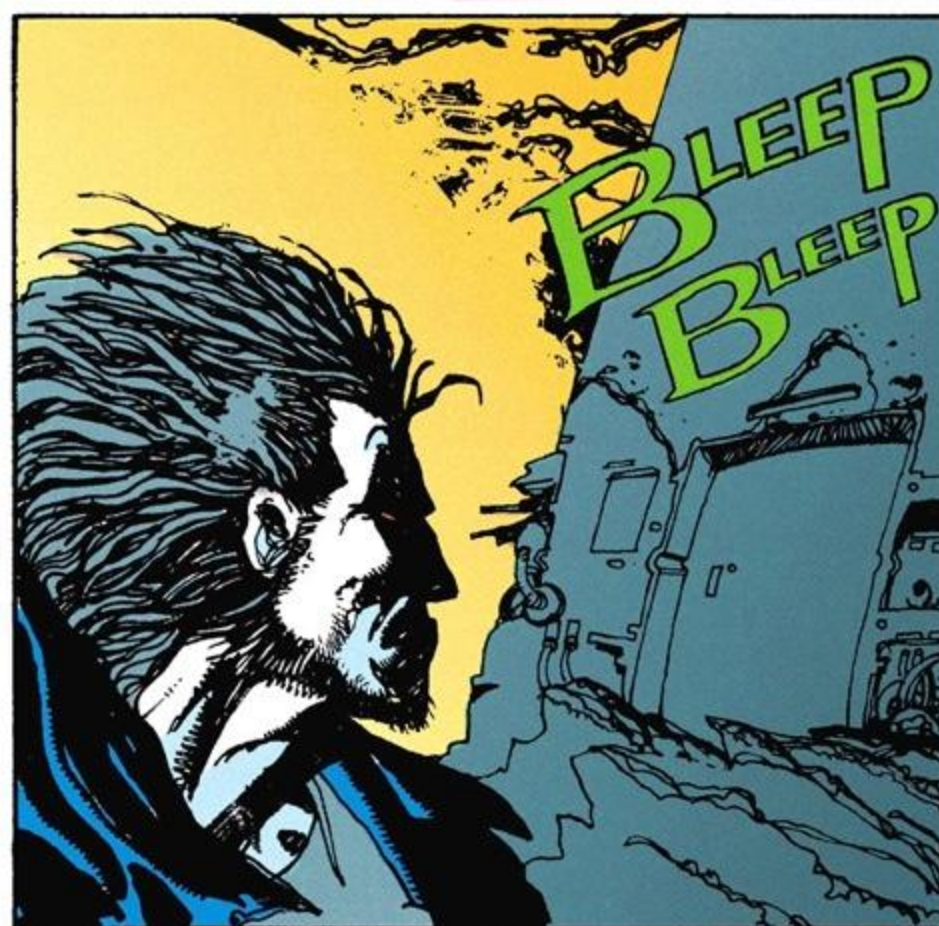
PORTRAIT of a PSYCHOPATH

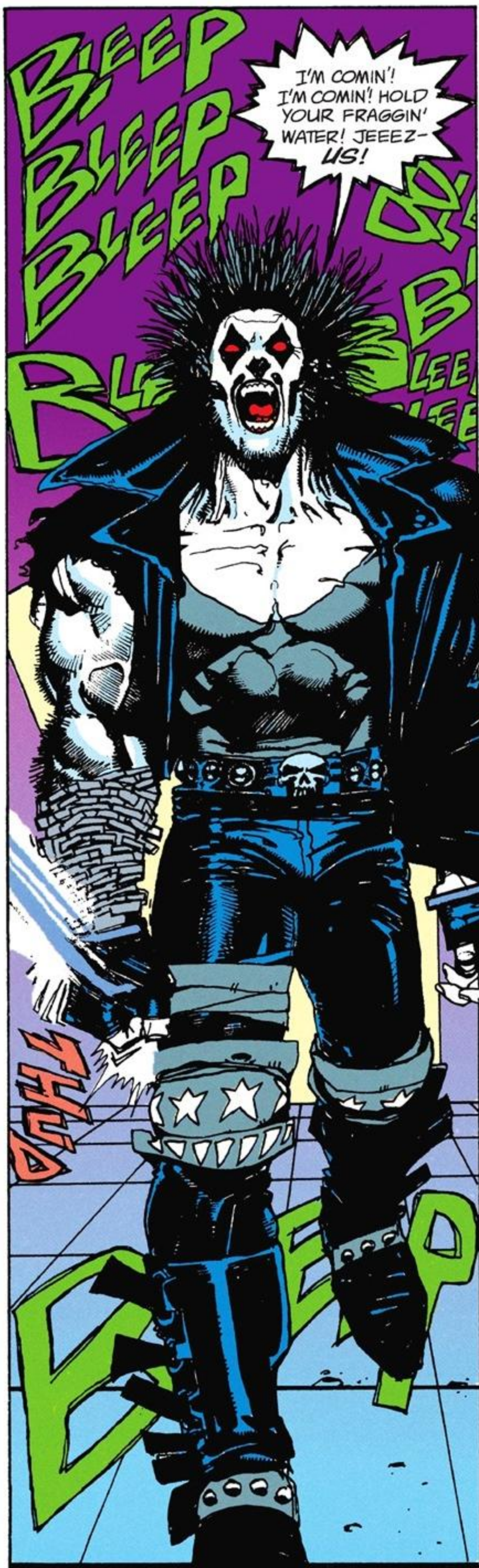


KEITH GIFFEN
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LOVERN KINDZIERSKI
COLORIST

ALAN GRANT
SCRIPT
TODD KLEIN
LETTERER

SIMON BISLEY
ARTIST
ART YOUNG
EDITOR





I'M COMIN'!
I'M COMIN'! HOLD
YOUR FRAGGIN'
WATER! JEEZZ-
US!



YOU TOOK LONG ENOUGH. HOW
ARE YOUR "CHARGES"?

NONE O' YER
BUSINESS, DOX!

SUIT YOURSELF.
I HAVE A L.E.G.I.O.N.
JOB FOR YOU.



CAN'T YA
GET SOMEBODY
ELSE?

I GOT... uhh,
PERSONAL MATTERS
TO ATTEND TO.



THIS CAN'T
WAIT.

WELL, IT'LL JUST FRAGGIN'
HAVE TO!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN
OUR... ahh, PHYSICAL
DEBATE?



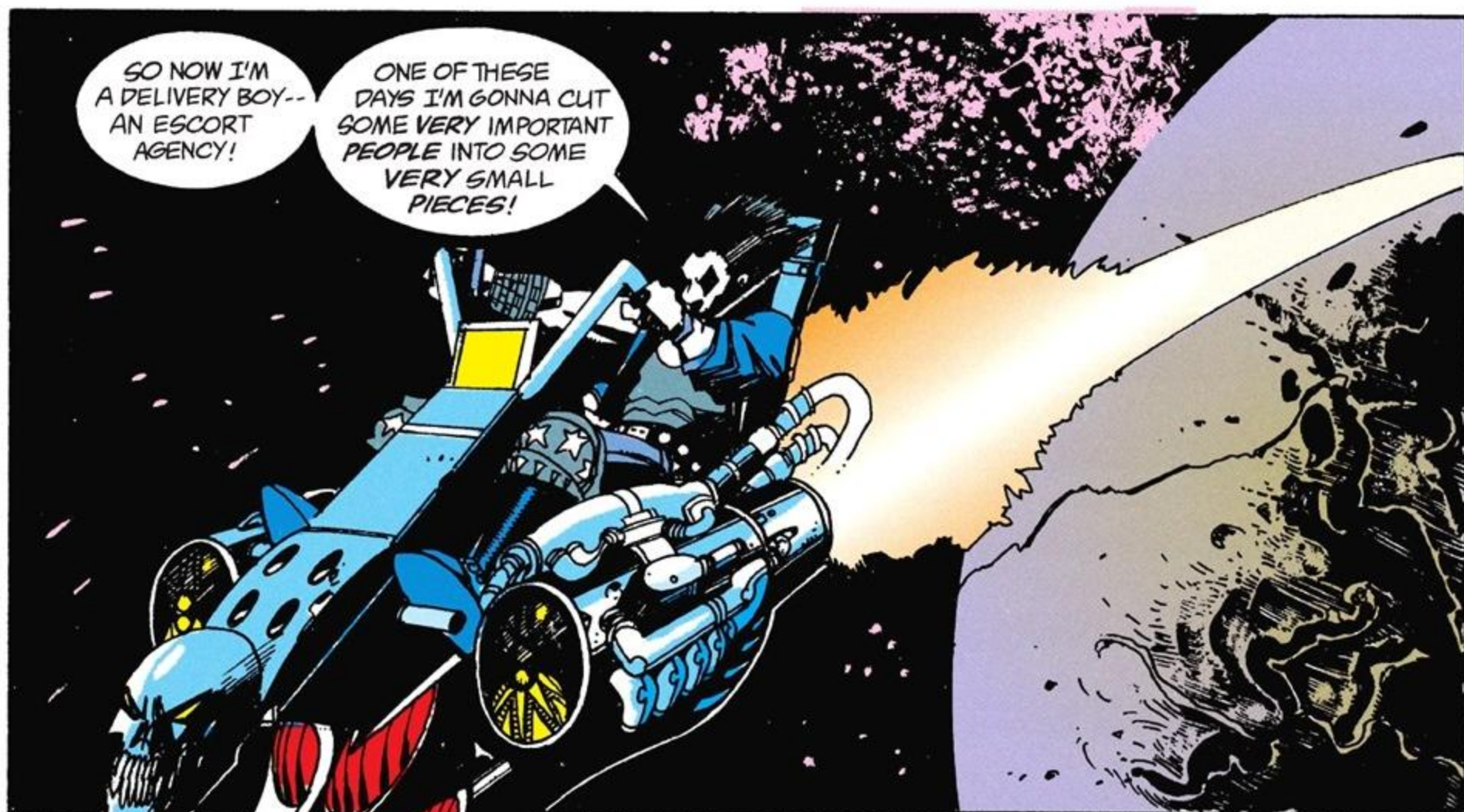
I BELIEVE I BEAT
YOU FAIR AND SQUARE--
AND THE DEAL WAS,
YOU WORK FOR
ME!

OKAY, OKAY! WHAT
IS IT--KIDNAP? ASSASSINA-
TION? MULTIPLE MAIM
AND TORTURE?



I NEED A
PRISONER
ESCORTED.

OH, WHOOP-DE-
FRAGGIN'-DOO!



SO NOW I'M
A DELIVERY BOY--
AN ESCORT
AGENCY!

ONE OF THESE
DAYS I'M GONNA CUT
SOME VERY IMPORTANT
PEOPLE INTO SOME
VERY SMALL
PIECES!



"I NEED THE
PRISONER ALIVE."
JEEZ, HE MUST'VE SAID
IT A DOZEN TIMES.
CREEP REALLY
HARPED ON IT.

HELL, DOX
SHOULD KNOW
BY NOW--



--NO
CONTRACT, NO
KILL.

'CEPT IN
SPECIAL CIRCUM-
STANCES, OF
COURSE...



LIKE THE ONE I'LL SEE
TO AS SOON AS I'M DONE
WITH *THIS* MILK RUN!



PLANET CAIRN,
HEADQUARTERS OF
L.E.G.I.O.N. '90.

LOBO? YOU
ASSIGNED THIS
EXTRADITION
TO LOBO?

WHO BETTER TO SEE
TO IT THAT THE PRISONER
GETS HERE ALIVE?

I CERTAINLY
HOPE YOU
EMPHASIZED
ALIVE!

I'M NOT A FOOL, TASHANA.
OF COURSE I DID.

AND LOBO
ALWAYS KEEPS
HIS WORD.

THIS ONE MAY
JUST PROVE TO BE
THE EXCEPTION!

LOBO WILL DO PRECISELY AS HE'S
TOLD. THIS PRISONER IS *NOT*
SOME COMMON CRIMINAL.

I KNOW.

A CELEBRITY
ON DOZENS OF WORLDS.
A VERITABLE SAINT,
BY ALL ACCOUNTS.

NOT TO
MENTION ONE
HELL OF A
WRITER!

UNAUTHORITARIAN
BIOGRAPHY
LOBO

CHAPTER 1: A SERPENT IN EDEN

Not so long ago, in a galaxy so incredibly remote that not once in its eon-long history did it have contact with outside star systems, there existed Perfection.

We called it Czarnia. Heartland. Harmony. Heaven. Home to one of the noblest and most beautiful races ever to spring from the spangled loins of the Universal Mother.



Czarnia, paradise of peace and love and quiet joy, where the days were long and the nights golden, and the dream of every dreamer was fulfilled. There was no war. There was no hunger. Death came only to those who chose it as an alternative to everlasting life. There was no violence. There was not even a word for "quarrel," or "dispute," or "hatred," beyond the phrase translatable as "I mildly disagree with you and am more than willing to enter into harmonious dialogue with a view to resolution thereof, but first let us share a goblet of nectar and a slab of melt-in-the-mouth ambrosia while admiring the perfect form of some aesthetically ecstatic work of art."

But into Eden a serpent was born... and the name of the evil was Lobo.

It's said that the midwife who delivered him felt a strange, unknown sensation at the moment of birth. With hindsight, we now know that to have been terrified apprehension.

"The devil!" she screamed. "The devil incarnate!"

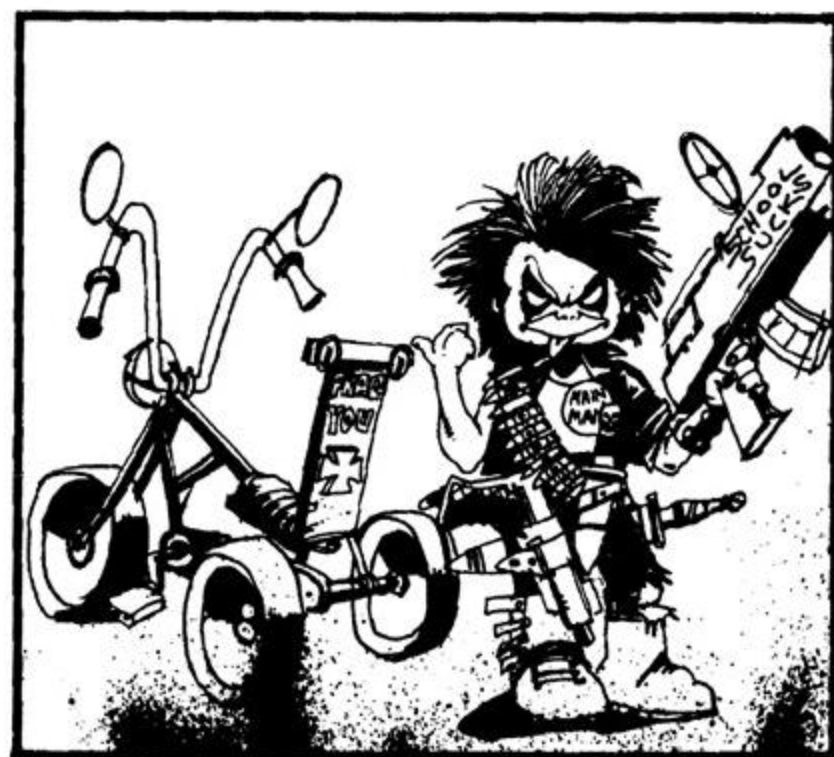
No one knew what she was talking about, and to that unnamed martyr fell the dubious honor of being Lobo's first victim. She became the planet's first mental patient in more than ten millennia, and no one ever knew why she refused to re-grow the four fingers the noxious Child of Darkness had chewed off. The best minds of Czarnia — the best minds in existence — spent years in

analysis of the Lobo phenomenon. The theories were endless: Rogue Gene; Demonic Possession; the Scapegoat Hypothesis, which maintained he was the universe's way of balancing out Czarnia's overabundance of the good things in life; Heideidle's Uncertainty Something, whose followers insisted Lobo had to happen sometime, somewhere, and it was only bad luck he happened here.

Others, like kindergarten teacher Lubla Blak, had no time for fancy theories. "Lobo was a bad little bastard," she is quoted as saying in an interview shortly before her untimely death in a never-solved napalm bombing. Lubla believed that, owing to some quirk, the one hundred percent of the mental power of all Czarnians channelled into life enhancement was somehow reversed in Lobo. All his will, his energy, his ability, was directed toward creating mayhem as often and as ubiquitously as he could manage — which was quite a lot. In fact, a whole lot. A whole heck of a lot.

Certainly, he cut a swathe through the intellectual bliss of the Czarnian education system. Never one to study if he could beat up on a classmate — or a teacher — Lobo soon "ran" his school. Even as a five-year-old he was unbelievably ferocious, a fact attested to by his first-ever principal, Egon N'g, whose throat the odious child ripped out in a temper tantrum. When neighbors found him, scrawled on the floor in his own blood was the message: "My faith in the natural goodness of the Scheme of Things has been severely shaken, if not totally destroyed. I rejoin the Universal One. Farewell, Paradise! P.S. — For your own sake, create the concepts of Police, Punishment, and Prison."

Yes, it took a lot of blood. Mr. N'g was a long time dying. For a time there was excited discussion. Police. Punishment. Prison. What in the name of cornucopian bliss were *they*? And meanwhile, in the classrooms of Czarnia, spilled blood, bruised bodies, and broken bones marked the Serpent's progress. An era was over. In the far galactic distance a muffled drum began to beat, heralding the passing of Perfection.





ONEIDA II.



A L.E.G.I.O.N.
HOLDING PRISON.

HMPH! SO
YOU'RE THE
FAMOUS LOBO?



"ASSASSIN TO ROYALTY
AN'SCOURGE OF THE
COSMOS"--THAT THE ONE?

LET ME BE FRANK,
MISTER. I AM NOT
IMPRESSED!

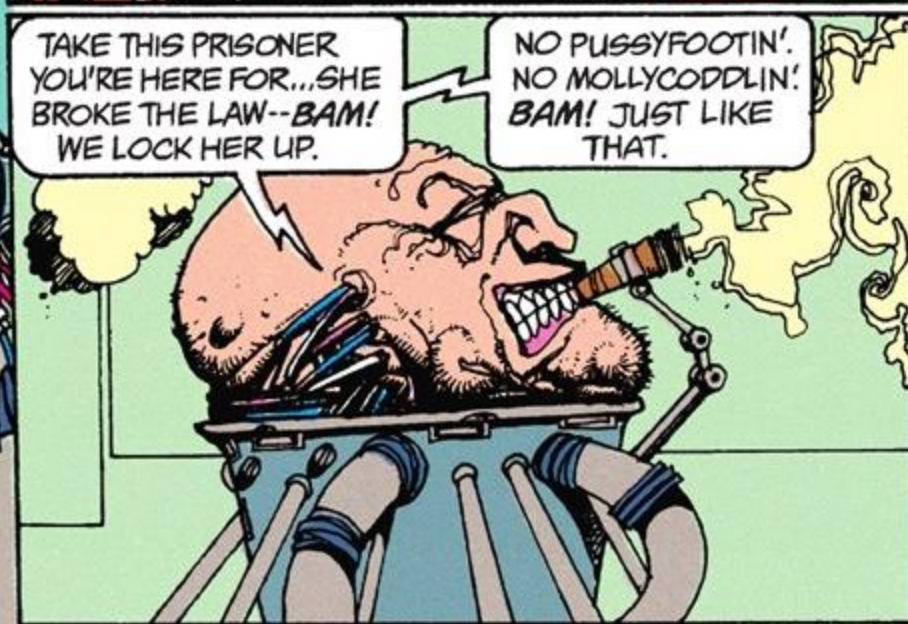
KOFF!



WE RUN A TIGHT
SHIP HERE. THERE'S
NO PLACE FOR
GRANDSTANDIN'
PSYCHOS!

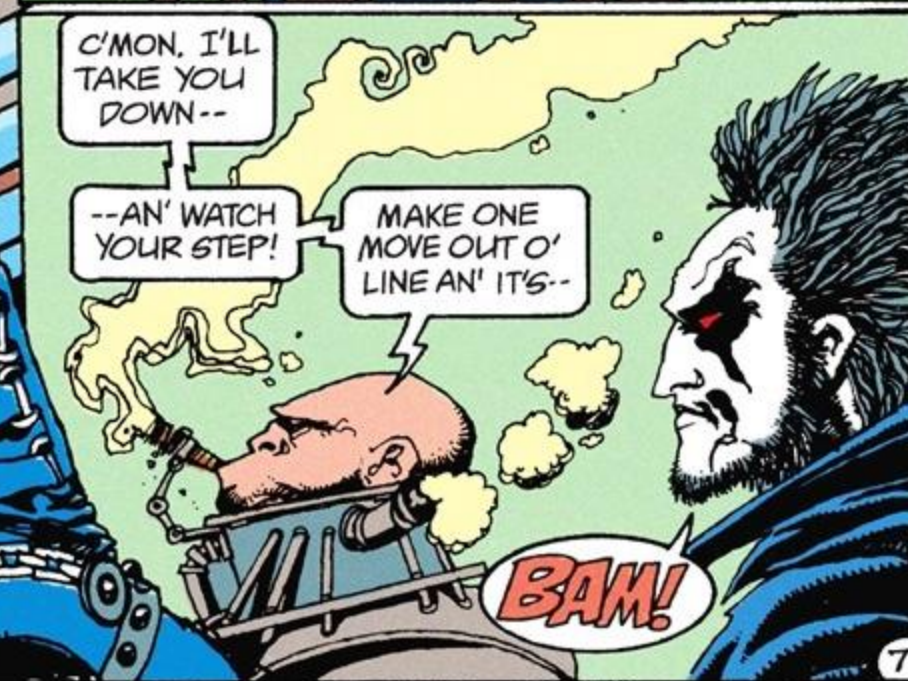
WE ARE
THE LAW,
SEE?

YOU REMEMBER
THAT AN' WE'LL
GET ALONG
JUST FINE!



TAKE THIS PRISONER
YOU'RE HERE FOR...SHE
BROKE THE LAW--BAM!
WE LOCK HER UP.

NO PUSSYFOOTIN'!
NO MOLLYCODDLIN'!
BAM! JUST LIKE
THAT.



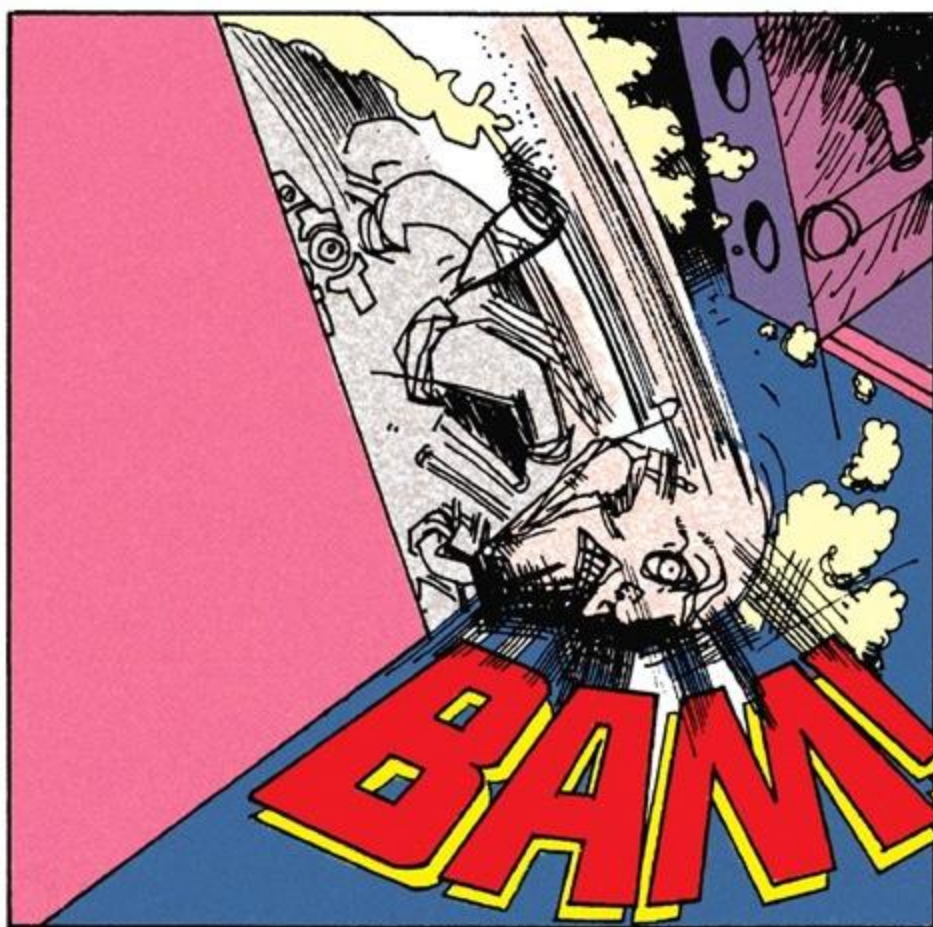
C'MON, I'LL
TAKE YOU
DOWN--

--AN' WATCH
YOUR STEP!

MAKE ONE
MOVE OUT O'
LINE AN' IT'S--

BAM!

7







HAW! AIN'T NOBODY GONNA BE READIN' NONE O' THIS CRAP NOW!

RIP 'EM ALL TO SHREDS! EVERY FRAGGIN' **COPY!**



BUT ONE STORE AIN'T ENOUGH, DUDES --NOT FER THE **SLANDER** WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO OUR MAIN MAN!

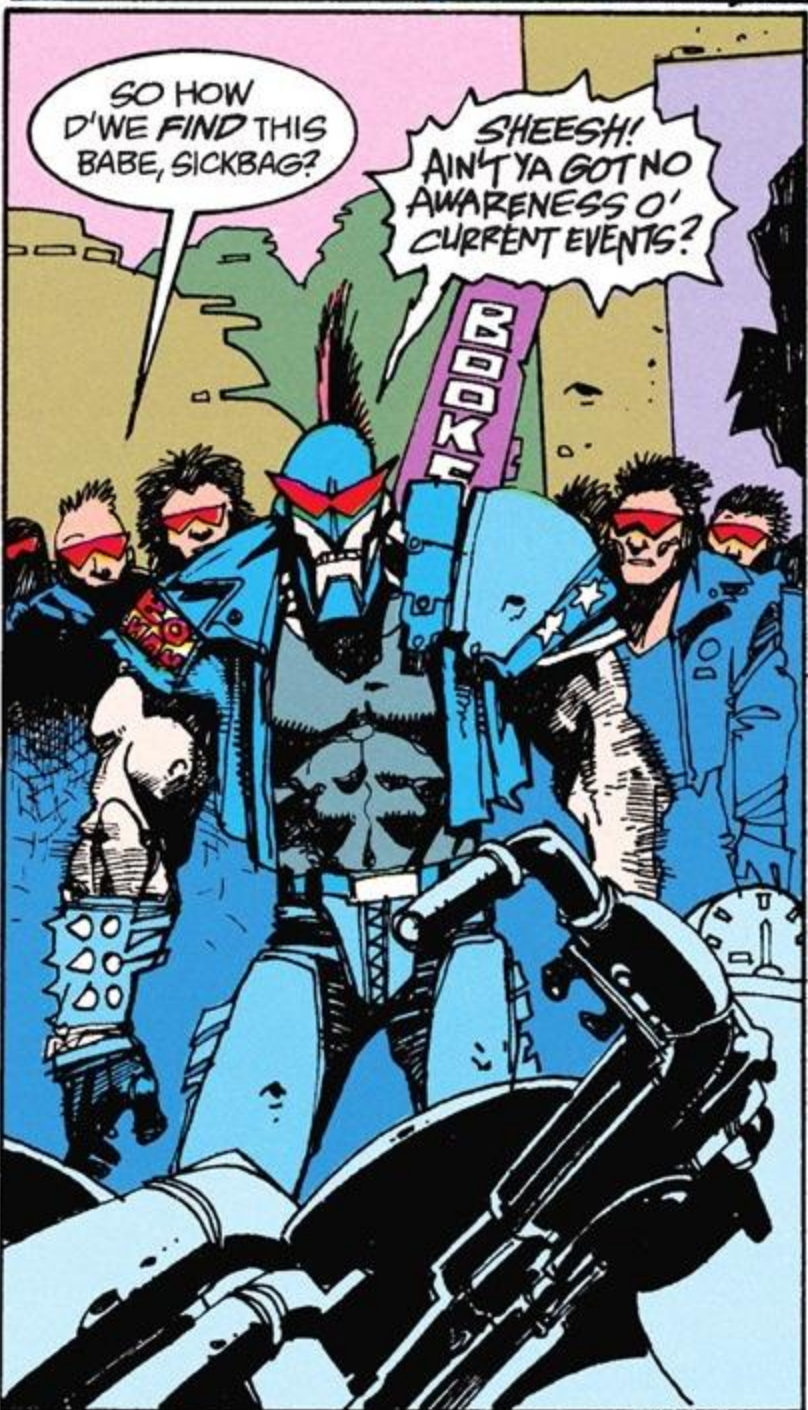


Y'GOT A PLAN, SICKBAG?

YOU KNOW IT. I SAY WE FIND THE CHICK THAT **WROTE** THIS CRUD--AN' **WASTE** HER!

FER LOBO!

FER LOBO!



SO HOW D'WE FIND THIS BABE, SICKBAG?

SHEESH! AIN'T YA GOT NO AWARENESS O' CURRENT EVENTS?



'S ALL OVER THE NEWS. SHE'S GONE AN' GOT HERSELF **ARRESTED** ON ONEIDA VII.

AN' WE'RE GONNA **SPRING** HER?



SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT...

HEH HEH HEH!

HEY, NICE **FINISHING** TOUCH!

CHAPTER 2: OVERKILL!

What's 117 microns long, airborne, of scorpion-like appearance, and burrows into flesh, causing great black blisters and severe blood poisoning over a prolonged period before resulting in agonizing (and messy) death?

The Czarnians didn't know either.

And as one of the side effects was near-total paralysis, effective mere seconds after infection, they didn't get much opportunity to find out. What they did get was several billion people falling unaccountably sick at the same time. On a planet where ill health was unknown—where even 99.86% of accidents were wholly avoided—this was no laughing matter.

Bloated bodies, black buboes exuding an odor of rank decay, piled up in the streets. Fathers, mothers—fathers, mothers—children—crawled around in blind desperation, voices uniting in a planet-wide scream of pain that took five long days before its heartrending echoes faded . . . into the chill, sick silence of death by abomination.

And while a planet died, its killer smiled.

On an ornate balcony set high among Czarnia's slender towering spires, the archfiend Lobo relaxed. A glass of sparkling neurowine wet lips dry with obscene anticipation. He ran his other hand through his hair, a swift, graceful movement he'd spent long months perfecting. In the satin sheen of a plasglas wall, he caught sight of his reflection. He smirked, sighed, well pleased with what he saw. Mr. Maximum Cool. Chiller! The Ultimate Freeze.

Yes, sir! He'd come a long way since those early, faltering, stumbling days. Days when it had been a big deal to cream every creep that crossed his path—days when he thought simple, unwholesome murder was the most he could ever aspire to. By grade school he was almost blasé about violence, even in its worst extremes. He detested everyone he met, and treated them accordingly. All Czarnia knew and feared his name.

No solution to the problem of his existence was ever found. No entreaty to his better self had any effect; Lobo himself frequently boasted that he had no better self. The use of threat, totally alien to the Czarnian way, was considered, but abandoned when it was realized that no one knew how.

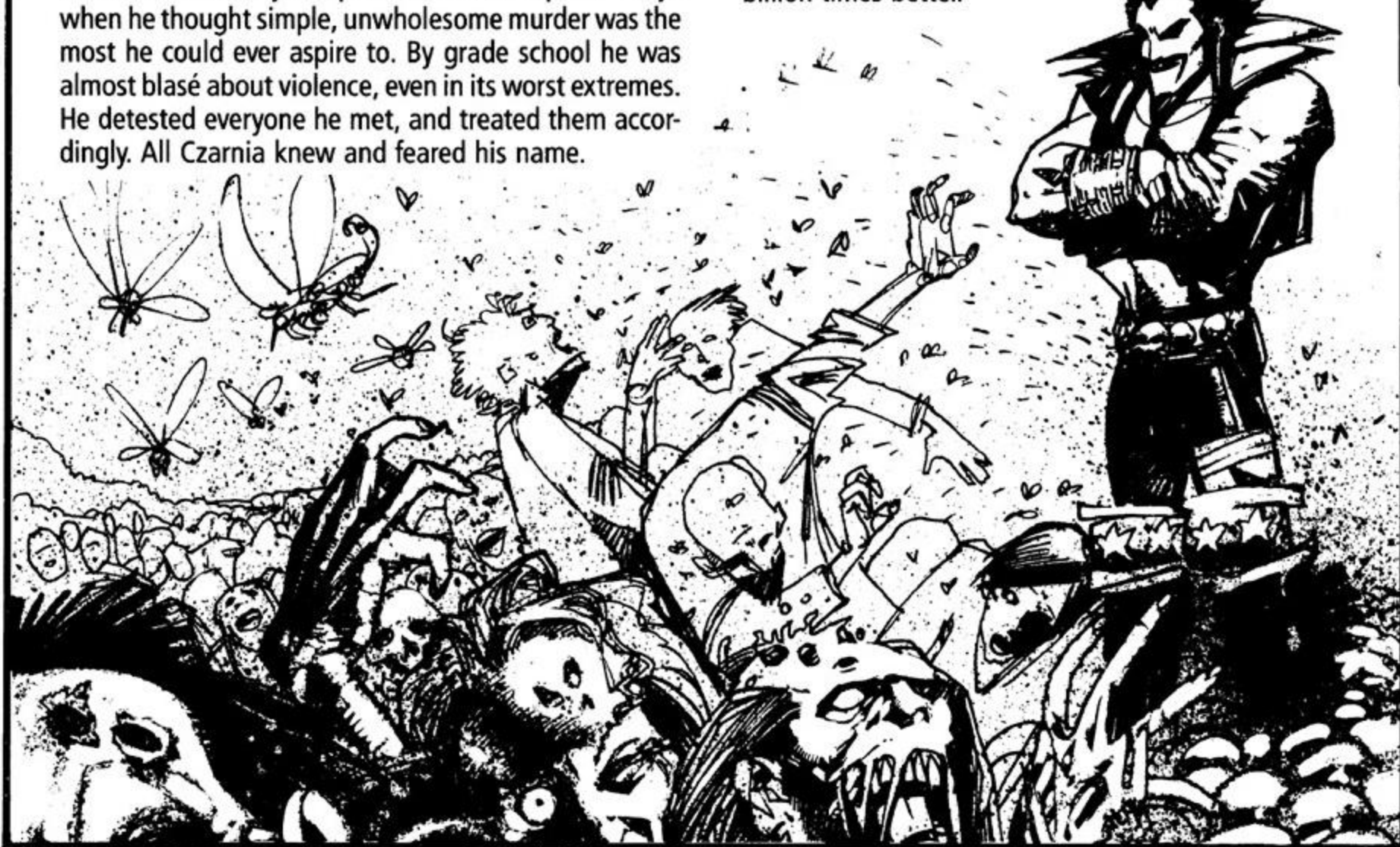
And the worse Lobo got, the more Lobo liked it . . .

Until now, in his late teens, his monstrously swollen ego took the final step. Employing an intelligence that might in different circumstances have seen him become one of the universe's all-time top brain surgeons, Lobo got to work in biology class.

He emerged with something 117 microns long, airborne, of scorpion-like appearance, that burrows into flesh. Had any witnesses survived, they might have told us of the spine-chilling laugh that split the air as he smashed the vile vials containing certain death for Czarnia and her fabulous children. The laugh wafted upward on the wind and many a victim would swear that, even as they felt the excruciating needle-burns as millions of tiny things dug deep into their bodies, the echo of that unholy laugh frightened them even more . . . had any witnesses survived.

Now, on his balcony, Lobo the Lord of Death raised his glass in one final toast. Electricity crackled up his spine. Complex chemical reactions in his brain led to a state of mystical euphoria. Fleeting, he remembered Daline Zaand . . . his first love, she of the soft curves and warm, sweet breath. White fire coursed through his blood. A low moan erupted from his gut, tearing itself free, setting every bone in his body a-quiver.

Killing a planet was like Daline Zaand . . . only several billion times better.





ANOTHER
CZARNIAN!

AN' YOU--! OF ALL
THE BILLIONS IT
COULDA BEEN, IT
HAD TO BE YOU!

~Tsk tsk~! NO NEED
TO SHOUT, YOUNG MAN.
WE ARE IN THE SAME
ROOM, YOU KNOW.

THIS CAN'T
BE HAPPENIN'!
NOT TO ME.

I'M LOBO. I
KILLED ALL THE
CZARNIANS!

I COULDN'T
HAVE MISSED HER.
NOT HER! I
COULDN'T HAVE!

WELL, THANK
YOU VERY MUCH!

STILL AS
RUDE AS EVER.
I KNEW YOU'D
NEVER AMOUNT
TO ANYTHING!

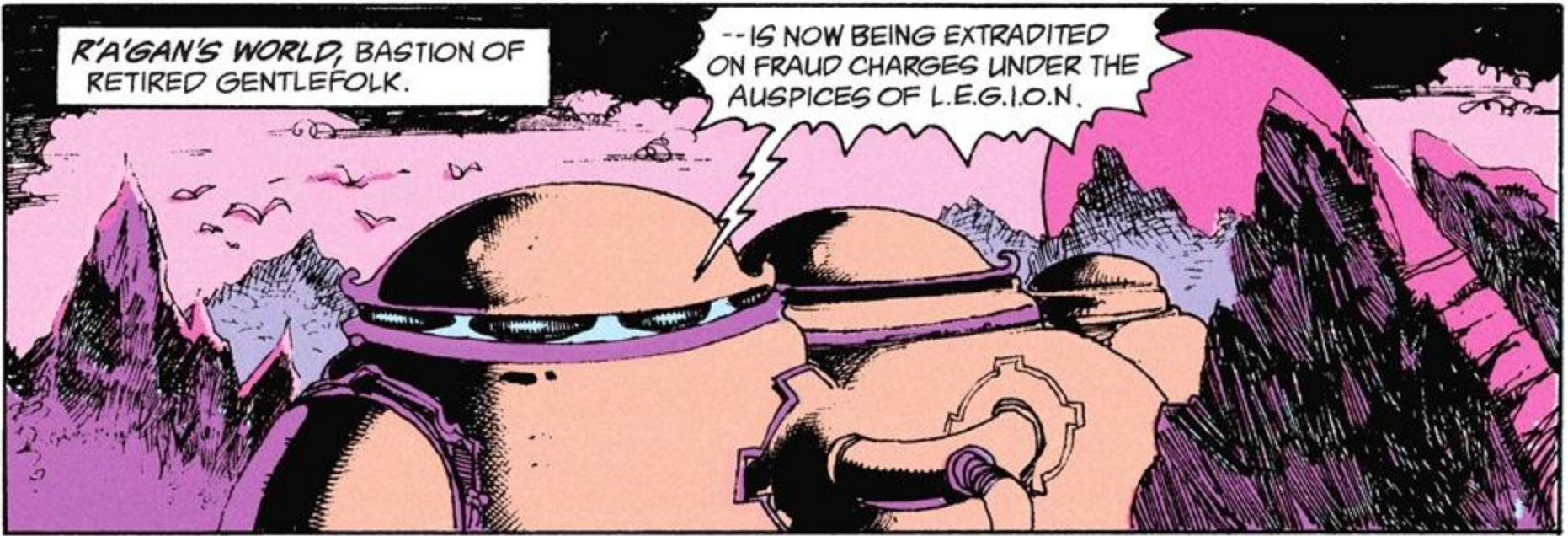
YOU TWO, Uhh...
KNOW EACH OTHER?

MISS TRIBB
WAS MY FOURTH GRADE
TEACHER.

Y'WANNA
MAKE SOMETHIN'
OF IT?

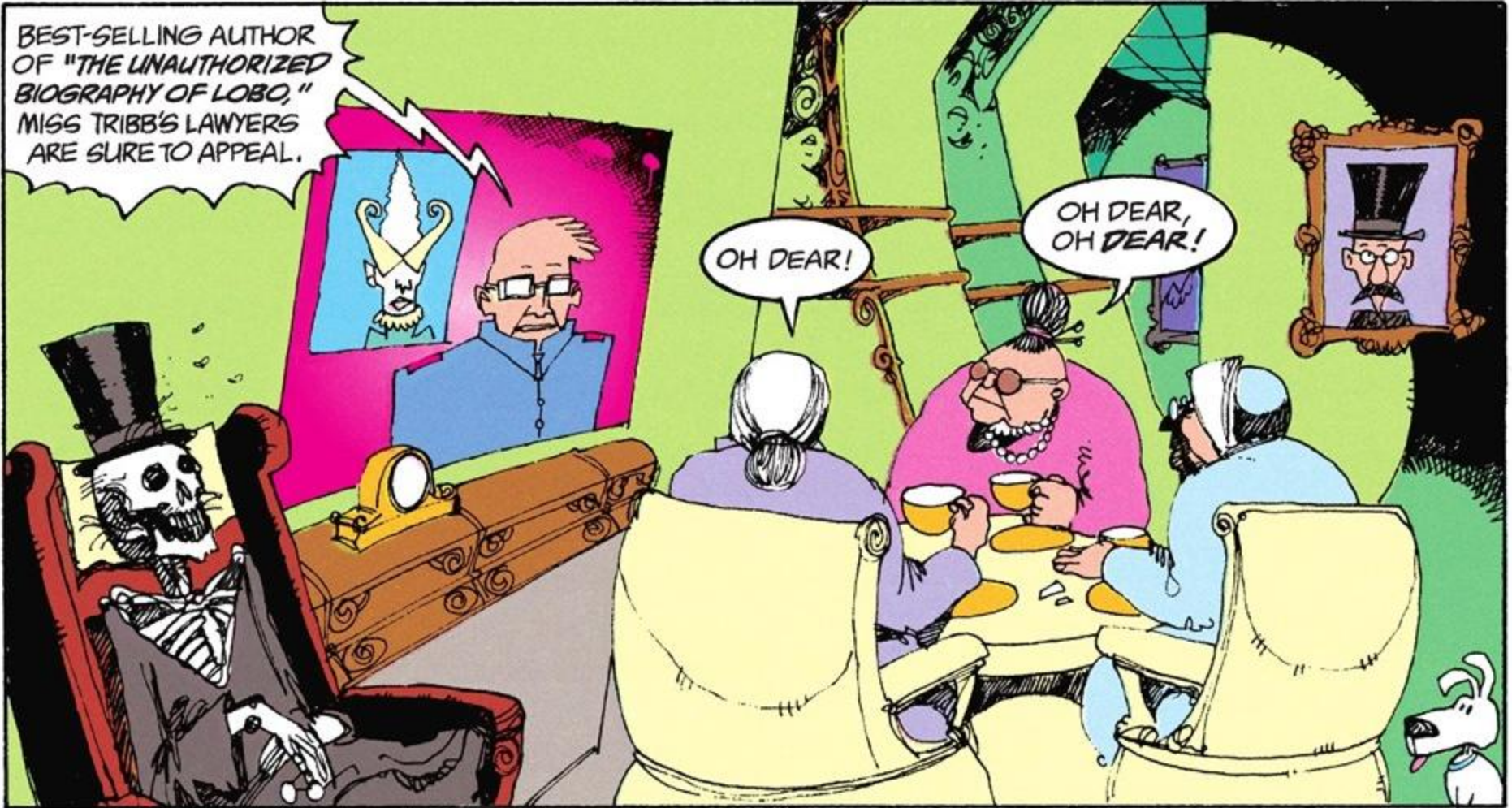
ARRRRR
NO!
NO!





R'A'GAN'S WORLD, BASTION OF RETIRED GENTLEFOLK.

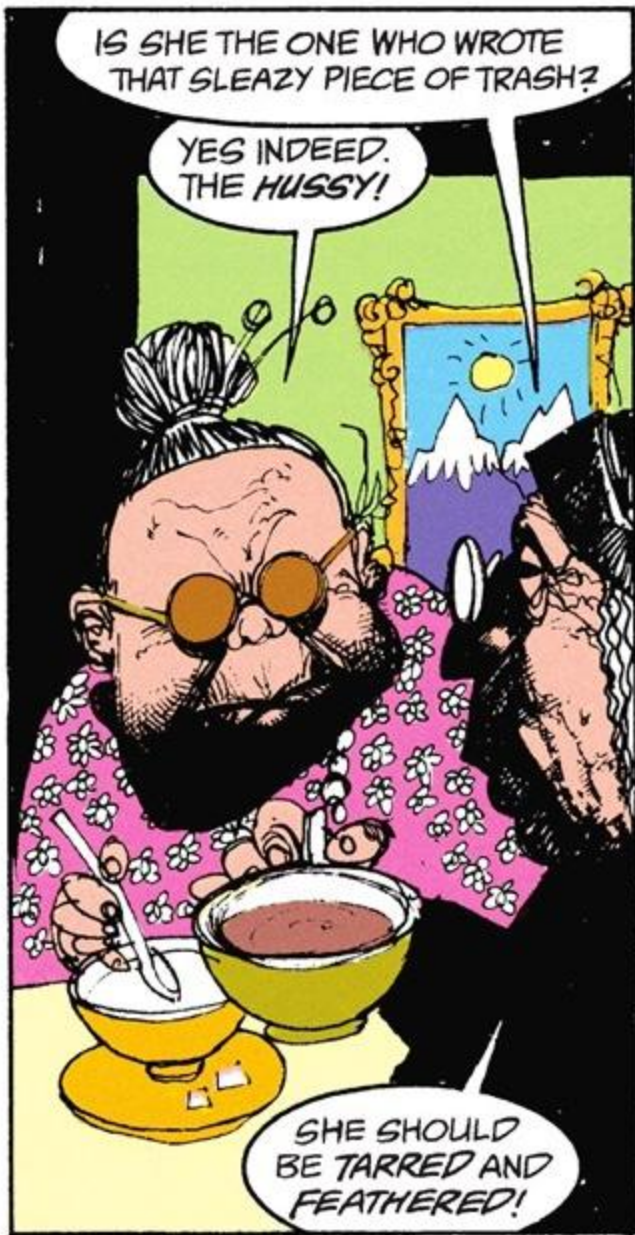
-- IS NOW BEING EXTRADITED ON FRAUD CHARGES UNDER THE AUSPICES OF L.E.G.I.O.N.



BEST-SELLING AUTHOR OF "THE UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY OF LOBO," MISS TRIBB'S LAWYERS ARE SURE TO APPEAL.

OH DEAR!

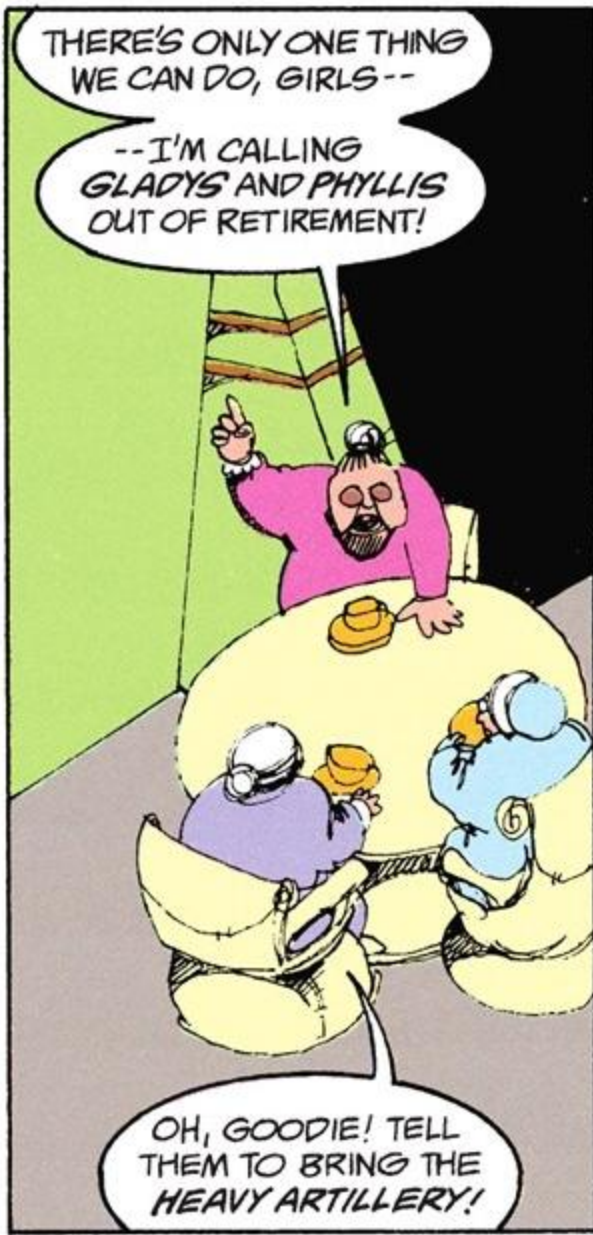
OH DEAR, OH DEAR!



IS SHE THE ONE WHO WROTE THAT SLEAZY PIECE OF TRASH?

YES INDEED. THE HUSSY!

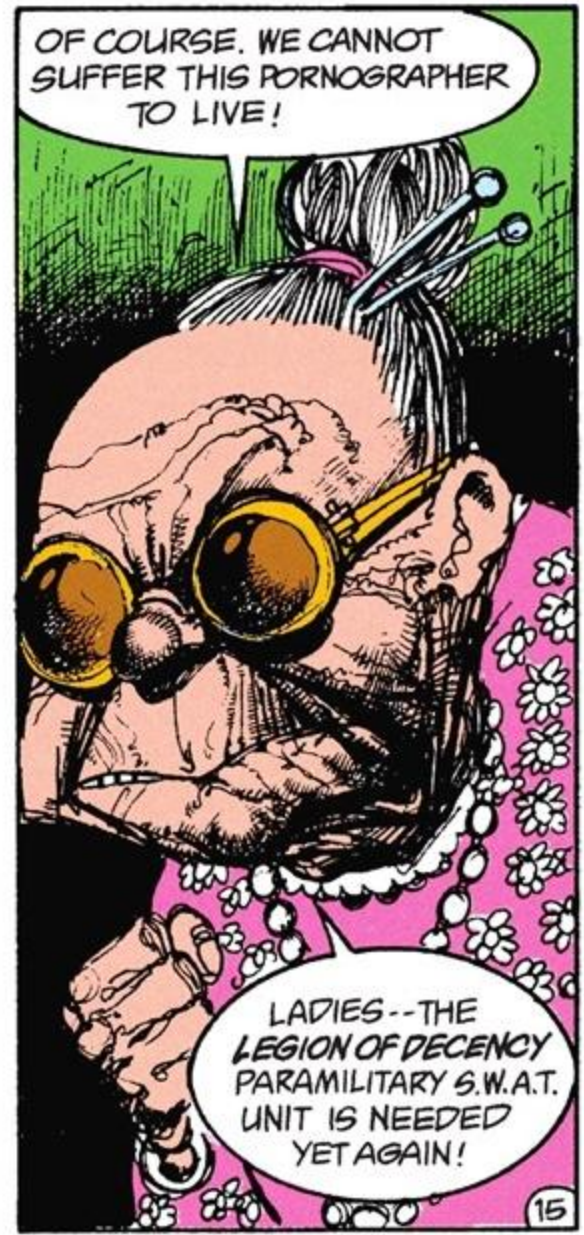
SHE SHOULD BE TARRED AND FEATHERED!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO, GIRLS--

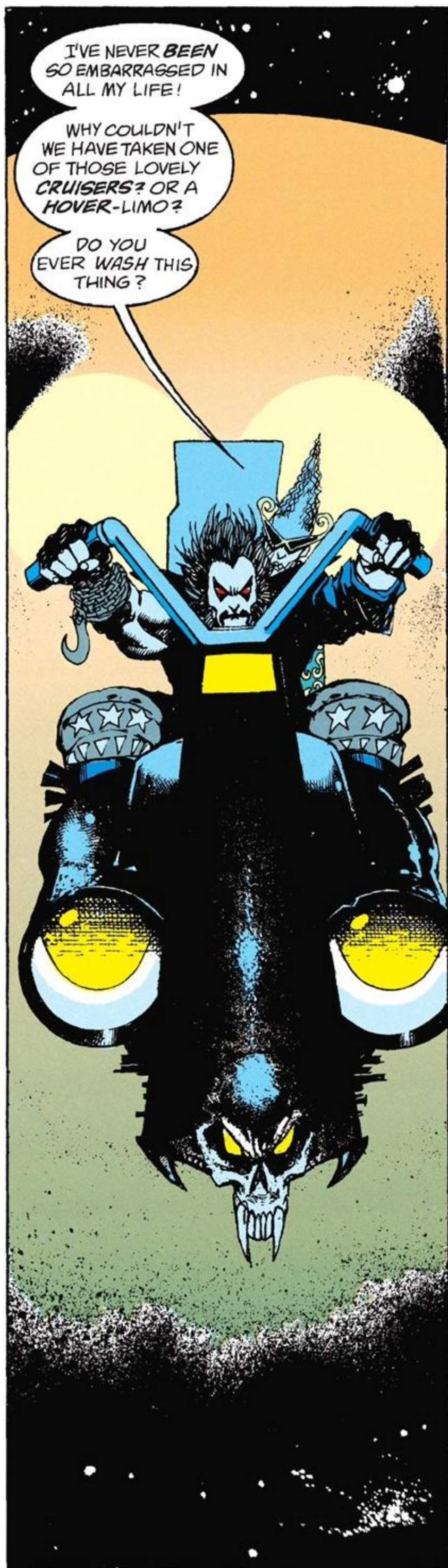
--I'M CALLING GLADYS AND PHYLLIS OUT OF RETIREMENT!

OH, GOODIE! TELL THEM TO BRING THE HEAVY ARTILLERY!



OF COURSE. WE CANNOT SUFFER THIS PORNOGRAPHER TO LIVE!

LADIES--THE LEGION OF DECENCY PARAMILITARY S.W.A.T. UNIT IS NEEDED YET AGAIN!



THE POPULAR SCARF 'N' BARF
TRUCKSTOP ON SPACELANE 66.

GAS

EATS

CHERYL, HONEY,
I KNOW YOUR DAD
NEEDS THE OPERATION--
BUT WE NEED A
NEW RIG!

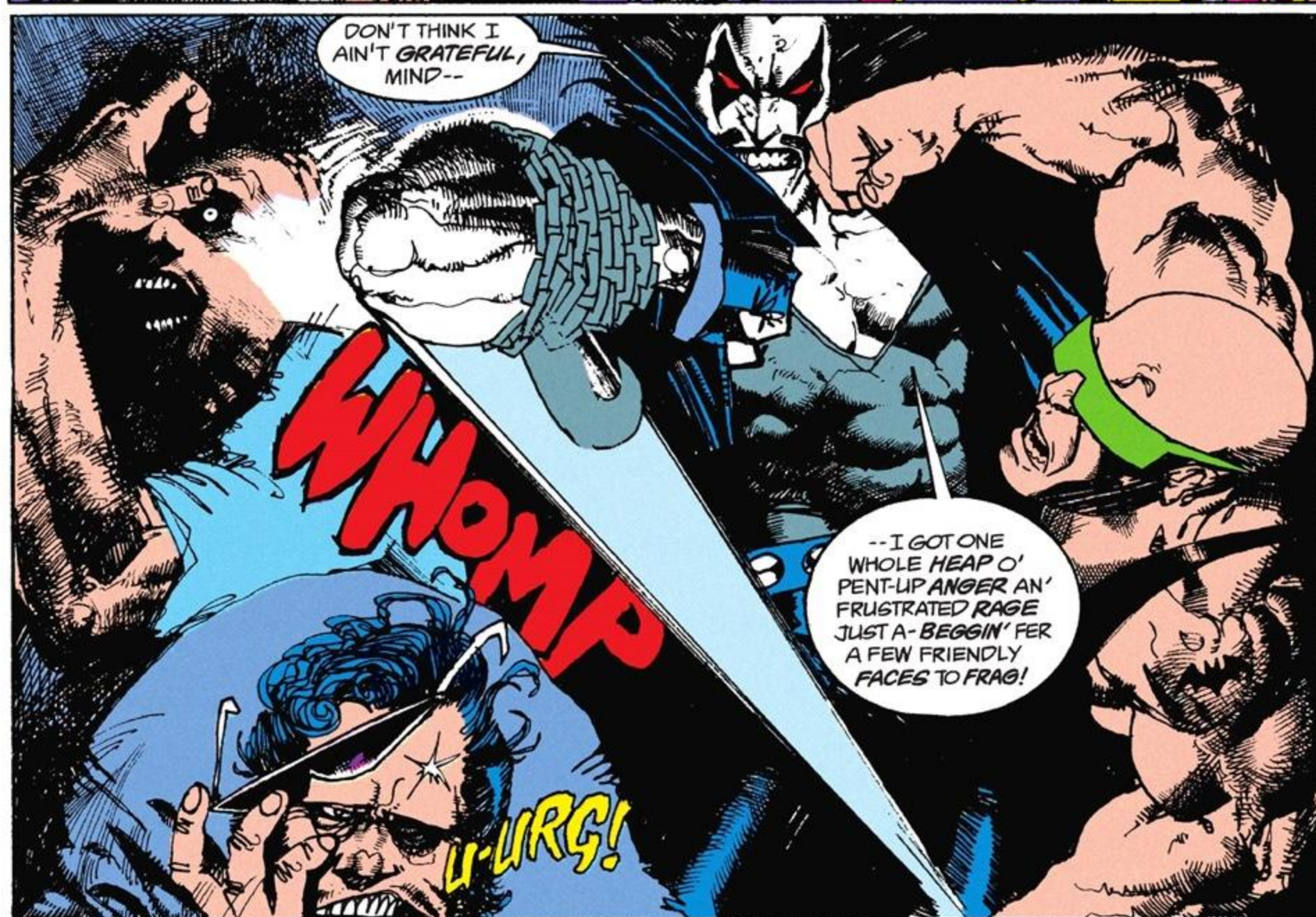
-- THOUSAND
TONS O' CURDLED
CHEEZ. SUCKERS
ON BEX-11 JUST
LOVE THAT
GUNK!

VOMIT? IN
MY RIG? "HEY," I
SEZ, "YOU WANNA
DIE?"

-- 'ZACKLY
HOW FAR YOU
WANNA GO,
HONEY...?









'FACT, I'M
SO PLEASED,
MAYBE I WON'T
EVEN KILL
YA!

BOOM!



I MEAN -- I
SYMPATHIZE. I KNOW
WHAT THE OLD HAG
IS LIKE!

BOOF!



TSK
TSK!

SUCH
BEHAVIOR!

THUD



CHAPTER 3: AN INTERVIEW WITH DEATH

Transcript #531—L.E.G.I.O.N. Psychological Evaluation

Subject: LOBO

Evaluating Physician: The Late Dr. J.A. Gnuoy

Copies: Vril Dox, Lyrisa Mallor

LOBO: . . . th' hell was sittin' here last? This fraggin' seat's hotter'n a Delbian hooker's—

DOCTOR: Welcome, Lobo. This is just standard procedure for L.E.G.I.O.N. files. I'm simply going to ask you a few questions, all right? Let me begin by asking—what exactly is it about other beings that you don't like?

LOBO: Ah, name somethin', you'll be close enough.

DOCTOR: Pursuing that theme, can you tell me why it is that, when others irritate you, or anger you, or sometimes don't even do anything at all to you, you *kill* them?

LOBO: C'n *you* tell *me* why it is that quacks like you always get it frippin' *wrong*? Lemme make one thing plain—I don't kill nothin' for nothin'! The watchwords are: No Contract, No Kill. Dig? I'm *the* Hit Man, see, Assassin to Royalty, Executioner to the Stars. My special skills command big bucks. No pay, no play. 'Cept . . . if I *do* kill somebody an' I *don't* get paid, then generally I'll kill the four-flushin' creep what didn't pay me. That kinda thing I do gratis. Then it goes under the headin' o' community service.

DOCTOR: I see. So, how does what you've told me relate to your friends?

LOBO: What's "friends"? Is that a trick question?

DOCTOR: Let's come back to that. Don't you ever find life lonely—lacking a sense of purpose, so to speak?

LOBO: You crazy? My purpose in life is t'KILL an' MAIM. Shoot, don't a man get credit for nothin'? I've dedicated myself t' bein' the best there is at it . . . Primo Hombre in the whole fraggin' Universe! Ain't nobody does it as good as me—an' if they think they do, let 'em face me man t' man an' I'll educate 'em damn fast!

DOCTOR: Quite. So can you explain how this "kill them all and badly injure the survivors" macho image you project fits with the pack of space-dolphins you're known to have taken under your wing? It's reputed that you're as gentle and loving with them as you are savage and ruthless with everyone else.

LOBO: What's "reputed" about that, Clyde? You castin' some kinda aspersions here?

DOCTOR: Heaven forbid! No, I was just wondering how you reconciled the two disparate behaviors . . . ?

LOBO: I don't. My fishies are gentle an' graceful an' just about the purest form of life I've ever run across. They *need* somebody like me t' look after 'em . . .

DOCTOR: And you need something like them, I'm sure. I can just see you now . . . biking home to your base in some Sargasso Sea of Space, tired and grouchy after a hard day's killing, your sleek littly fishy-friends gambolling and tumbling around you, nuzzling you, waiting for master to take them walkies . . .

LOBO: . . .

DOCTOR: Uh . . . so . . . moving on, you're known far and wide as the Czarnian who killed all the other Czarnians just so you could be unique . . .

LOBO: Yeah? Well, I'm a remarkable guy. It worked, didn't it?

DOCTOR: Well . . . yes. But to any rational-thinking being, such an act of genocide—on such a colossal scale—is just inconceivable. I mean, how could anyone do anything so grotesquely horrific—so primevally barbarous . . . !

LOBO: You stupid or somethin'? I can do it. That's why I'm *unique* an' they fraggin' well *ain't*!

DOCTOR: Changing the subject . . . despite your murderous reputation, you're also known as a man of his word, a man of honor.

LOBO: Yep, 's me, all right. Don't say one thing an' do another. Y'make a promise, y'keep it. Y'sign a contract, y'honor it. Y'swear revenge, y'revenge it! Whatever it takes. However long. Just stick t' your guns an' never give up. Haw haw! Guns, got it?

DOCTOR: Even if the voice of reason says otherwise?

LOBO: Voice o' reason?

DOCTOR: So . . . you are indeed a man of anomalous extremes. I wonder—does that soft streak I perceive in you run even deeper? I mean, do you ever feel guilt for any of your gross misdeeds?

LOBO: What gross misdeeds? What soft streak? This is a joke, right, Clyde?

DOCTOR: Well, actually, no, I was . . .

LOBO: Frippin' bastard! You shrinks are all the same. Guy gives up his time for ya—acts polite, yessir, nossir—an' what's he get for his trouble? Fraggin' grief! I come here, I sit in a sticky seat. . . . Feetal's Gizz! I got a good mind t'fix your attitude right now! In fact, Doc, I think it's *my* turn—let's get inside *your* head and examine *your* brain . . .

DOCTOR: No—what are you doing? *Get away from me!* AAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHH!

* End transcript *

AUTOPSY REPORT ON DR. J. A. GNUOY: The death of Dr. Gnuoy appears to have been caused by massive trauma to the head; however, this is largely conjecture on our part, as we have been unable to locate the aforementioned head.

— Med-Staff

(The author wishes to thank Commander Vril Dox of L.E.G.I.O.N. for help in preparing this chapter.)



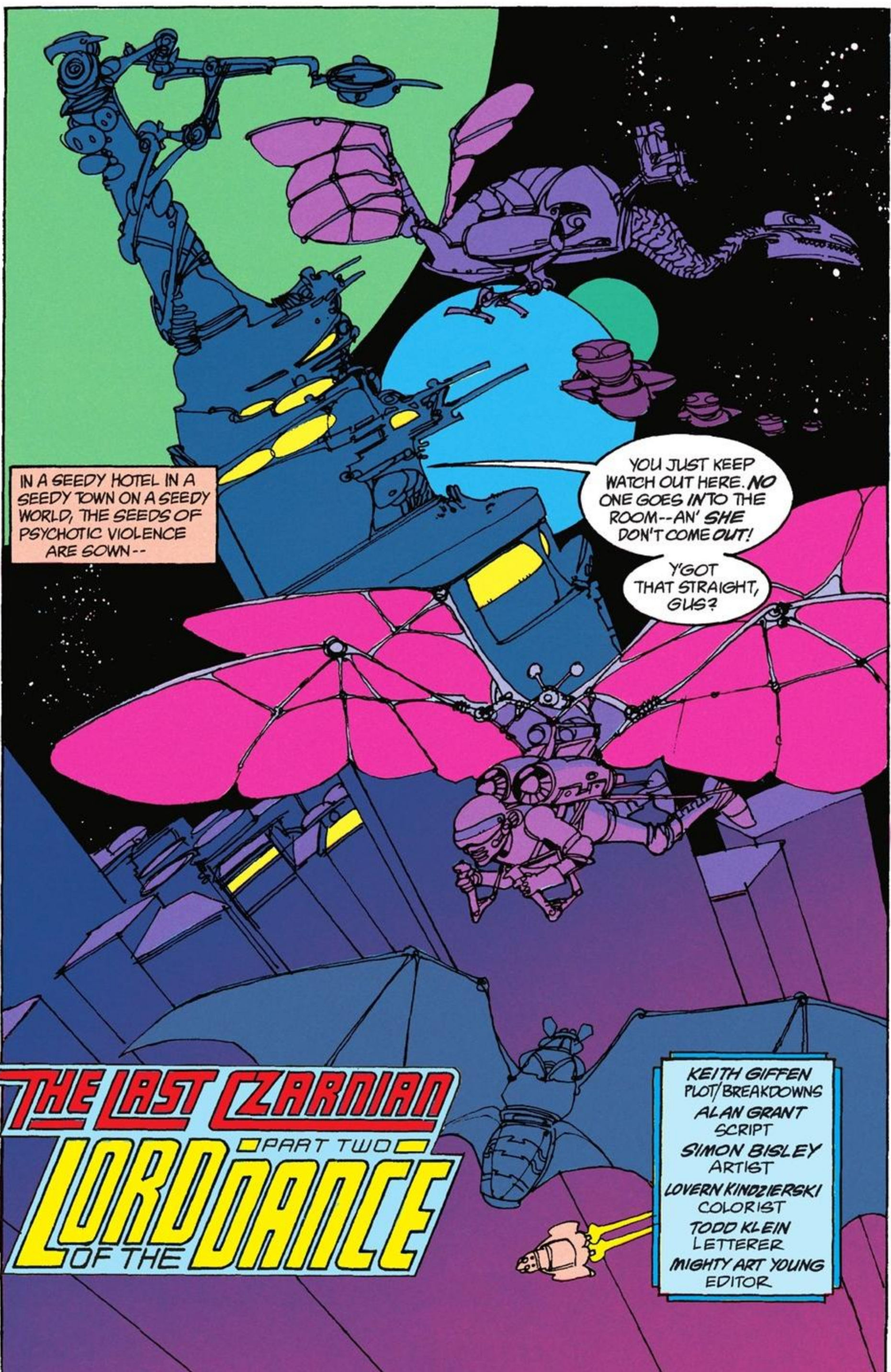


SIMON BISLEY

ARGH!

o-oof!

KEITH ALAN SIMON
GIFFEN GRANT BISLEY



IN A SEEDY HOTEL IN A
SEEDY TOWN ON A SEEDY
WORLD, THE SEEDS OF
PSYCHOTIC VIOLENCE
ARE SOWN--

YOU JUST KEEP
WATCH OUT HERE. NO
ONE GOES INTO THE
ROOM--AN' SHE
DON'T COME OUT!

Y'GOT
THAT STRAIGHT,
GUS?

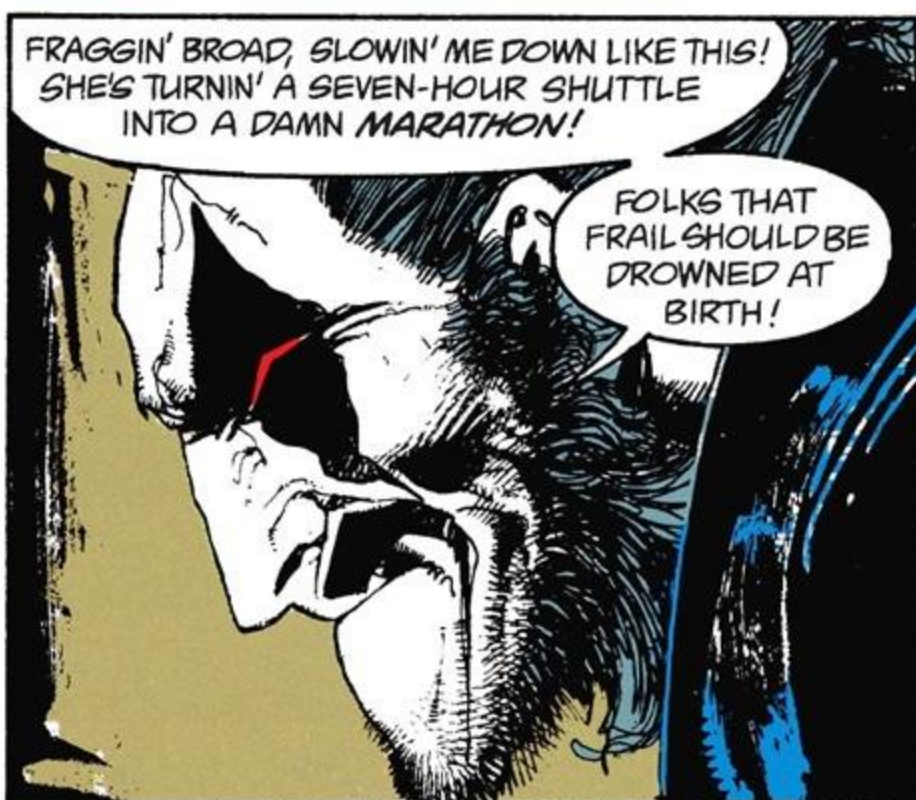
THE LAST CZARNIAN

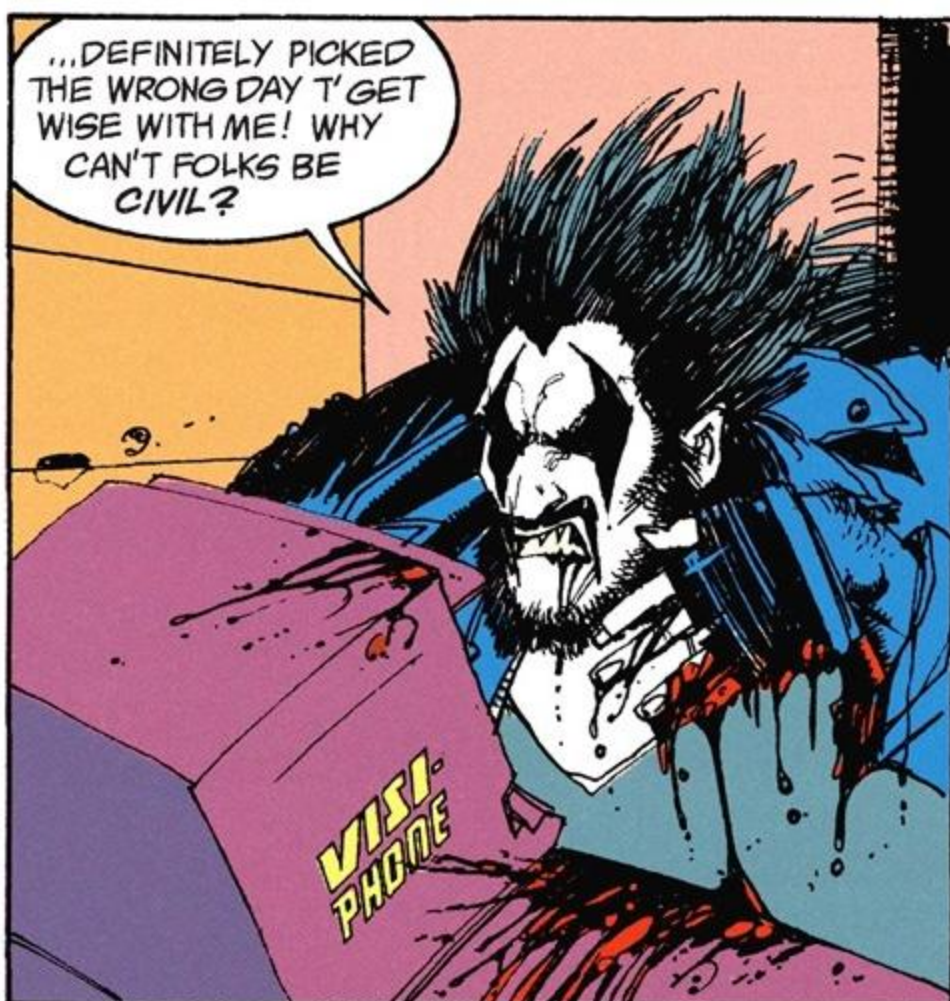
PART TWO

LORD DANCE

OF THE

KEITH GIFFEN
PLOT/BREAKDOWNS
ALAN GRANT
SCRIPT
SIMON BISLEY
ARTIST
LOVERN KINDZIERSKI
COLORIST
TODD KLEIN
LETTERER
MIGHTY ART YOUNG
EDITOR







THAT LYIN' LITTLE
TOAD! FIVE MINUTES--
FIVE FRAGGIN'
MINUTES!

TO
LOBO

KRASH!

GONE! BOTH
OF 'EM!

Y'CAN'T TRUST
ANYBODY THESE
DAYS!

STILL, THEY
COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN
FAR. WON'T TAKE ME
LONG T' TRACK
'EM!

THEN
AGAIN...!

MORE
PAY

POLICE H.Q., ONEIDA VI.

IT'S ALL RIGHT
THERE IN THE CORONER'S
REPORT, SIR--

YOUR PREDECESSOR DID NOT DIE
OF A HEART ATTACK. THAT SNAKE--
SORRY-- THAT LOUSE LOBO
OBVIOUSLY MURDERED
HIM!

WHY WOULD
ANYONE KILL CHIEF
BAMUELSS?

THE QUESTION IS,
CHIEF REXX, WHAT
DO WE DO ABOUT
IT?

GIVE LOBO A
REWARD? HE DID
GET ME A PROMO-
TION. SSS!

DAMN AND
BLASST!

NO, SSSCRATCH
THAT. I KNEW
THE CHIEF.

HE KILLED A COP-- THE FOULEST
CRIME OF ALL! WE CAN'T ALLOW HIM TO
WALK AWAY SSCOT FREE.

IT'SS A
MATTER OF
HONOR...

AND VRIL
DOX AND L.E.G.I.O.N.
BE DAMNED!
SSS!

ASSEMBLE THE SSSWAT
TEAM! VOLUNTEERS ONLY!
TOP-SSSECRET MISSION!

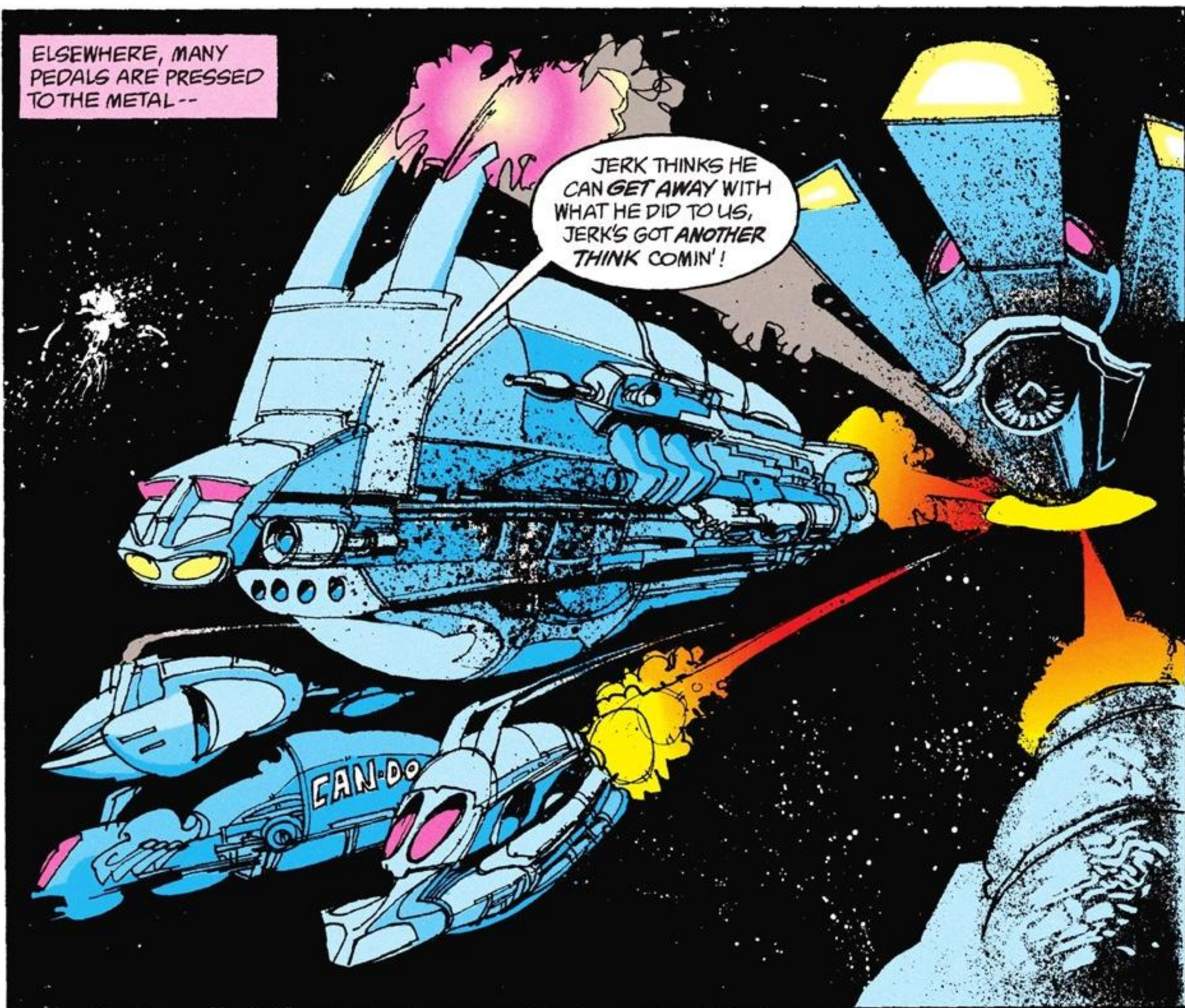
YESS, SSIR--
SORRY, SIR! --
RIGHT AWAY,
SIR!

WE'LL
SSSKIN THAT
BASSGARD!

RIP
RIP
RIP
RIP
RIP
RIP

ELSEWHERE, MANY
PEDALS ARE PRESSED
TO THE METAL--

JERK THINKS HE
CAN GET AWAY WITH
WHAT HE DID TO US,
JERK'S GOT ANOTHER
THINK COMIN'!



TEN-FOUR ON THAT,
ELVIS, GOOD BUDDY!
BUT HOW DO WE
FIND HIM?



HE'S TAKIN' THAT WRINKLED
OLD BAG BACK TO CAIRN,
AIN'T HE?

WE CAN'T TAKE
HIM OUT ON CAIRN--
THAT'S L.E.G.I.O.N.
HQ!



EVERYBODY GOIN' TO
CAIRN HAS TO PASS THROUGH
L.E.G.I.O.N.'S ONLY FREE
ACCESS ZONE.



SO...WE
AMBUSH HIM
JUST OUTSIDE
IT!

YOU'RE A
GENIUS, ELVIS!

I'M A
TRUCKER,
MAN.



YEEHAA!
WE GOT US
A CONVOY!

10 THINGS TO KNOW IF YOU EVER ENCOUNTER LOBO

- The *MIND* of Lobo is a wondrous thing. He can instantly analyze any opponent, weighing up their abilities and defenses perfectly, giving him exact knowledge of their *ACHILLES' HEEL*, or weak spot.
- Lobo is a *MAN OF HIS WORD*. If he makes you a promise, he will stop at nothing to *keep* it. If you don't *want* him to keep it, he'll probably kill you rather than renege.
- Lobo has perfected in himself an amazing *TRACKING ABILITY*. If he's met a victim once, no matter how fleetingly, Lobo can trace him anywhere in the Galaxy. He is rumored to do this by tuning into a person's "aura," or individual vibrations.
- Lobo's favorite *COLOR* is Sepulcher Black.
- Lobo's *BIKE* is a customized SpazFrag 666. It boasts a miniaturized 17-liter powerplant with 3xTurbo and full HandsOff facility. Zero to 60 is instantaneous, and top speed is a cool several million kays per minute. It runs on Unleaded.
- Lobo would rather *KILL SOMEONE* than let that person help him on a job.
- Lobo *DESPISES* fellow L.E.G.I.O.N. '90 member Garryn Bek, and to a lesser extent all the other L.E.G.I.O.N. members. He only sticks around because of a promise he made to Vril Dox.
- Lobo's idea of *THE PERFECT NIGHT OUT* is too bizarre and illegal to go into here.
- Lobo's most-used exclamation is *FEETAL'S GIZZ*, the diminutive of Feetal's Gizzard (or stomach). Webster's Standard Galactic Dictionary mentions an ancient Curse of Feetal, but says no more on the subject. Neither will we.
- Lobo *LOATHES* Captain Comet and everything he stands for, including (but not limited to): square jaws, goody-goodies, democracy, flags, the philosophy that ultimately Good can overcome Evil, short hair, brown shoes, Equality For Women, Equality for Men, basic rights, and most everything else decent.



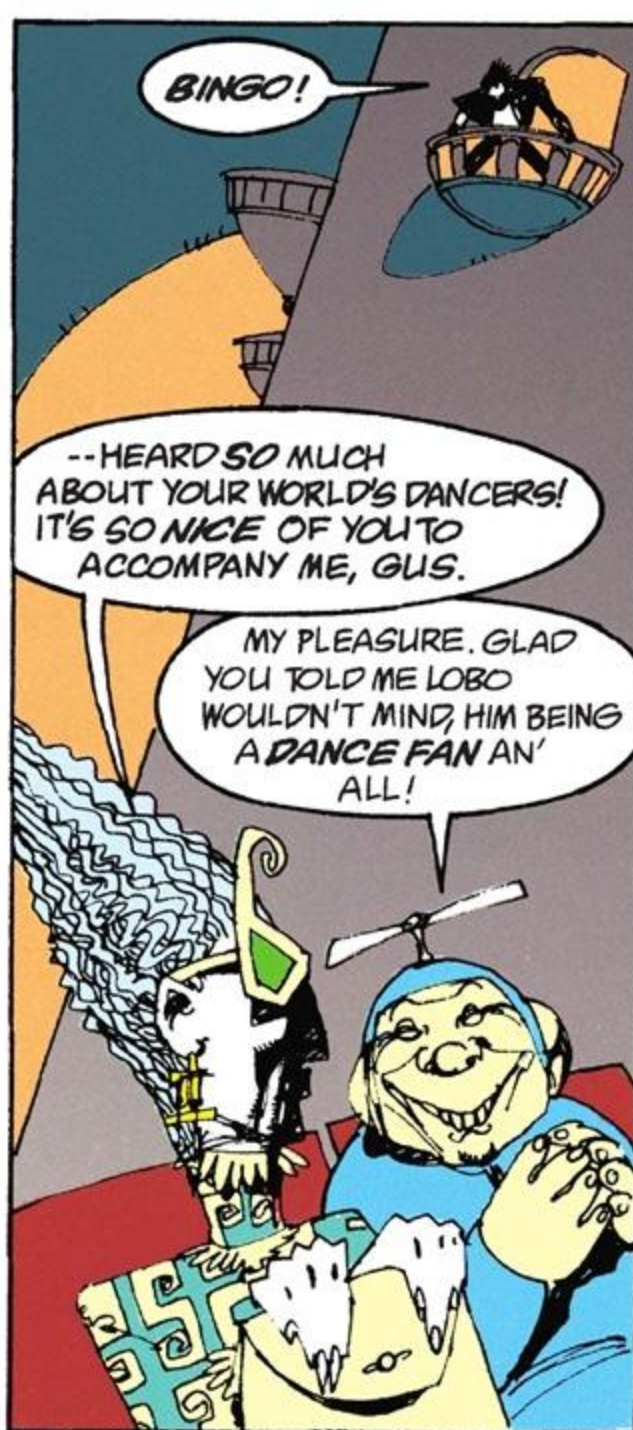


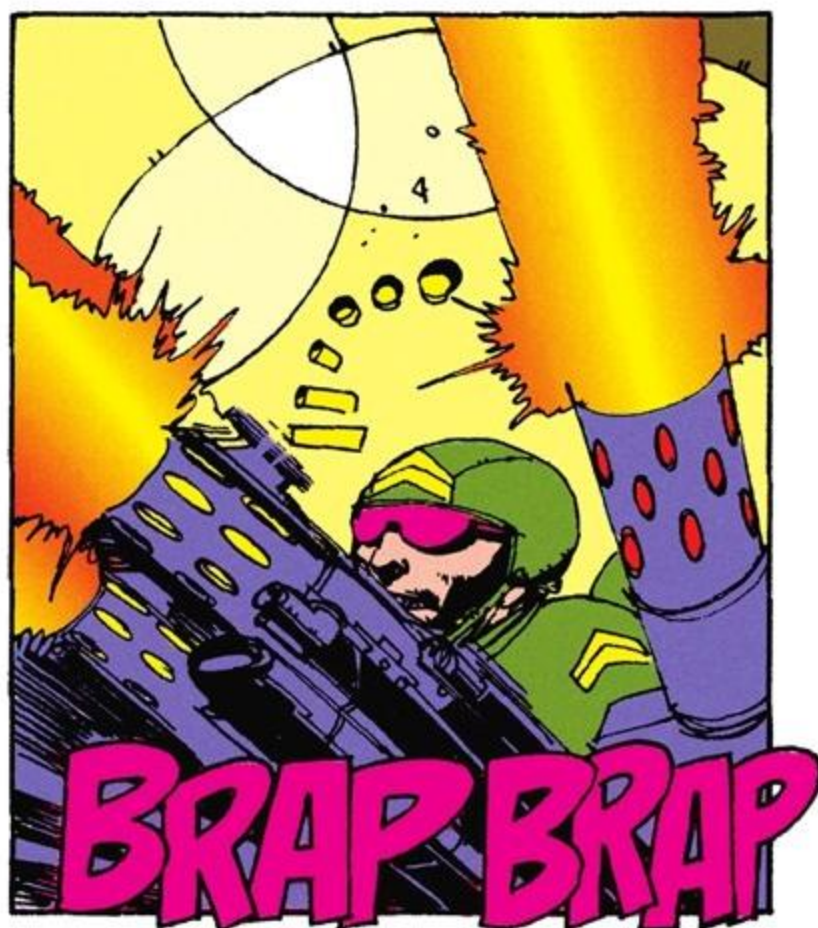
JOHNNY YURKY'S

TONIGHT ONLY!
**THE PAN-GALACTIC DEMOLITION
DANCE COMPANY** IN
RHAPSODY IN CHAINSAWS

"Miss 'em and weep. See 'em and die happy."
— ANTARES GAZETTE

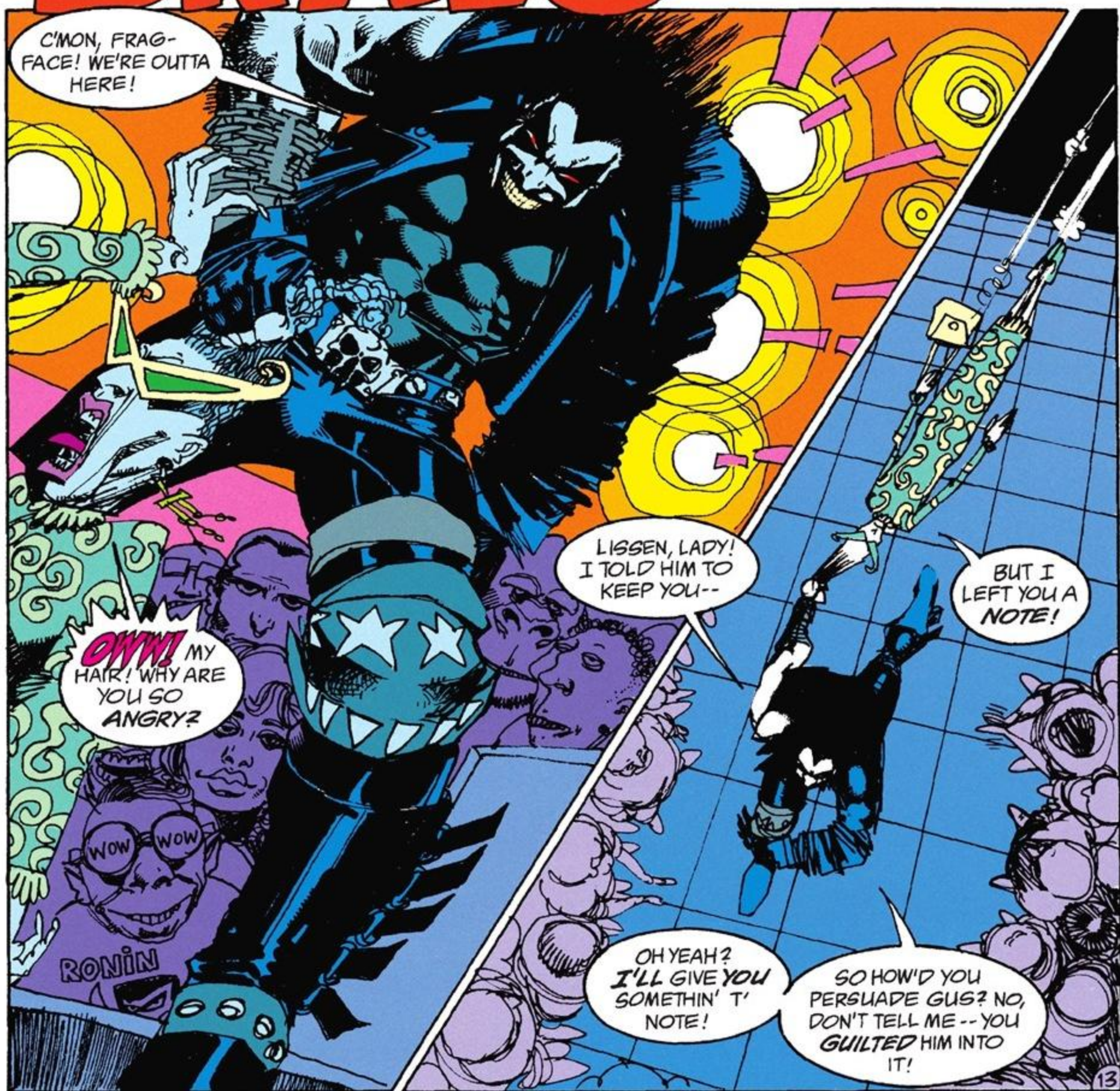


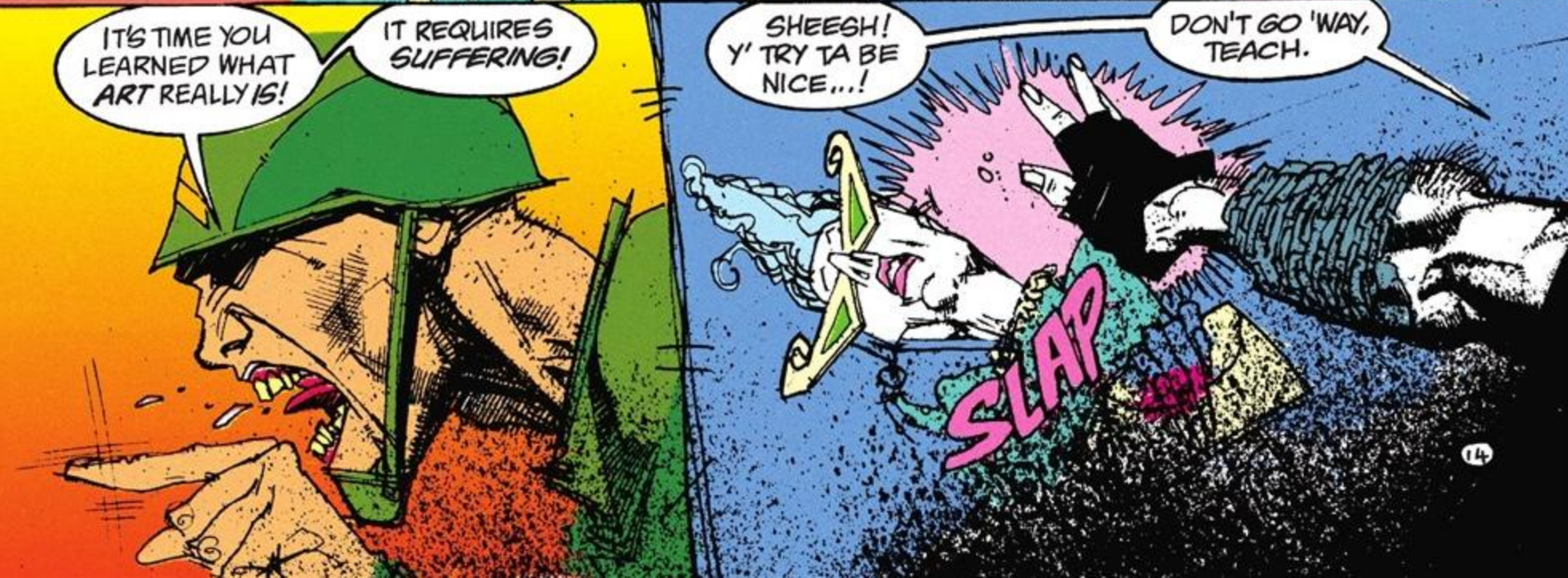


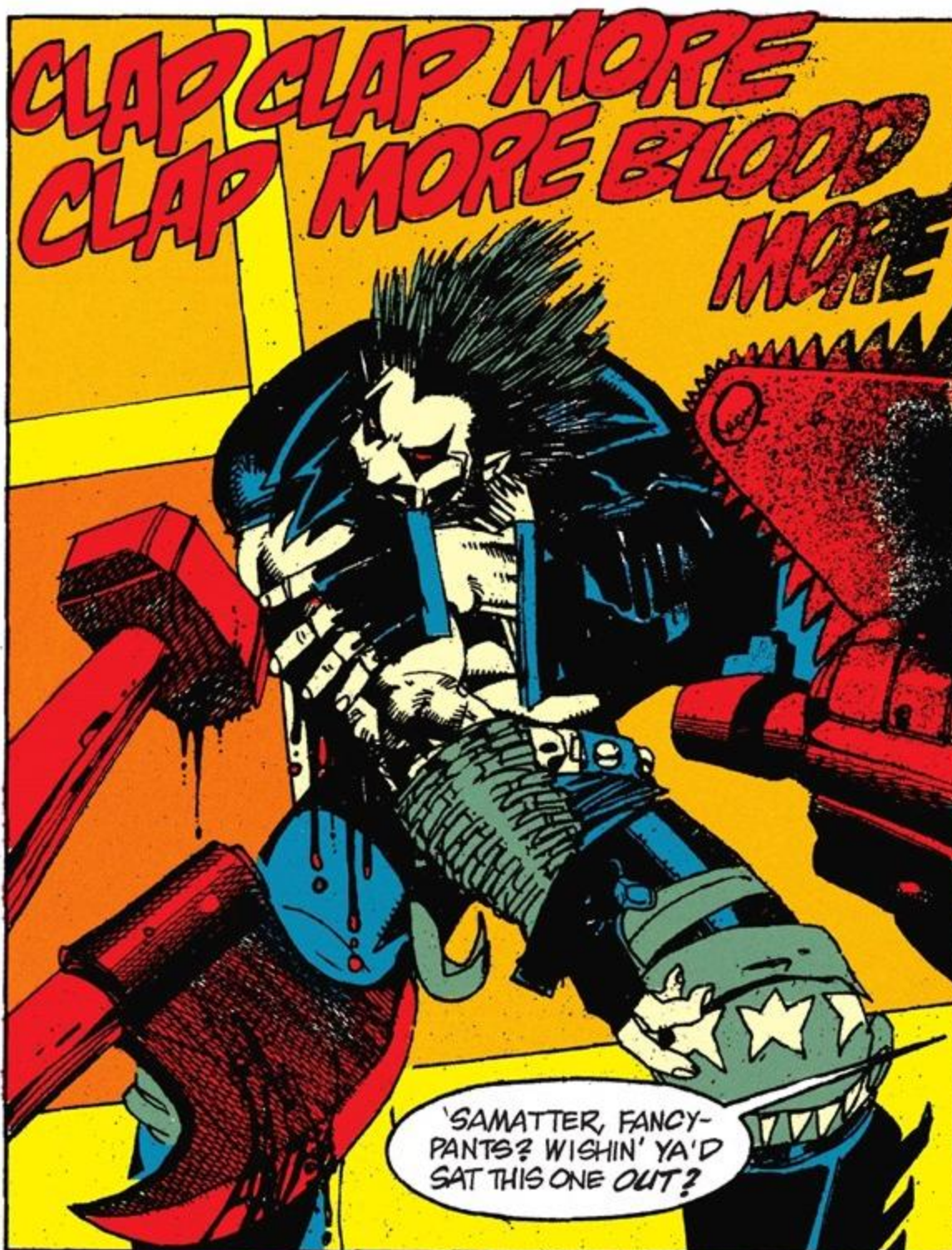




**BRAVIO!
ENCORE!**





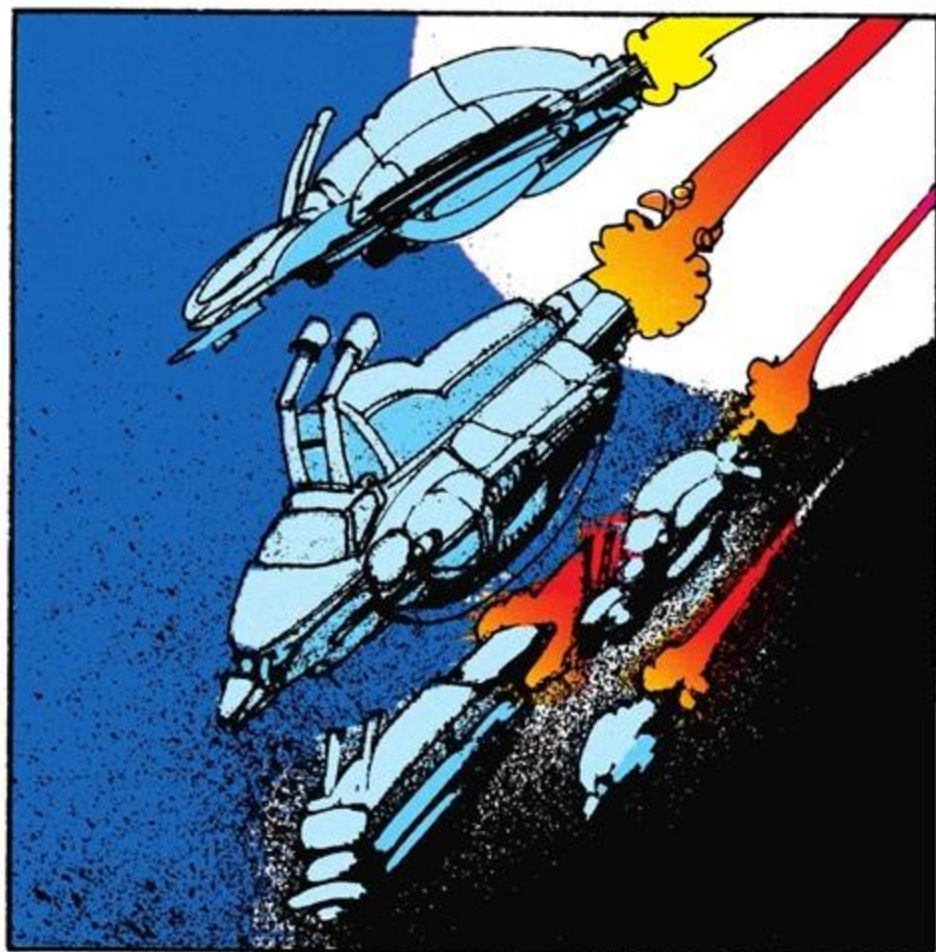






MAGIC!
PURE
MAGIC!

WIMPS!



ELSEWHERE--

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN--HE'S NOT
ANYWHERE ALONG
THE ROUTE?



SCAN TURNS UP NOTHING,
SIR. HE MUST HAVE DEVIATED
FROM HIS LOGGED COURSE!



DEVIATION... ISSN'T
THAT *TYPICAL*!

WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO, SIR?
TURN BACK?



AND LEAVE
A *COP-KILLER*
ON THE *LOOSSE*?
NEVER!



WE HEAD
FOR THE FREE
ACCESSS ZONE!

WHICHEVER
ROUTE HE'S TAKEN,
HE *HASSS* TO END
UP THERE.



WE'LL *AMBUSSH*
HISS *ASSSSS*!

*SS*TAND READY FOR
HYPER-DRIVE!

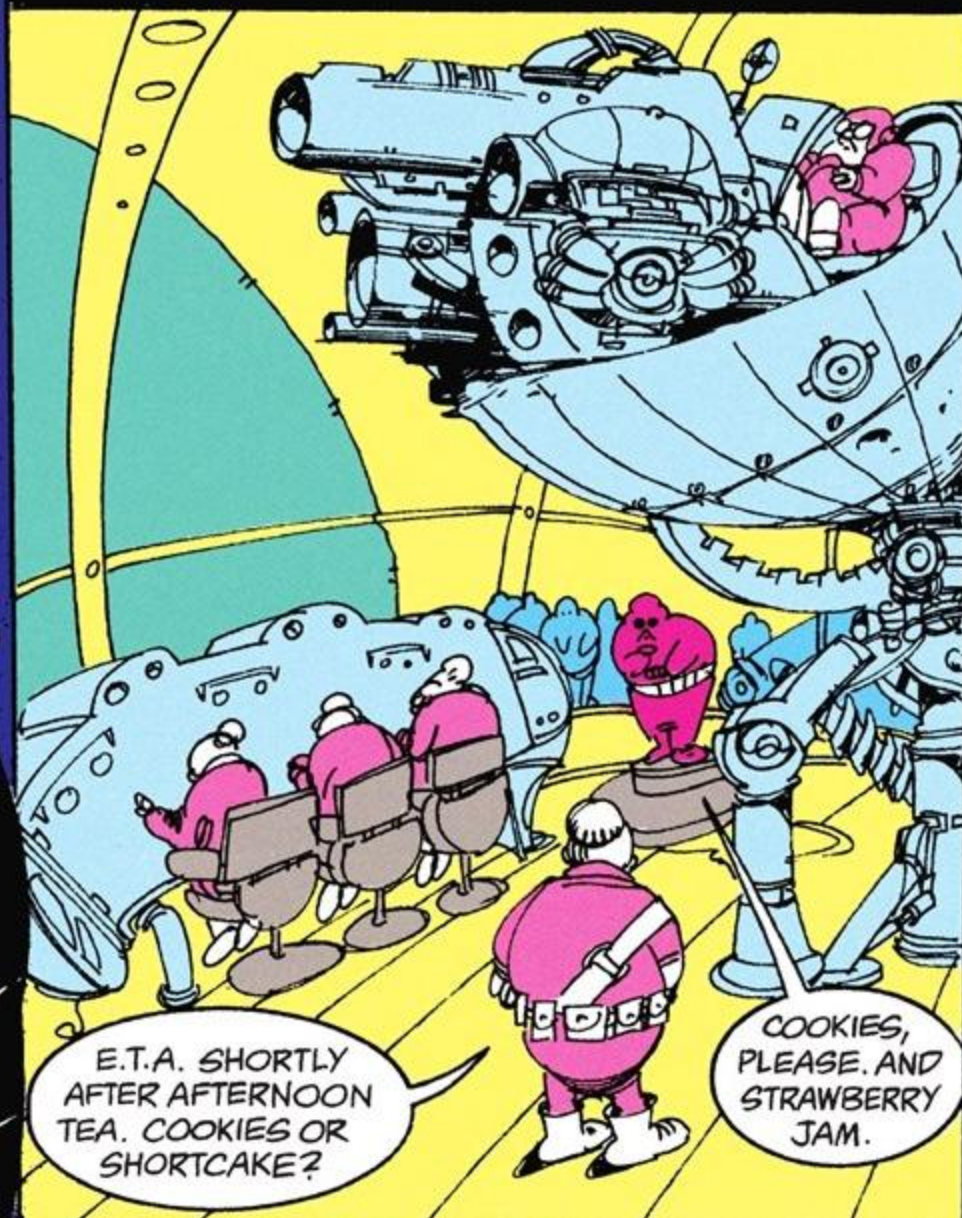


LET'S
DO IT!



AND SOMEWHERE ELSE...

WINNIE--WE'VE
SET COURSE FOR
CAIRN ACCESS!



E.T.A. SHORTLY
AFTER AFTERNOON
TEA. COOKIES OR
SHORTCAKE?

COOKIES,
PLEASE. AND
STRAWBERRY
JAM.

WE'LL NEED TO
BUILD OUR **STRENGTH**
IF WE'RE TO SHOW THAT
SMUT-PEDDLING **BIDDY**
WHAT FOR!

RUN A COMPLETE
SYSTEMS CHECK. FIND
US A DECENT AREA FOR
AN AMBUSH! ALL WEAPONS
PRIMED AND READY!

AND CALL MY **GRANDSON**.
TELL HIM I MAY BE A TAD
LATE FOR OUR LITTLE
TRIP TO THE ZOO.

ONE
MORE I OWE
THE SOW!





THEY'LL GROW BACK, YOU KNOW! I MAY HAVE LOST MY ABILITY TO REPLICATE WITH, er... ADVANCING AGE, BUT I CAN STILL SELF-HEAL!

DON'T YOU THINK YOU WERE A LITTLE EXTREME? I MEAN, THAT DOCTOR'S INSTRUMENTS DIDN'T LOOK VERY CLEAN. I COULD COME DOWN WITH A NASTY INFECTION!

HEAVEN FORBID! AT LEAST NOW YOU'LL STAY PUT!



TSK! YOU ALWAYS *DID* TEND TO OVERREACT!

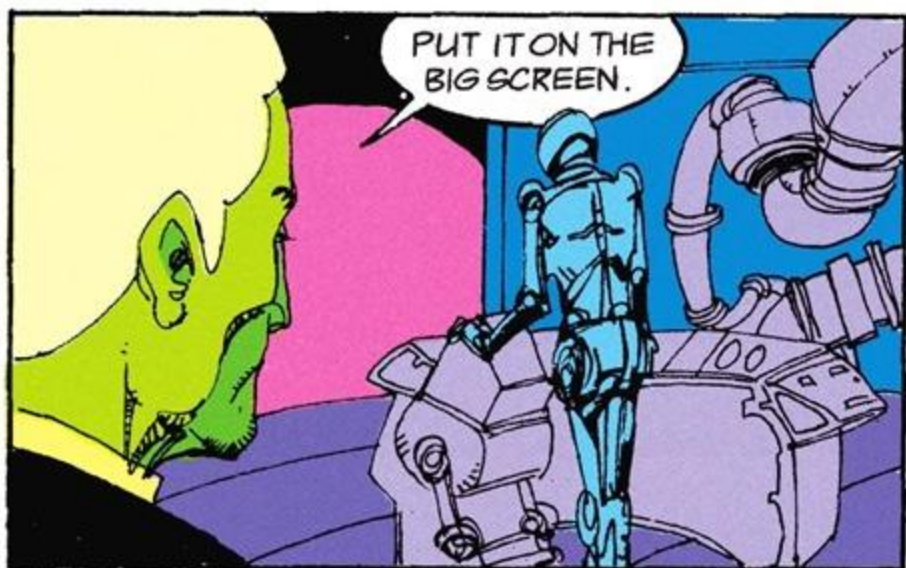
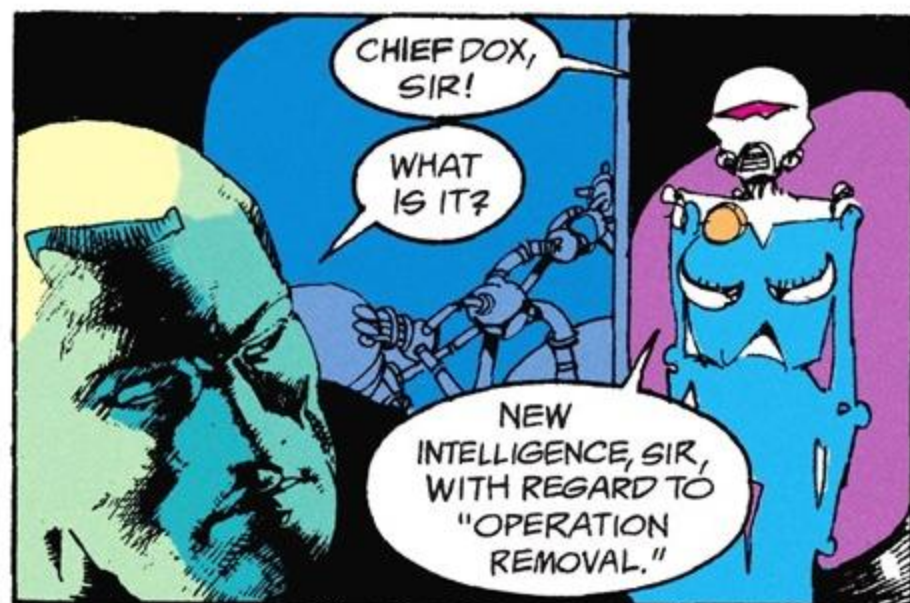
LADY-- PLEASE!



#@!
NEXT TIME IT'S HER FRAGGIN' TONGUE!

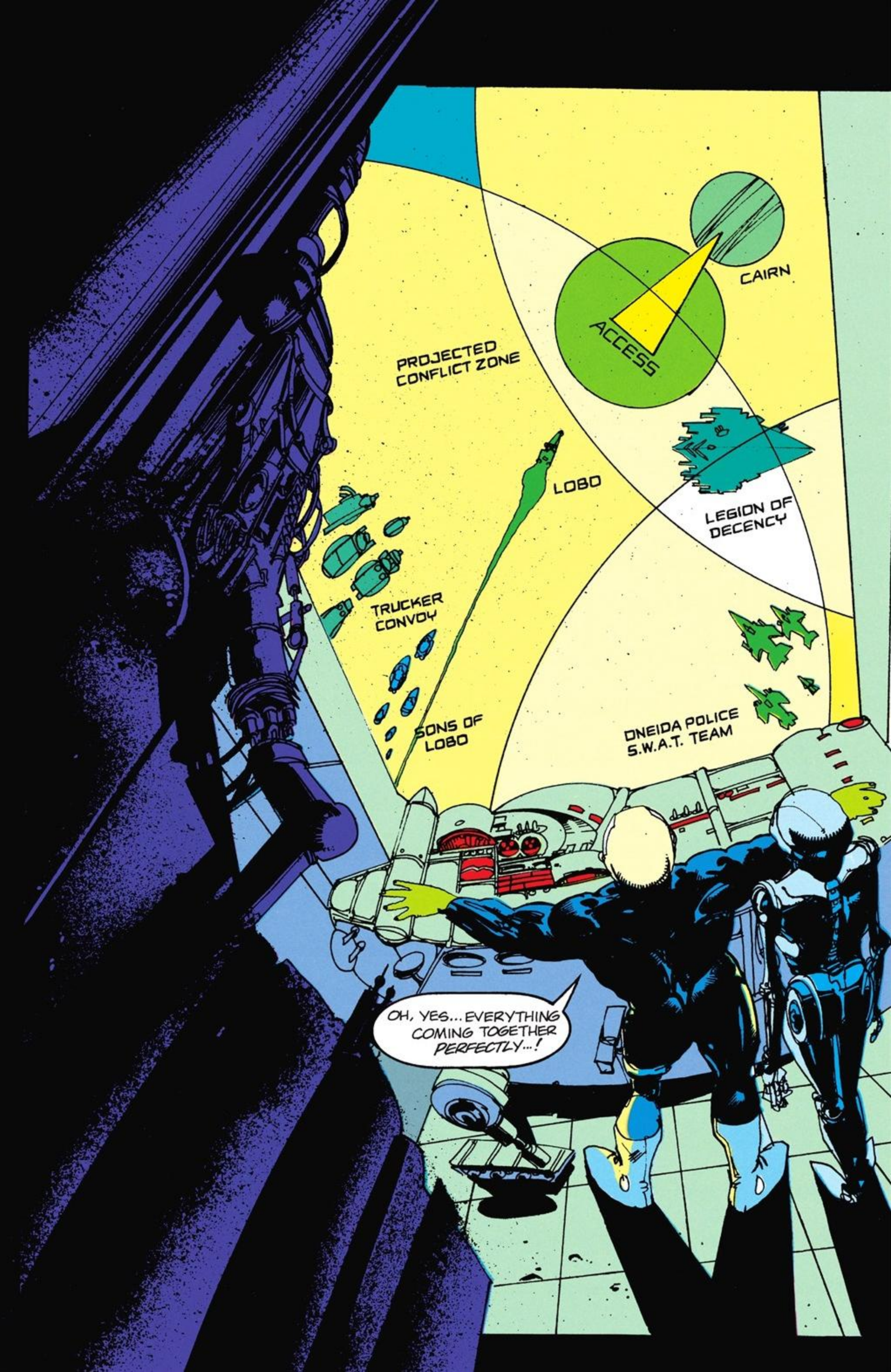


TSK! I HEARD THAT, YOUNG MAN!



L.E.G.I.O.N. REPORT-CLASSIFIED
Vigilante elements in Oneida VI
police force reported to be
engaged in wildcat revenge
mission against **LOBO**.





PROJECTED
CONFLICT ZONE

ACCESS

CAIRN

LOBO

TRUCKER
CONVOY

SONS OF
LOBO

LEGION OF
DECENCY

DNEIDA POLICE
S.W.A.T. TEAM

OH, YES... EVERYTHING
COMING TOGETHER
PERFECTLY...!



AWRIGHT--
NOW I'M
MAD...



KEITH
GIFFEN
ALAN
GRANT
SIMON
BISLEY

THE LAST CZARNIAN

PART THREE:

SPELL OR ADDRESS

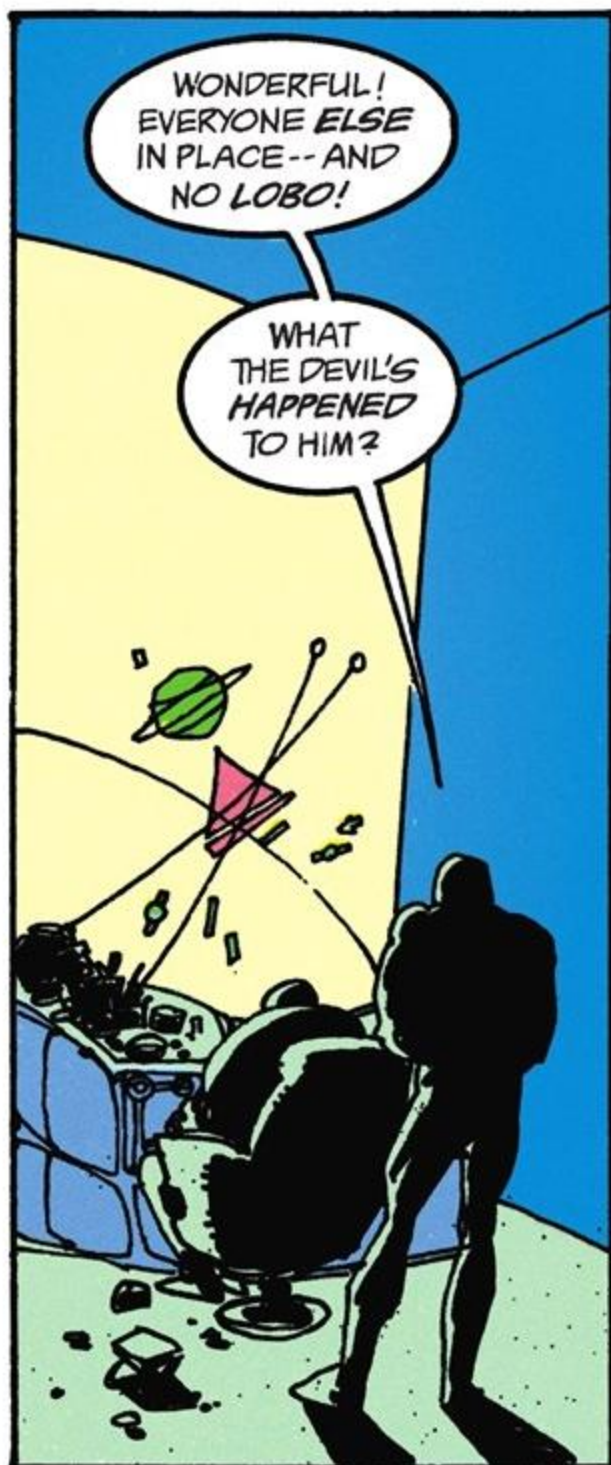
THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
PEOPLE LIKE LOBO DO NOT
VANISH! AT LEAST, NOT
QUIETLY!

PERHAPS IF YOU
SPENT LESS TIME EATING
AND MORE TIME SCANNING--!

B-BUT I'VE
EXHAUSTED ALL THE
POSSIBILITIES,
SIR!

IF LOBO IS
OUT THERE--HE JUST
ISN'T ANYWHERE WE
CAN PICK UP ON!

KEITH GIFFEN
PLOT/BREAKDOWNS
ALAN GRANT
DIALOGUE
SIMON BISLEY
ARTIST
LOVERN KINDZIERSKI
COLORS
TODD KLEIN
LETTERS
MIGHTY ART YOUNG
EDITOR



WONDERFUL!
EVERYONE ELSE
IN PLACE-- AND
NO LOBO!

WHAT
THE DEVIL'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM?



MAYBE HE
OFFED THE OLD
HARRIDAN ... NO,
WHATEVER ELSE HE
MAY BE, LOBO
ALWAYS KEEPS
HIS WORD!



KEEP SEARCHING!
FIND HIM!

AND
THAT'S AN
ORDER!

Y-YESSIR!



GOOD MORNING,
COMMANDER
DOX!

Grrglimphixmm!

WELL!!

SLAM!

DAMN! AND
IT WAS ALL GOING
SO SMOOTHLY--A
PICTURE PERFECT
PLAN!



SEND LOBO TO BRING IN
THE ONE PERSON IN THE
UNIVERSE HE MOST WANTS
TO KILL--

--DON'T TELL HIM
WHO IT IS. HAVE HIM
PROMISE DELIVERY
INTO MY CUSTODY
ALIVE--

--STOKE HIS
FRUSTRATIONS TO A
MURDEROUS
RAGE--

--THEN *USE* THAT
RAGE TO *ELIMINATE* SOME
TRICKY LITTLE PROBLEMS!

STARTED WELL, TOO. LOBO TOOK
OUT THAT PROBLEMATIC *POLICE CHIEF*--
A POTENTIAL RIVAL. THE *PARAMILITARY*
GRANNIES GO AFTER *TRIBB*...

...LOBO CAN
TAKE CARE OF *THEM*,
TOO--AND REMOVE
ANOTHER TROUBLESOME
RADICAL GROUP!

DITTO FOR
THAT GANG OF
SPACE-BIKER
HOODLUMS!

KLIK

WELL?
ANYTHING
YET?

BUT, SIR--
IT'S ONLY BEEN
TWO MINUTES!

WELL,
HURRY IT
UP!

THE *TRUCKERS* AND
THE *DESTRUCTO-DANCE*
COMPANY WERE AN UNEXPECTED
BONUS... ESPECIALLY WITH
THE WAY THE *TRUCKERS'*
UNION'S BEEN DABBLING
IN POLITICS!

IT WAS SO
SIMPLE. LOBO
KILLS. WE WALK
IN AND RESTORE
ORDER...

OUT!

AND *NONE* OF IT CAN
EVER BE *TRACED*
BACK TO--

COMMANDER--
CAN I HAVE THOSE
MANPOWER
REPORTS...?

WELL?
WHERE IS
HE?

B-BUT,
SIR!



FRAGGIN'
TRUCKER
DUDES!



THEY'VE SET UP
AN **AMBUSH!**

DO WE
MOVE AGAINST 'EM,
SICKBAG?

**NOT
YET.**



**THE MAIN
MAN GETS FIRST
SHOT!**

BUT THE
TRUCKERS GOT
SURPRISE
ON THEIR
SIDE!



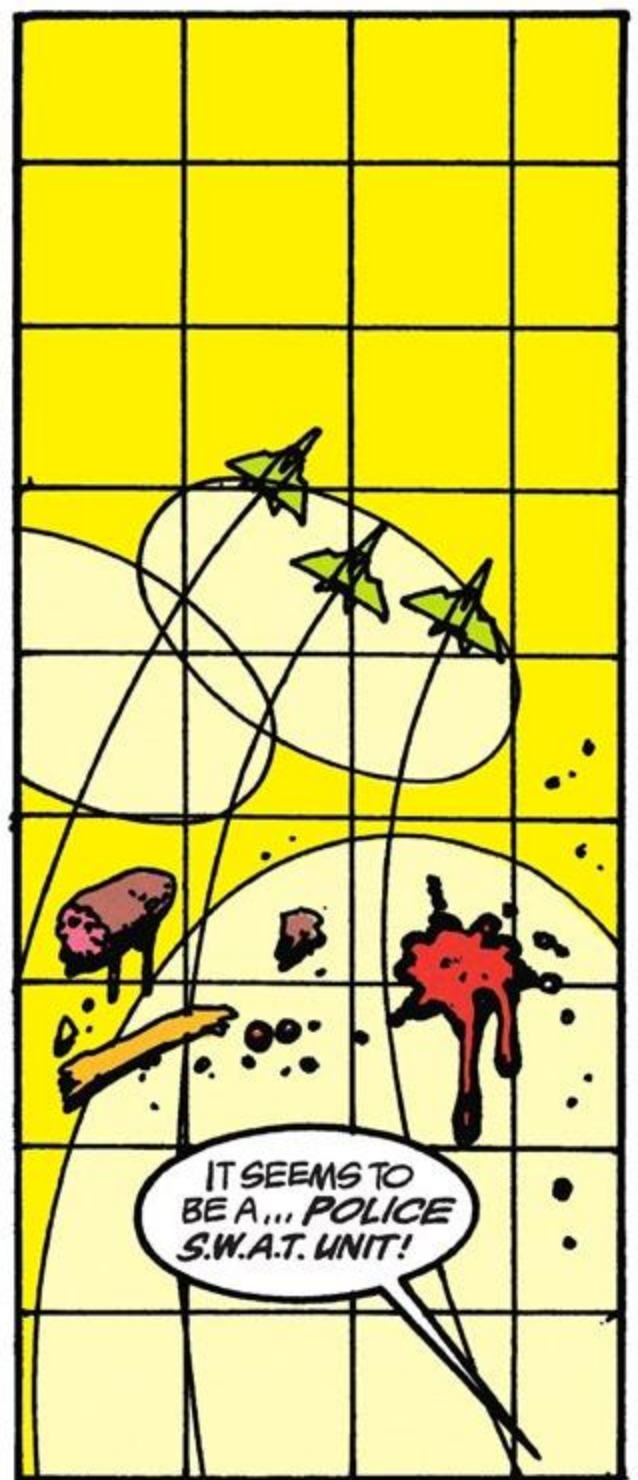
**HAW! LIKE
THAT'LL MATTER
TO LOBO!**

WE JUST
STAY PUT. IF LOBO
NEEDS US, THEN
WE--



**SICKBAG!
WE GOT MORE
COMPANY!**

**WOW! THE
MAN MUSTA BEEN
IN PRIME FORM!**



REPORT CARD/PUPIL ASSESSMENT

STUDENT: Lobo GRADE: 4 ASSESSOR: E. Tribb

SUBJECTS	GRADE	TEACHER'S REMARKS
MATHEMATICS	Z	Claims rudimentary number skills are all that's needed for body counts
LANGUAGES	Z	No aptitude whatsoever (except in foul language)
SPELLING	Z	Appallingly ignorant, except in words connected with pain, death and their respective administration
HISTORY	Z	Shows absolutely no interest. Claims "history is obsolete, man, 'cause I wasn't there!"
PHILOSOPHY	Z	When questioned on personal philosophy, kills student seated in front of him
PHYSICS/CHEMISTRY	E ⁻	Wide knowledge of explosives and instruments of torture, which he insists on demonstrating (See above)
BIOLOGY	E	His best subject. Has a morbid fascination with things that kill (and things that die)

EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES	COMMENTS
DEBATING SOCIETY	Banned! Refuses to recognize that physical force is not the first resort in discussion dialogues
SPORTS	Blanket ban. More than 50% of school sportsmen currently hospitalized by Lobo

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES: None, unless there is a market elsewhere in the universe for the infliction of pain, injury, and death. Lobo is badly in need of help--though not, I suspect, nearly as badly as Czarnia!

Y' COULD'VE
WARNED ME, Y'OLD
BAT!

LIKE, Y' BEEN
SHOOTIN' YER MOUTH
OFF SINCE I PICKED
YA UP. WHY GO SILENT
ON ME THEN?





STEVE VAI

DON'T BLAME ME,
MR. BIGSHOT! IF YOU
HADN'T BEEN--

GASSED! GASSED
WHILE RELIEVIN' MYSELF!
THE ONLY WAY THEY
COULDA TAKEN ME...!

AN' YOU...! I
GUESS IT WOULD'VE
KILLED YAT' YELL
"LOOK OUT FOR THE
STARSHIP!"

IT'S ONLY
AS BIG AS A
FRAGGIN'
PLANET!

MAGGIE
GIVES
3.01

WARRS
1224

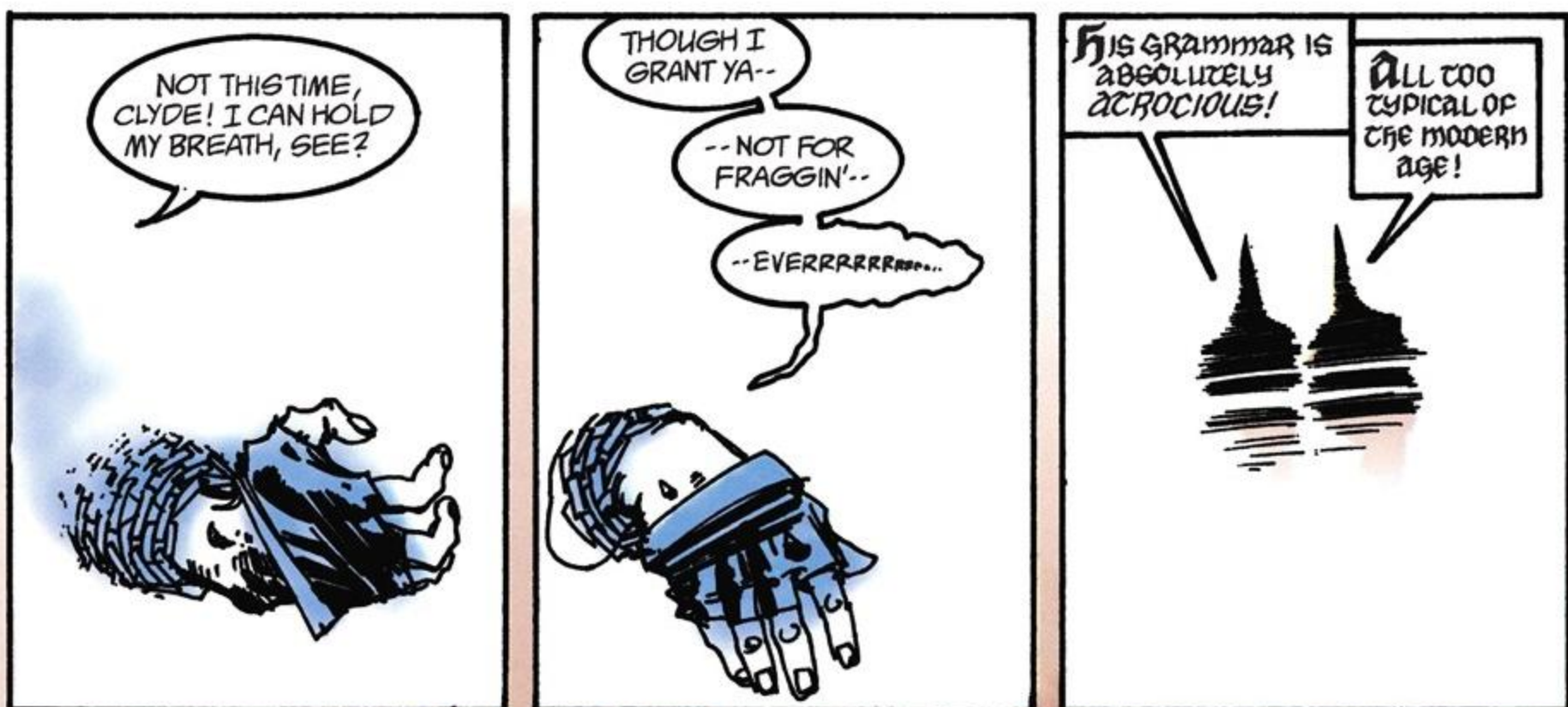
HARLEY

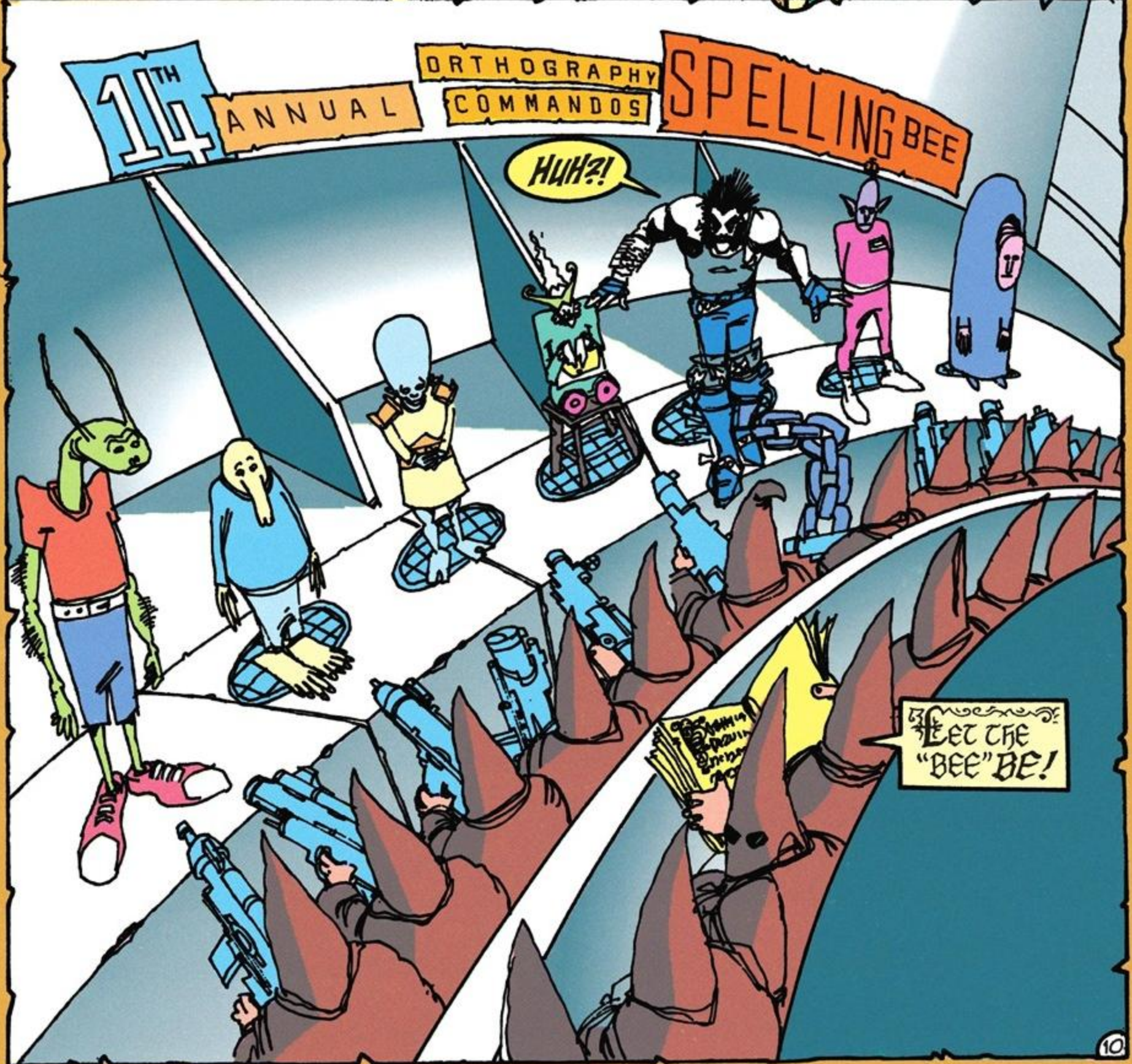
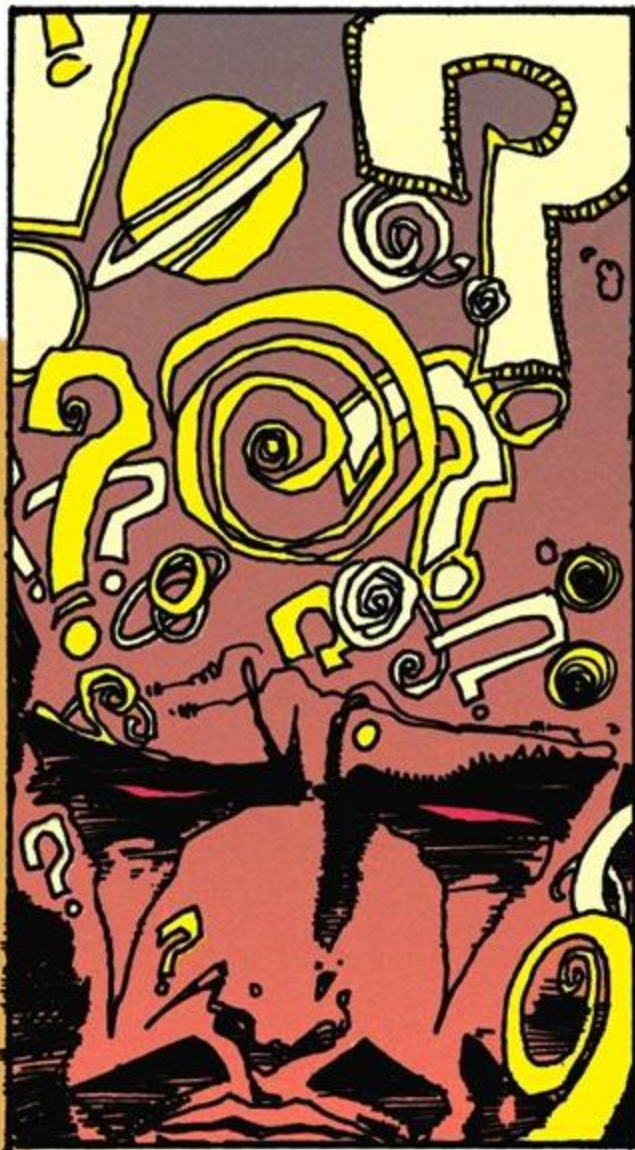
ZODIAC

IDSON

KAK

WARRS





Chosen Ones!
KNOW THAT WE ARE
THE **ORTHOGRAPHY**
COMMANDOS! TO
US FALLS THE TASK OF
MAKING THE UNIVERSE
FREE OF THE **IGNORANT**
AND THE **FUNCTIONALLY**
ILLITERATE!

THE RULES ARE
SIMPLE... **SPELL,**
OR **DIE!**

NO EMOTIONAL
OUTBURSTS. NO GUM
CHEWING. ALL JUDGES'
DECISIONS ARE FINAL.

WIN THREE TIMES AND
YOU MAY **JOIN** US IN OUR
ETERNAL CRUSADE, OR
GO **FREE.**

FIRST CONTESTANT!
YOUR WORD TO SPELL IS--

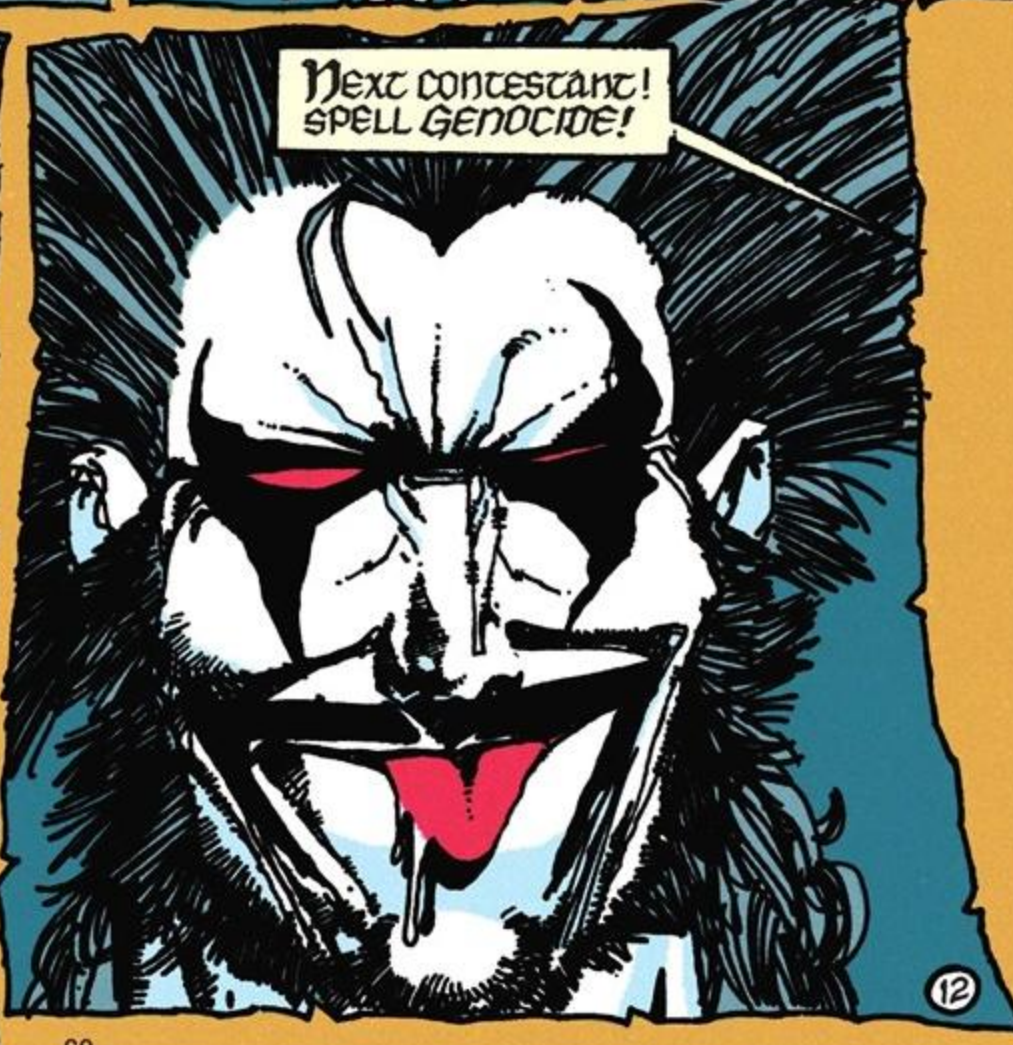
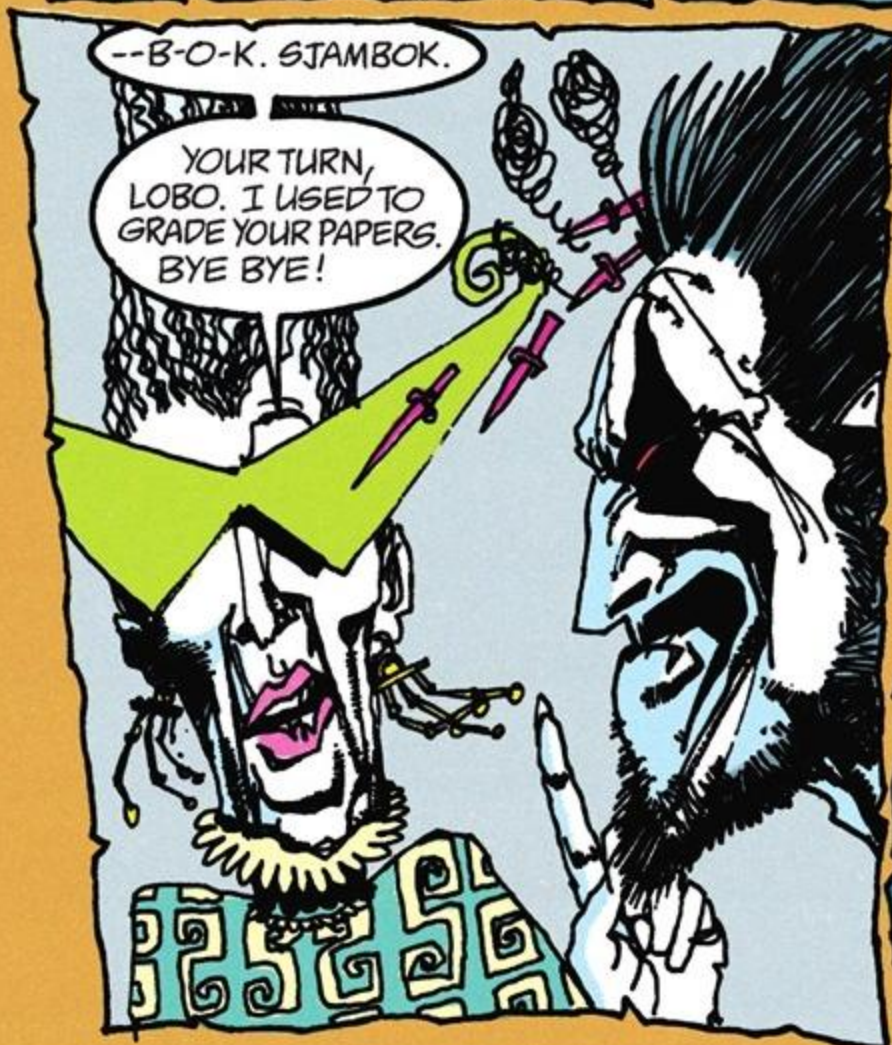
--ONE MORE
TIME! ONE MORE
TIME!

GUESS YOU'RE
TH' CURRENT CHAMP,
HUH?

YES.
Y-E-S--
YES!

SHEESH!
HOW DO I GET
INTO THESE
THINGS?

ONE WRONG
MOVE AN' THEY'LL
GAS ME AN' BLOW
ME AWAY!





YOU WON'T GET LUCKY THIS TIME AROUND, LOBO!

SHE'S RIGHT. GOTTA CUT DOWN ON THE COMPETITION--

--HERE GOES NOTHIN'...

Boo!

SHRIEK!

NO OUTBURSTS!

ZZZAM!

Down to two contestants.

SPELL, CONJUGATE, AND SUGGEST SUITABLE ANTONYMS!

WHATONYMS? WAITAMINUTE, CLYDE!

THIS AIN'T FAIR! SHE'S A TEACHER, FOR FEETAL'S SAKE!

IS THIS TRUE...?

YES! AND I'VE BEEN BADLY ABUSED BY THIS LOU! HE RUINED MY EVENING AT THE BALLET!

SEE? A FRAGGIN' TEACHER!

Yes. We see. a TEACHER!

THEN HE CUT OFF MY LEGS! HE--

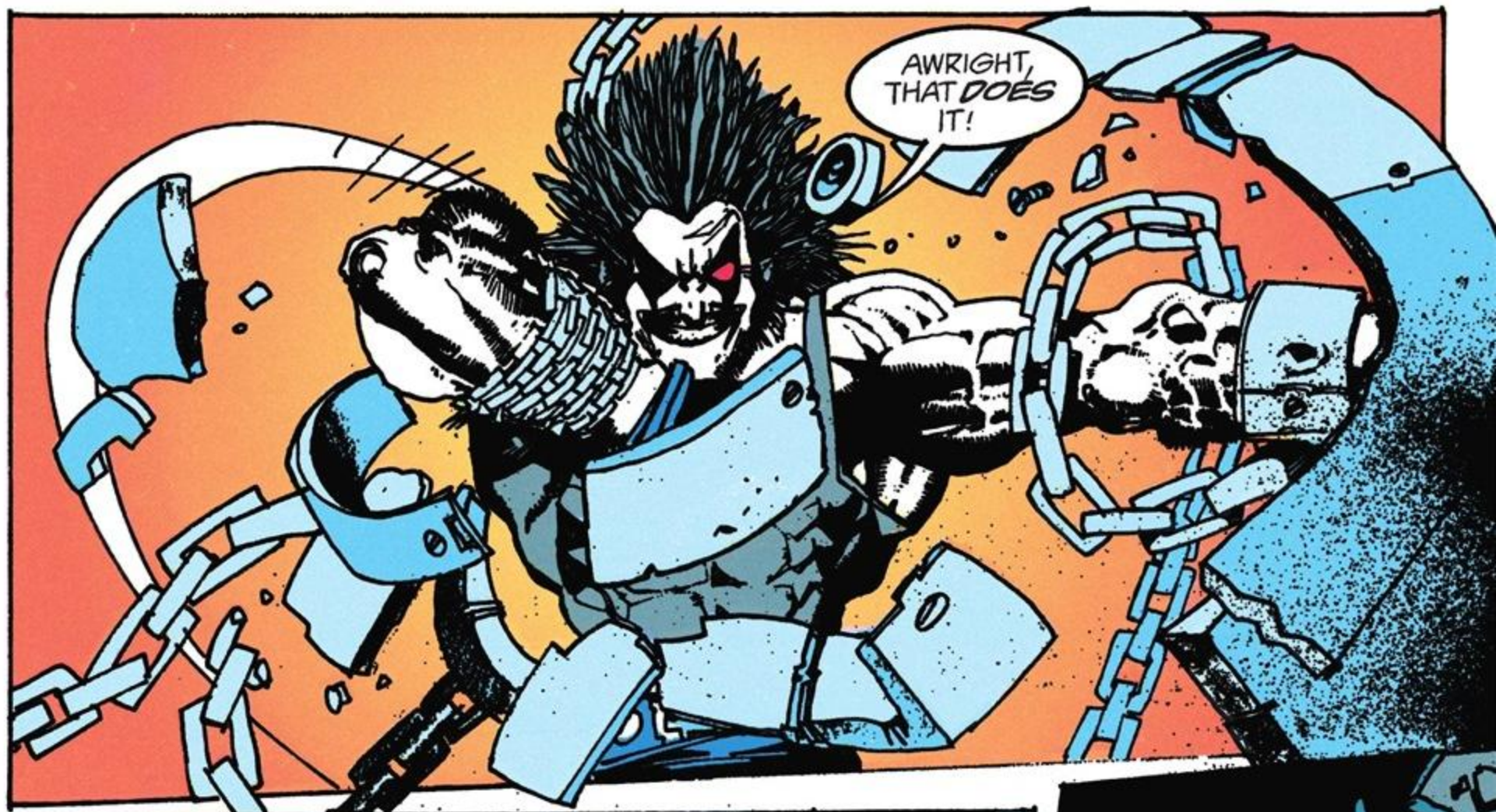


GUESS I
SHOULDN'TA SAID
THAT, HUH?

FOR ABUSE OF A SACRED
GIVER OF LITERACY,
THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE
PUNISHMENT... *DEATH!*

MAY THE DIVINE
TEACHER OF US ALL
GIVE YOU A LESSON YOU
WILL NEVER FORGET!

Ready! *aim!*





THAT'S
O-U-FRAGGIN'-
T!

POOP

REPORT CARD/PUPIL ASSESSMENT

STUDENT: Lobo GRADE: 5 ASSESSOR: Prof whats-his-name

SUBJECTS	GRADE	TEACHER'S REMARKS
MATHEMATICS	A+	100% The guy is a genius!
LANGUAGES	A+	Aliens is people too, Clyde
SPELLING	A+	Totaly awesome. On a par with his command of grammar, y'dig?
HISTORY	A+	Constantly astounds me with his in-depth knowlege of Czarnian evolution + all the resta that old crap
PHILOSOPHY	A+	Has a very original approach to Life + its problems
PHYSICS/CHEMISTRY	A+	This Lobo is one ~~dude~~ ~~good~~ ~~dud~~ who knows his stuff, man!
BIOLOGY	A+	Call the man Prof!

EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES	COMMENTS
DEBATING SOCIETY	Hey, y'can't argue with a solid 100% record. Least, not unless y'got a burning desire to have yer spleen removed
SPORTS	Captain + star player

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES: Brain surgeon-philosopher-scientist-the sky's the limit for this talented and popular pupil. Simply the best student I have ever encountered! 'Nuff said? Or would ya like yer face removed?



WELL, I HOPE
YOU'RE PROUD OF
YOURSELF, YOU
RUFFIAN!

BUTTON IT,
TEACH!



OR WHAT?
YOU'LL CUTOFF
MY **HEAD**
NEXT?



WHERE
ARE WE GOING
NOW?

NONE O'
YER DAMNED
BIZNESS!



DON'T
TEMPT
ME!



TSK! SUCH
LANGUAGE!

BOM





REVEL-7! HE

ANNOUNCED
THAT HE'S

ON REVEL-7
OVER AN

UNSECURE
LINE!

OHMYGOD!



THE OTHERS--
ARE THEY--?

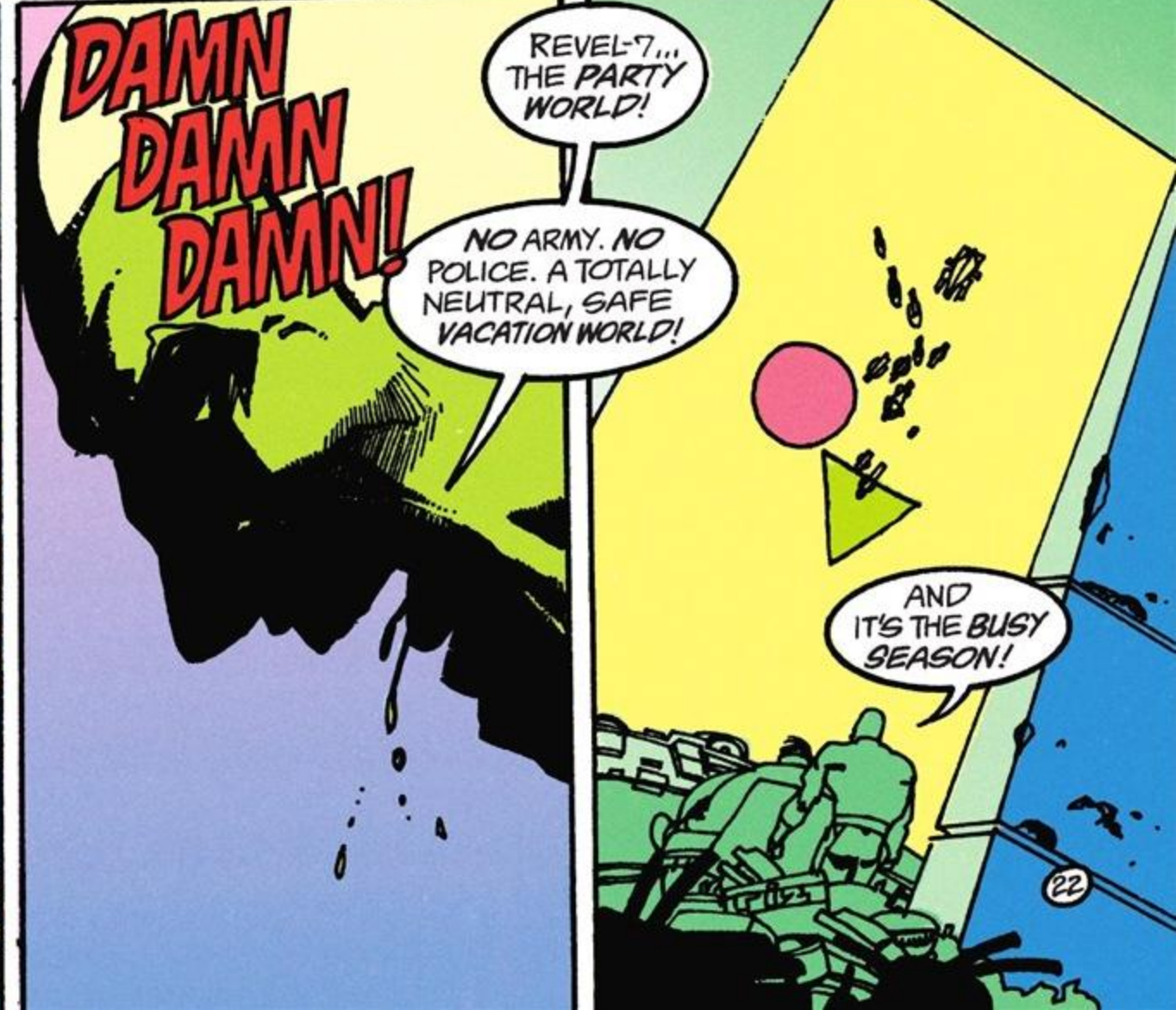
ALL
MOVING OUT,
SIR. THEY
HEARD!

SIR...WHY DID
HE CALL ON A
PUBLIC LINE?

BECAUSE HE
DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT
THEM!

PLUS, OF COURSE,
HE'S AN IMBECILE!

OF--OF
COURSE!



**DAMN
DAMN
DAMN!**

REVEL-7...
THE PARTY
WORLD!

NO ARMY. NO
POLICE. A TOTALLY
NEUTRAL, SAFE
VACATION WORLD!

AND
IT'S THE BUSY
SEASON!





--FURTHERMORE, NOT ONLY HAVE I NO DESIRE TO BE HERE, BUT I FIND THE WHOLE CONCEPT OF A VACATION WORLD EXTREMELY CHEESY!

SHUT UP AN' DRINK YER MAI TAI!

GLUG



LOBO

4 of 4
FEB 91

LOBO



KEITH ALAN SIMON
GIFFEN GRANT BISLEY



THE LAST CZARNIAN

PART FOUR

THE LAST CZARNIAN

SIGH! A FRAGGIN' COLOSTOMY WOULD'VE BEEN MORE FUN THAN THIS!

BRU-UUP!

EXCUSE ME, PAL!

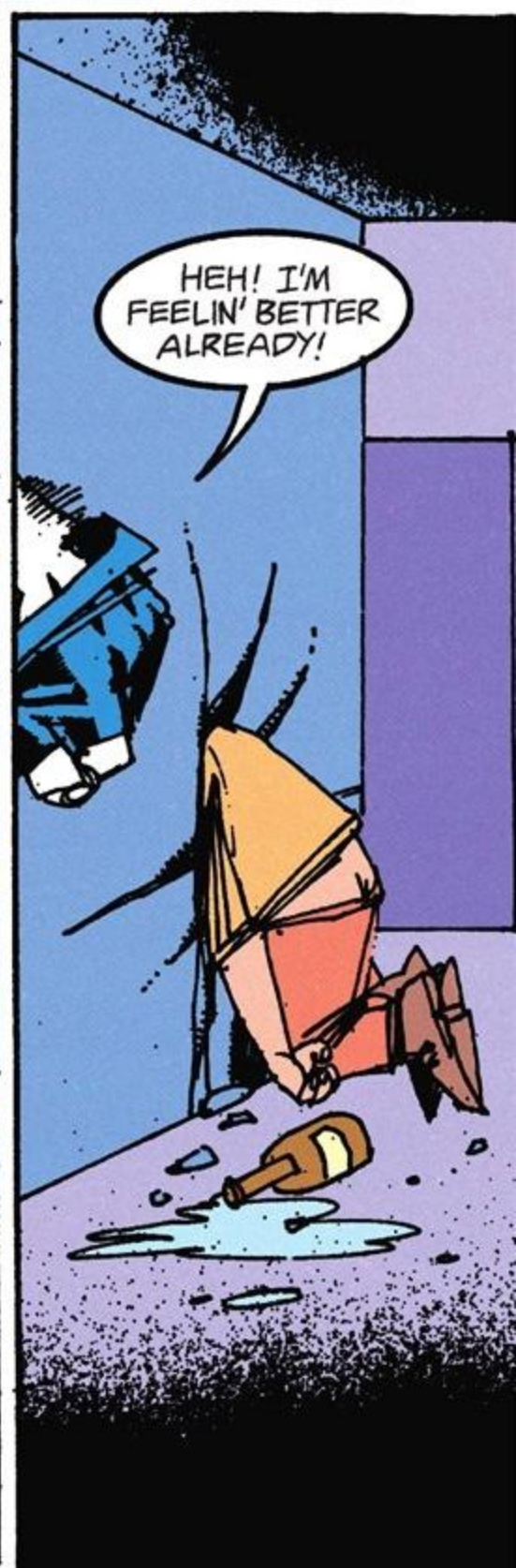
BU-UURP!

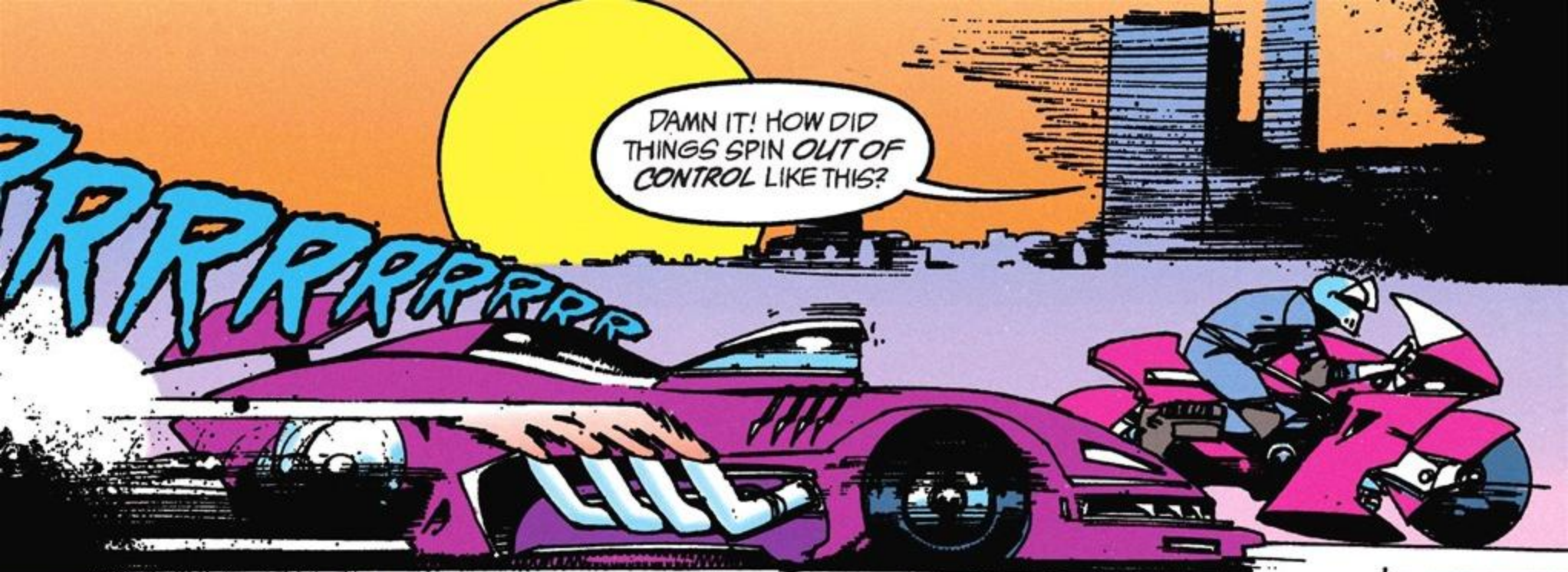
THAT'SH OKAY, PAL!

BARK

KEITH GIFFEN: Plot/Breakdowns
ALAN GRANT: Dialogue
SIMON BISLEY: Artist
LOVERN KINDZIERSKI: Colorist
TODD KLEIN: Letterer
MIGHTY ART YOUNG: Editor







DAMN IT! HOW DID THINGS SPIN OUT OF CONTROL LIKE THIS?



MY PLAN SHOULD HAVE BEEN FLAWLESS--

HELL, IT WAS FLAWLESS!



WELL ... ALMOST.

FACE IT, VRIL. IF IT WAS SO GOOD, THEN WHY ARE FIVE GROUPS OF MADMEN CONVERGING ON REVEL-7 TO KILL AN EVEN Madder MAN?



DAMN YOUR PSYCHOTIC SOUL, LOBO!

IF YOU'VE GOT ONE!



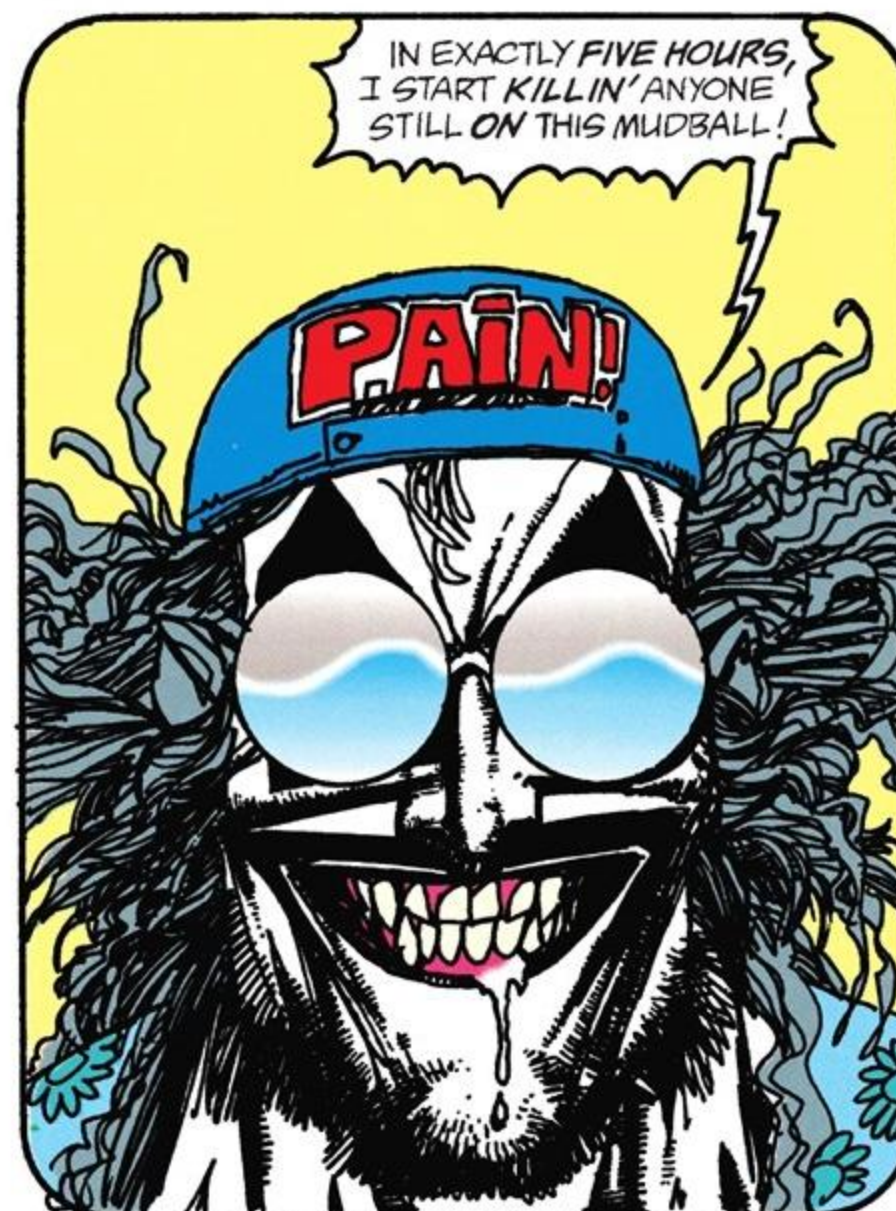
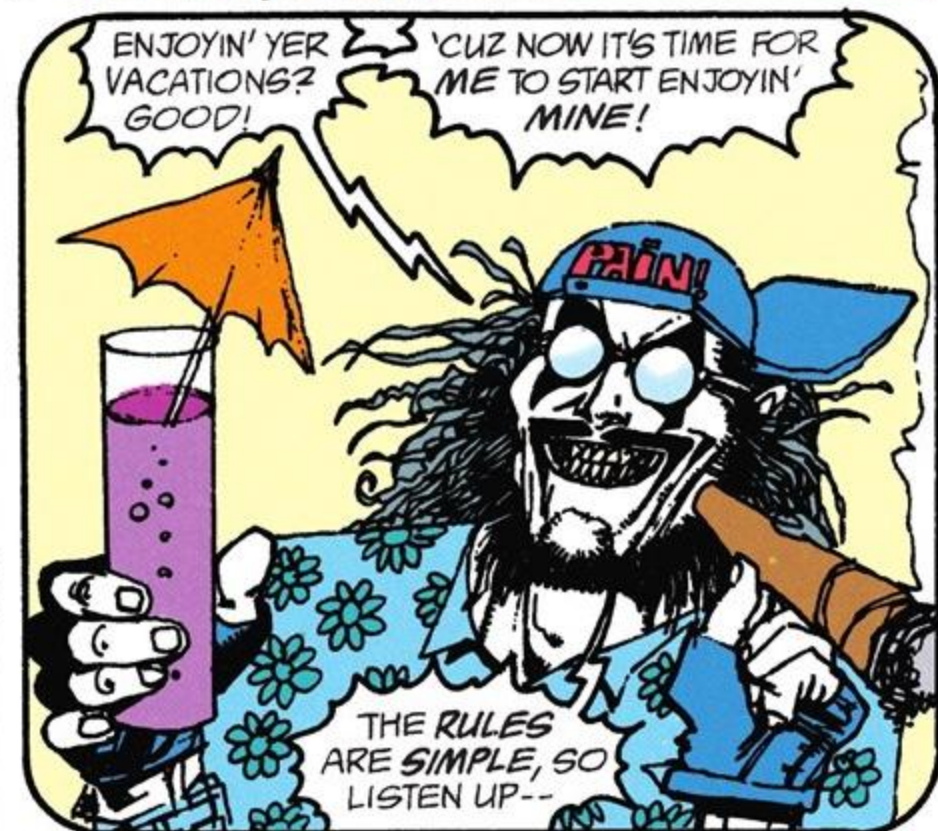
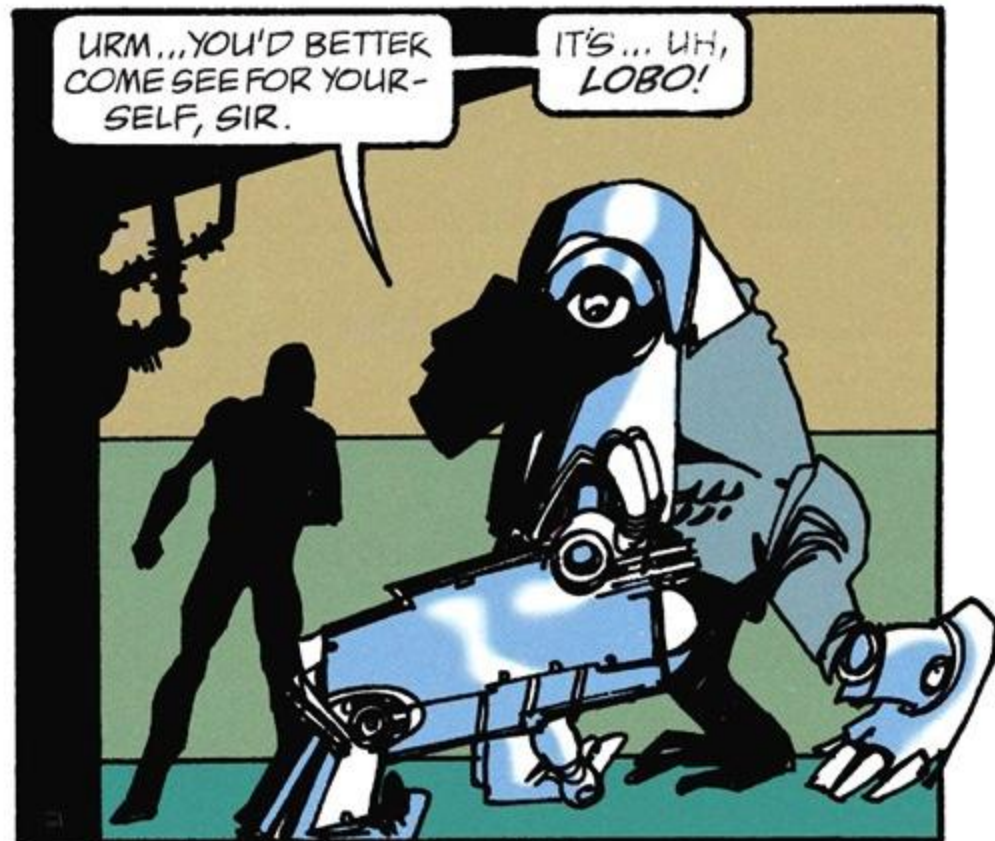
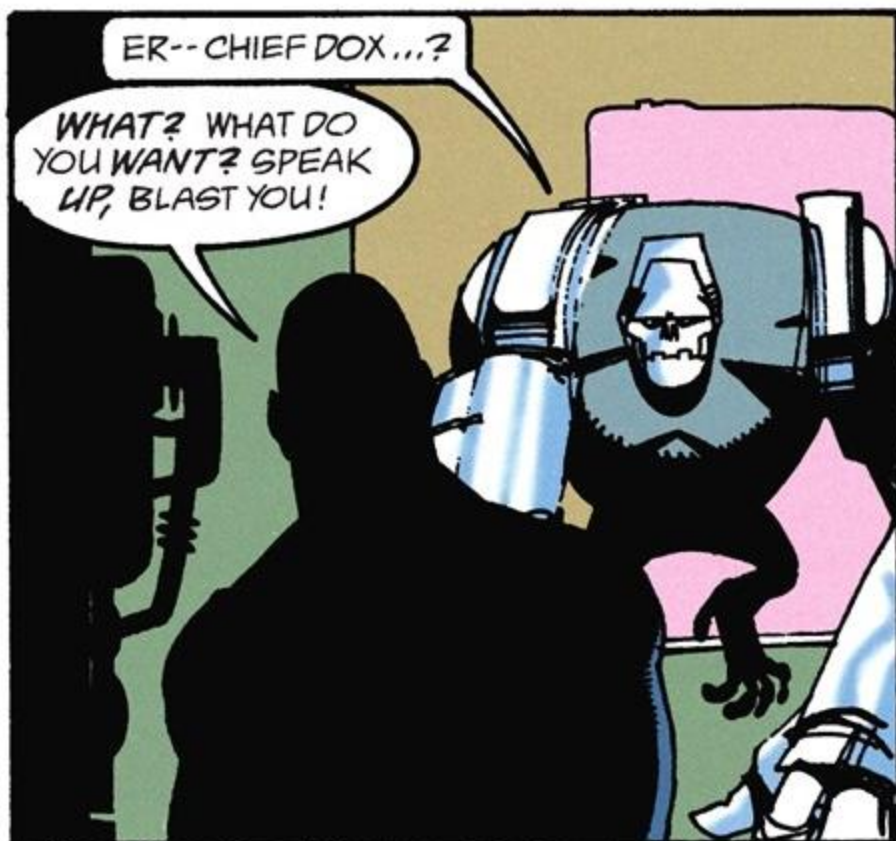
WHAT THE HELL AM I GOING TO DO? DO I HAVE ANY CHOICE EXCEPT TO DIRECTLY INVOLVE L.E.G.I.O.N.?

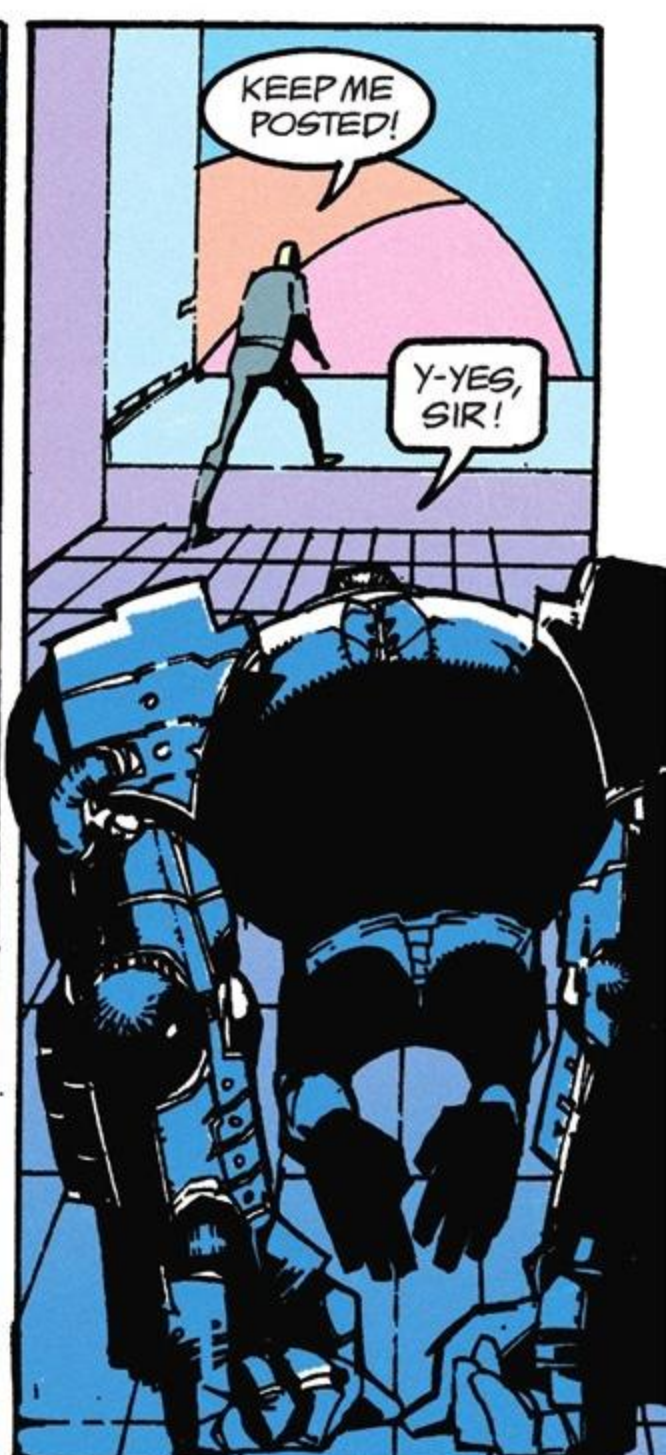


DAMN!
DAMN!
DAMN!



CONTROL? THIS IS COMMANDER DOX. PATCH ME THROUGH TO THE DUTY ROOM-- PRIORITY!





HEAVY ROCK MUSIC AS A FACTOR IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PSYCHOPATH

A DISSERTATION BY E. TRIBB

We can assume that, as no Czarnian ever had an interest in rock-so-called-music, Lobo's first contact with the genre came after the mysterious death and disappearance of his nanny. A checklist compiled at the time revealed that her radio was also missing.

The two-year-old Lobo's first authenticated request was made on the air one month later, in a program broadcast by the pirate station Cosmic Rock Zombie. An audibly shaken disc jockey, WolfMan Wilf, read out this message: "Play 'I Killed My Folks (No Accident)' by Oedipus Wrecks till I get sick of it or I'll come over there an' rip yer fraggin' head off, ya senile geek. Best wishes, Lobo."

As of this date, WolfMan Wilf is still playing it . . . and no doubt Lobo is still listening. Imagine the effect of that "song," with its monstrous and illegal lyrics, its primitive beat and savage instrumentation, played non-stop for years! What unspeakable horrors did it awake in a young mind that was already tainted?

In his early teens Lobo started his own band, "The Main Man and Several Scumbags." Their first concert was at the all-Czarnia 9-Octave Chime-Haiku Festival. The resulting combined electrical feedback and overload resulted in the deaths of the judges, six rows of Audience Section D, and the man who ran the Herbal Tea Booth. The Several Scumbags—some say fortunately—had been unexpectedly beheaded at the climax of the first chorus.

Rumor has it that soon after, Lobo entered a private medical facility to have a micro-receiver radio fitted directly into the audio lobes of his brain. I have been unable to obtain definite corroboration of this, as the

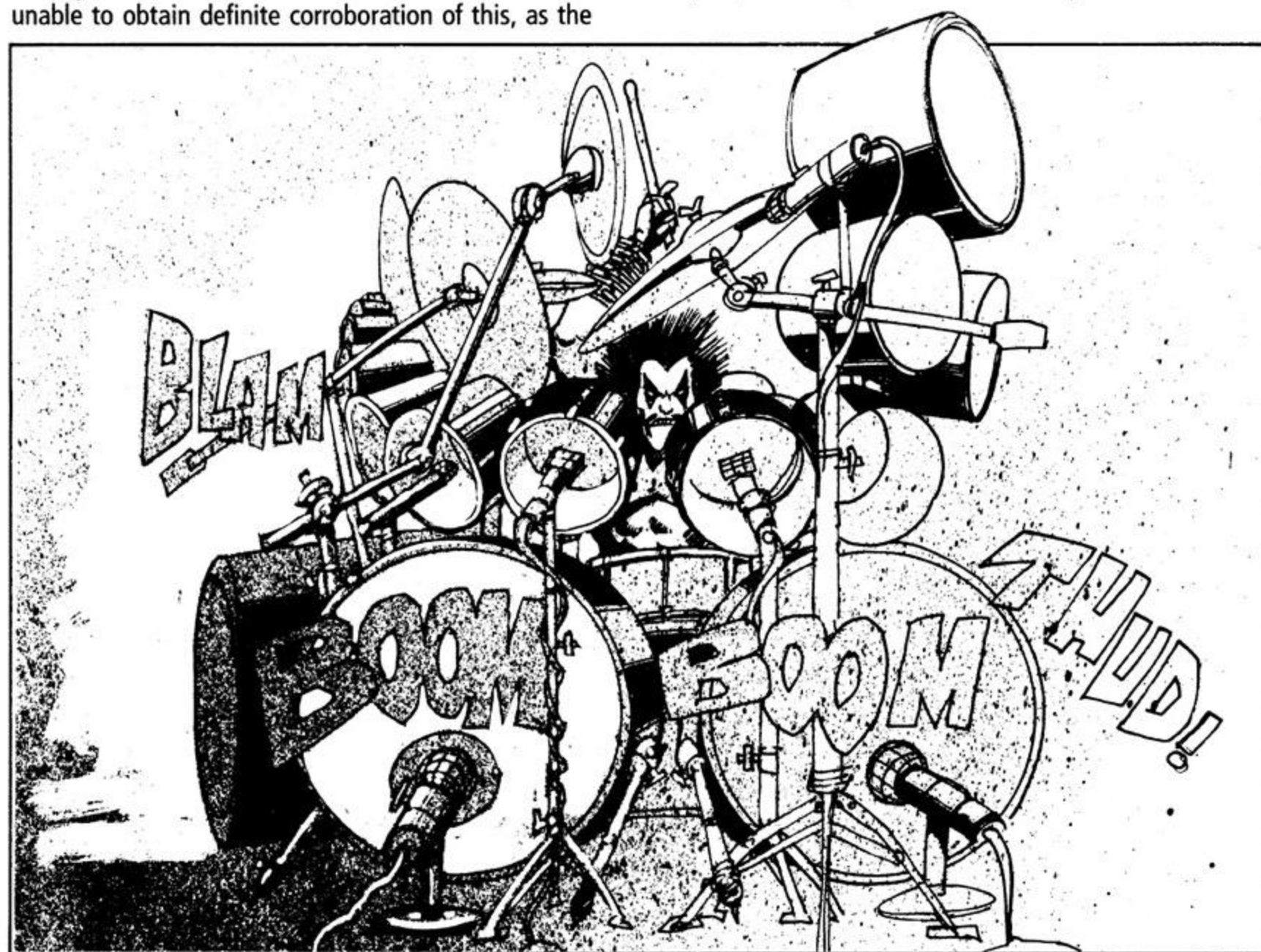
clinic burned down soon afterwards (that night, in fact), and the staff were found with their throats cut.

I think we can safely assume that, since then, Lobo has been almost continuously exposed to the pounding rhythms, piercing shrieks and gross vulgarity that typifies the form.

Now, some are saying that Lobo has turned over a new leaf, becoming a paid-up member of L.E.G.I.O.N., Vril Dox's new interplanetary police force. To those poor deluded fools I can only respond: Rubbish! Lobo is now too far gone down the path of Evil ever to be able to come back! The facts of the matter are these:

Vril Dox fought an epic battle with Lobo—and, even though Dox had temporarily boosted his power to maximum levels, in the normal course of events Lobo would still have beaten and killed his erstwhile leader. It has been a source of puzzlement to many how Dox won. I can now reveal the truth: Right at the start of the fight, radio station Cosmic Rock Zombie went *off the air!* Their generators holed by a large meteor, they had no option but to *stop* broadcasting! That insane rock music, which had for so long fuelled Lobo's maniacal savagery, was *silenced!* Cosmic Rock Zombie was down for two hours. Without that incessant noise—that cacaphonic primeval urge to madness, demonism and gratuitous slaughter—Lobo lost his edge. And the fight.

Bound by honor to obey his victor, Lobo now has no choice but to serve in the ranks of L.E.G.I.O.N., where his misdeeds are at least perpetrated on lawbreakers (and, no doubt, his fellow members).





REVEL-7...

LET ME THROUGH! I'M THE PILOT!

LYIN' BASTARD! I'M THE PILOT!

NO, ME!

BRU-UP! EXCUSE ME, PAL!

LET ME THROUGH! I'VE GOT THE PILOT'S KEYS!

I'M WARNING YOU--MOVE ASIDE OR I VOMIT!

JOHN--NEVER MIND YOUR SURFBOARD! RUN!

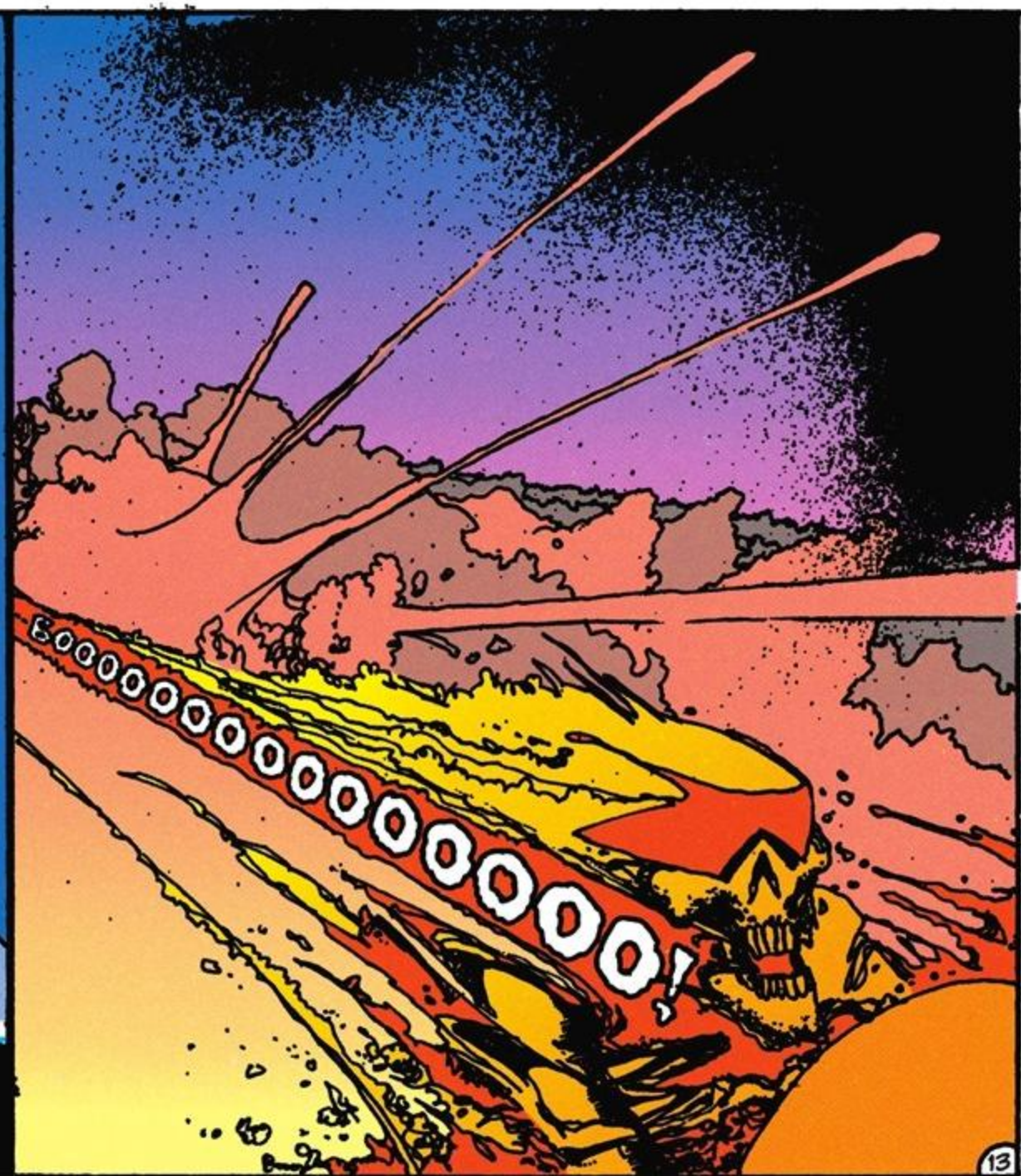
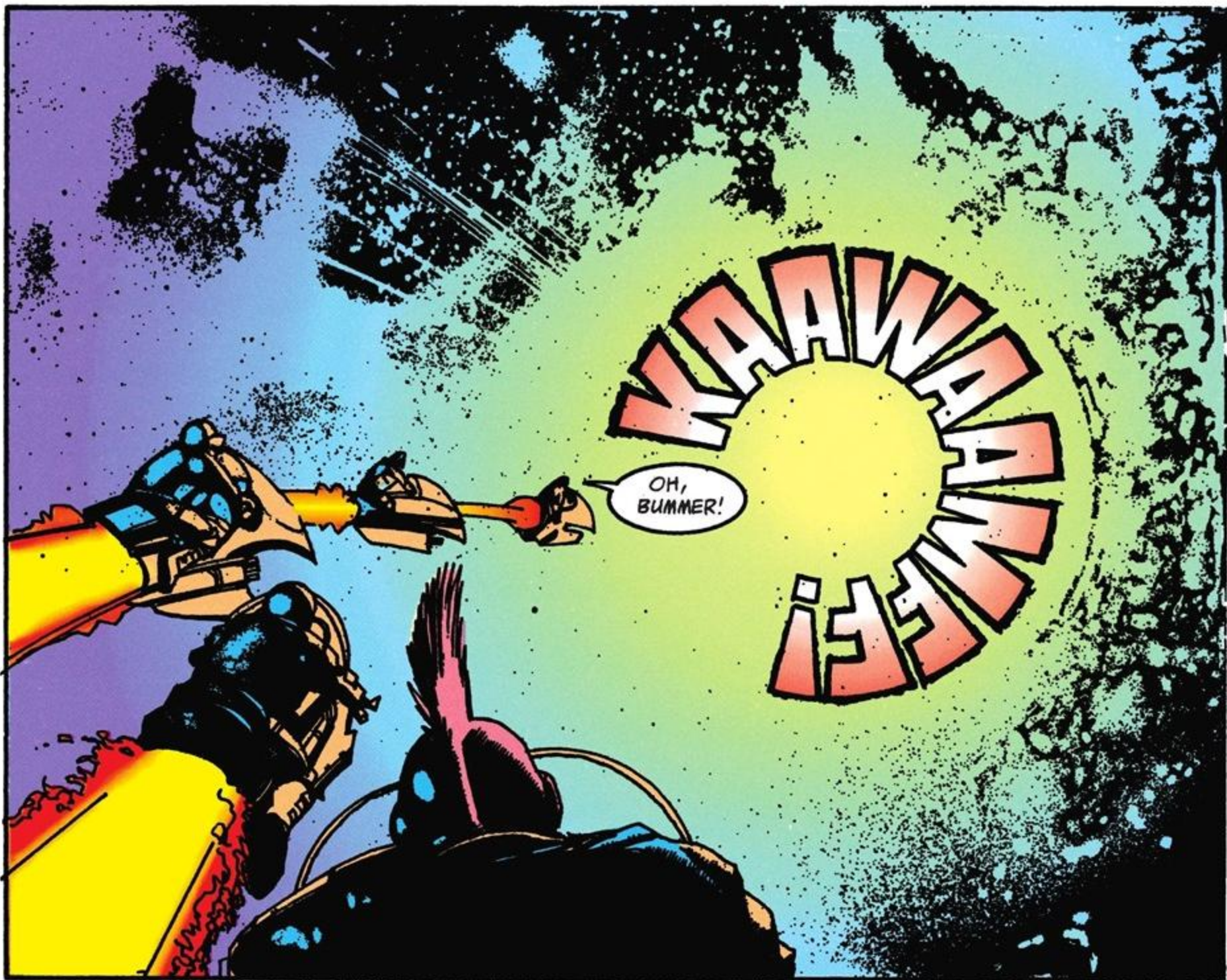
WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST!

FORGET THAT! WE'RE TALKIN' LOBO! IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!









NOW YOU CAN BE A BAD-ASS BOUNTY HUNTER!

ATTENTION, ALL LOBO LOVERS!
EVERYTHING YOU
NEED . . . FOR
ONLY \$199.99!



NO ACADEMIC
QUALIFICATIONS
NEEDED!

CLIP COUPON NOW!

Yes, I wanna kill and maim for financial reward and be the envy of all my friends! Here's \$200 in used bills. Rush me my Bounty Hunter Kit!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

NEXT-OF-KIN _____

Send to "BOUNTY HUNTER," c/o The Sons of Lobo,
Box 17, Alpha, Magellanic Clouds.
Allow 1 year for Delivery.

Yes, now you too can impress your friends by becoming a member of one of the most elite clubs in the Universe! Our amazing "Bounty Hunter Kit" gives you everything you need to get started! See the Galaxy, kill some of its scuzziest inhabitants . . . and be well paid for it!

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

- 100 Ways to develop YOUR tracking ability!
- Tips on customizing your cycle for INTER-GALACTIC capability!
- How to adopt your own CODE OF HONOR!
- 6 Infallible methods of discovering your prey's ACHILLES' HEEL!
- 2 Potential methods of preventing your prey from discovering YOUR Achilles' Heel!
- Details of 1,000+ fugitives with a price on their heads!
- Pressed steel GUTTING HOOK! (Chain \$10 extra)



LET ME
THROUGH! I'M
THE PILOT!

HEA-VENNN!
I'M IN HEA-VENNN!

OR IF I AIN'T
IT SEEMS THAT
WAY TA ME...!

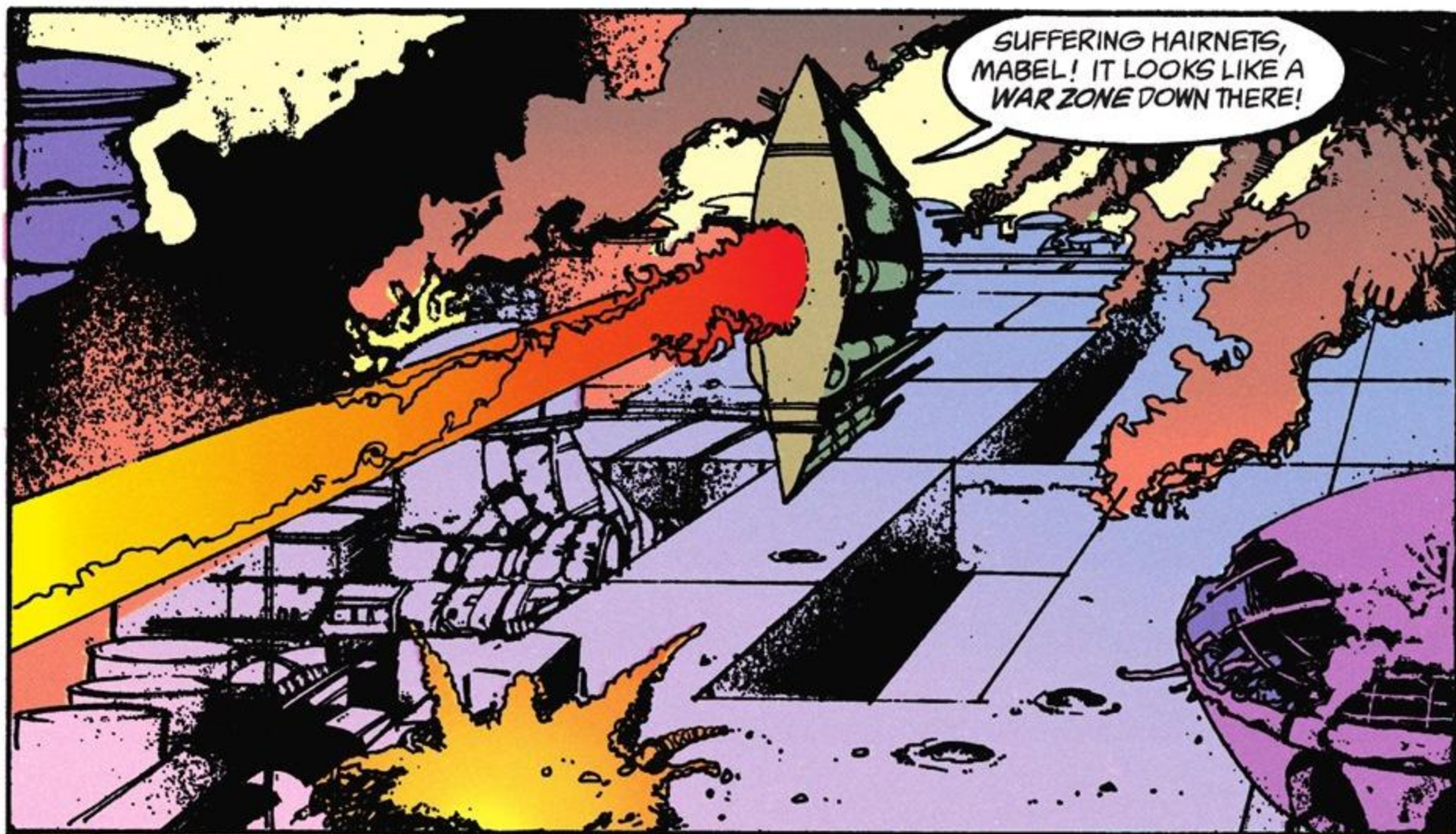
TOM
JONZ
APPRECIATION
SOCIETY

JONZ
PUMP ACTION
SURF 'N' SLAM
OVERDRIVE
COLLECTION

DEZ

NAPALM
100%







PUT THE LOBO
BUSINESS ON THE
BACK BURNER!

TIME TO
INFLICT SOME MORALS,
LADIES!

BANZAI!

**SHA
BANG!**

KABOONNK!

BUT--MY DAD
SAID THE WORST THAT
COULD HAPPEN WAS
I'D GO BLIND!

AAAAAGH!



THAT'S IT--
REVEL-7!

STAND READY,
STORM-TROUPERS OF
THE PAN-GALACTIC
DEMOLITION DANCE
COMPANY!

MUSICAL DIRECTOR--
PLAY THE "LAST
WALTZ"!

THE UPSTAGER
LOBO MUST
DIE!

WHAT IN THE NAME
OF THE GREAT
SADOMACHINSKI--?



IT-IT'S
A MASS
EXODUS!



--DANCE THE LAST
WALTZ WITH YOU, TWO
LONELY PEOPLE
TOGETHER--

HOLY--!
CHOREOGRAPHER--
GET US THE HELL
OUT OF--

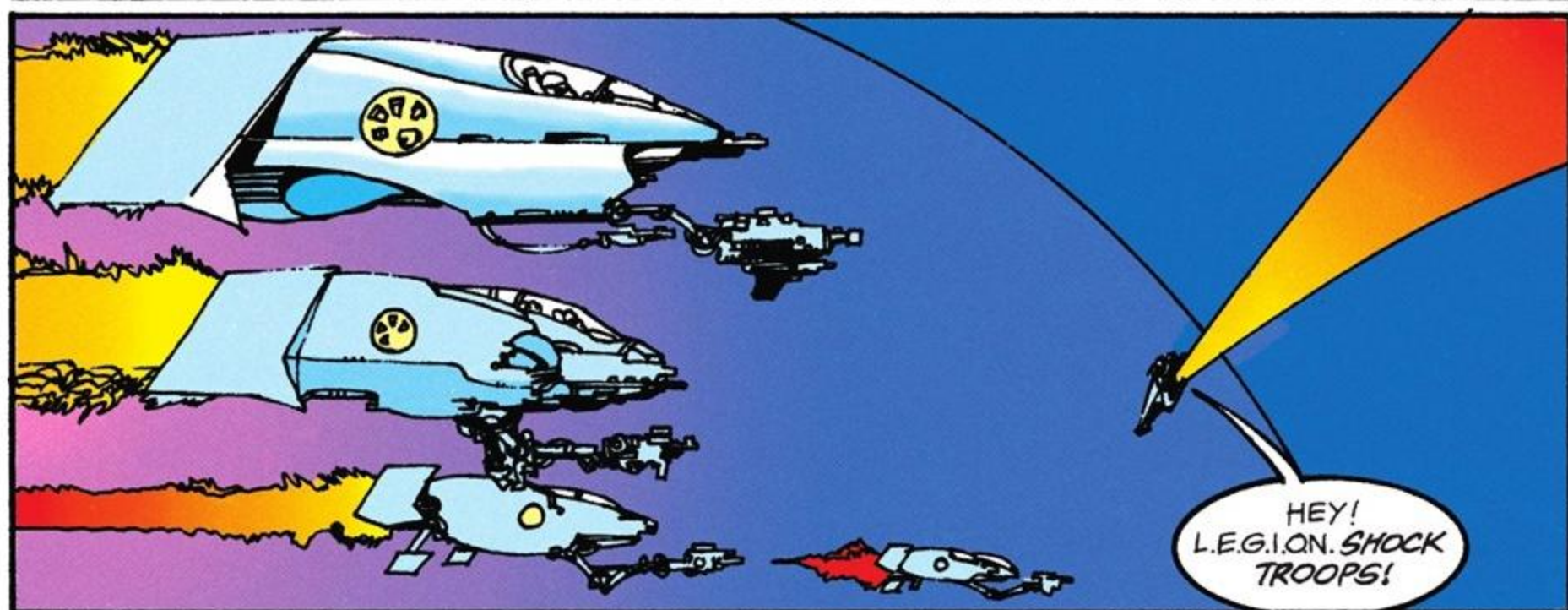
--HERE!

--LAST WALTZ--
WILL LAST FOREVER!

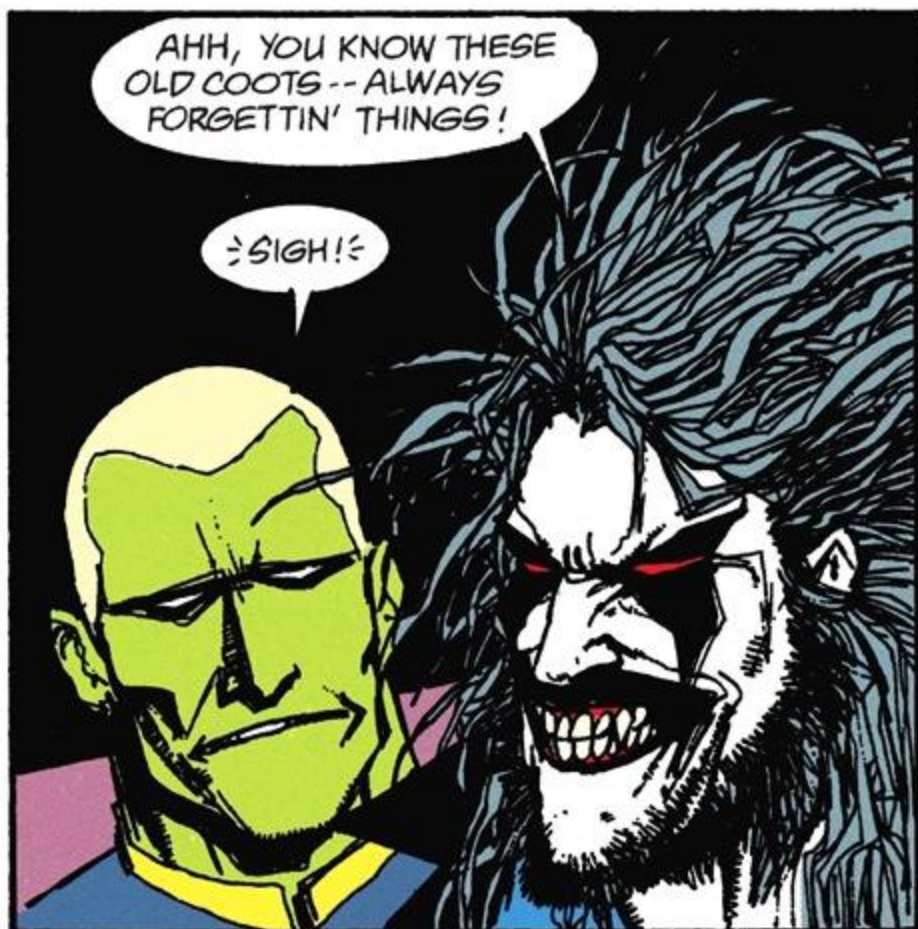
FRAGGABAAA!!!

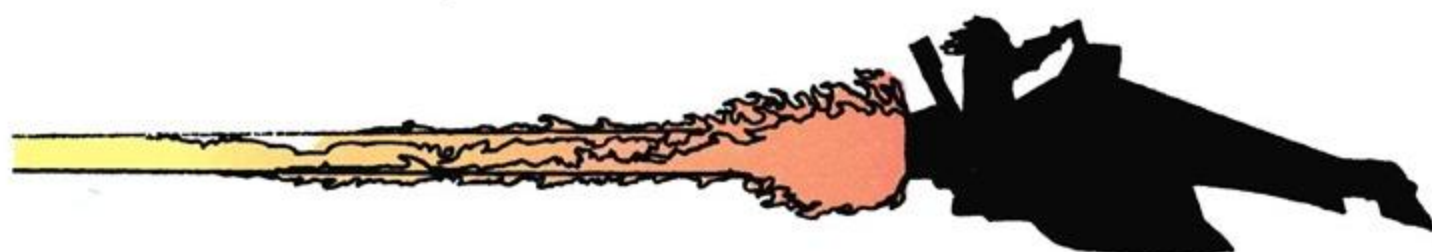
FEETAL'S GIZZ,
BUT I JUST LOVE
A GOOD LIGHT
SHOW!

TSK
TSK!









FOUR-ISSUE
MINISERIES



LOBO'S BACK

1

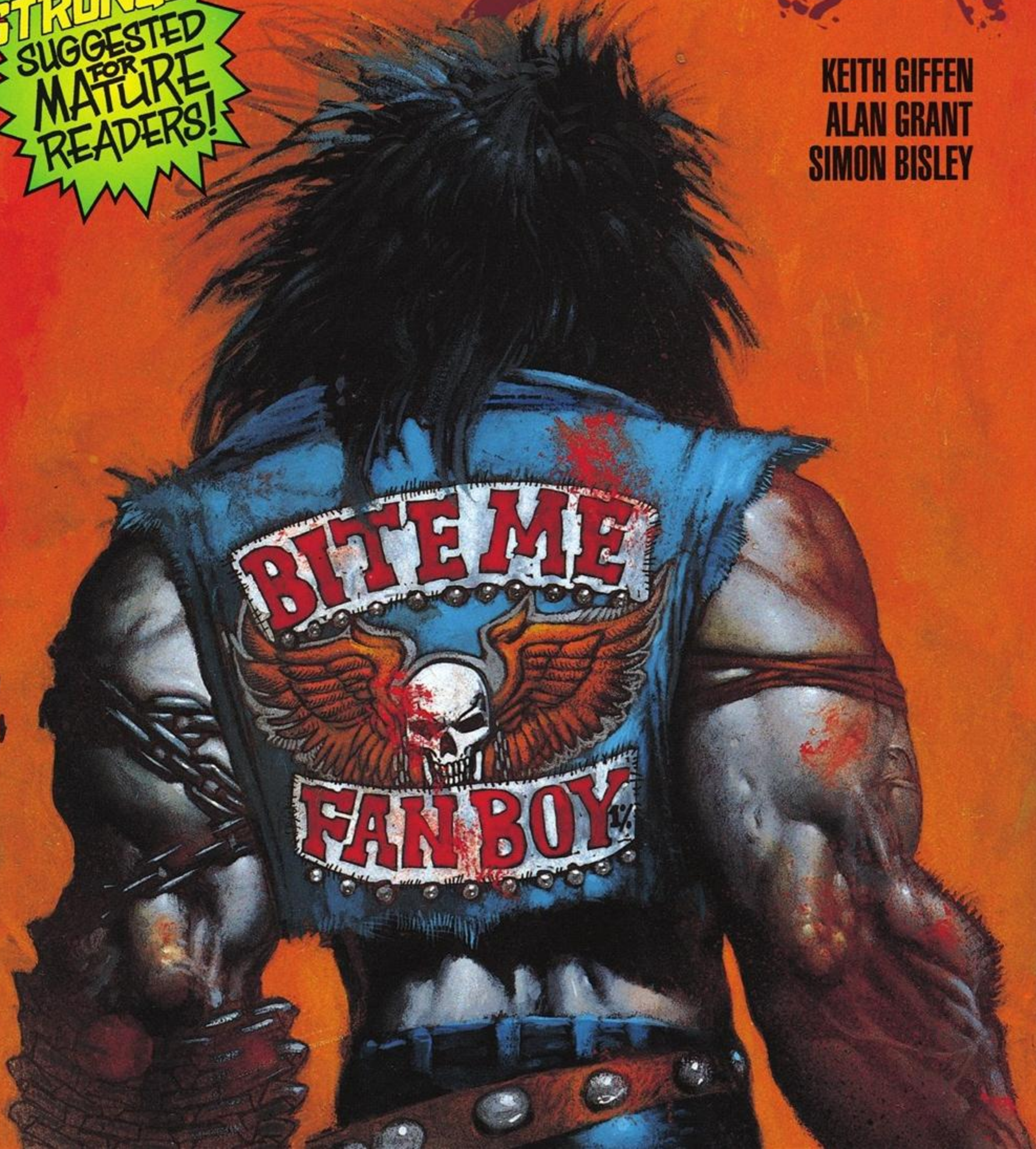
MAY 92

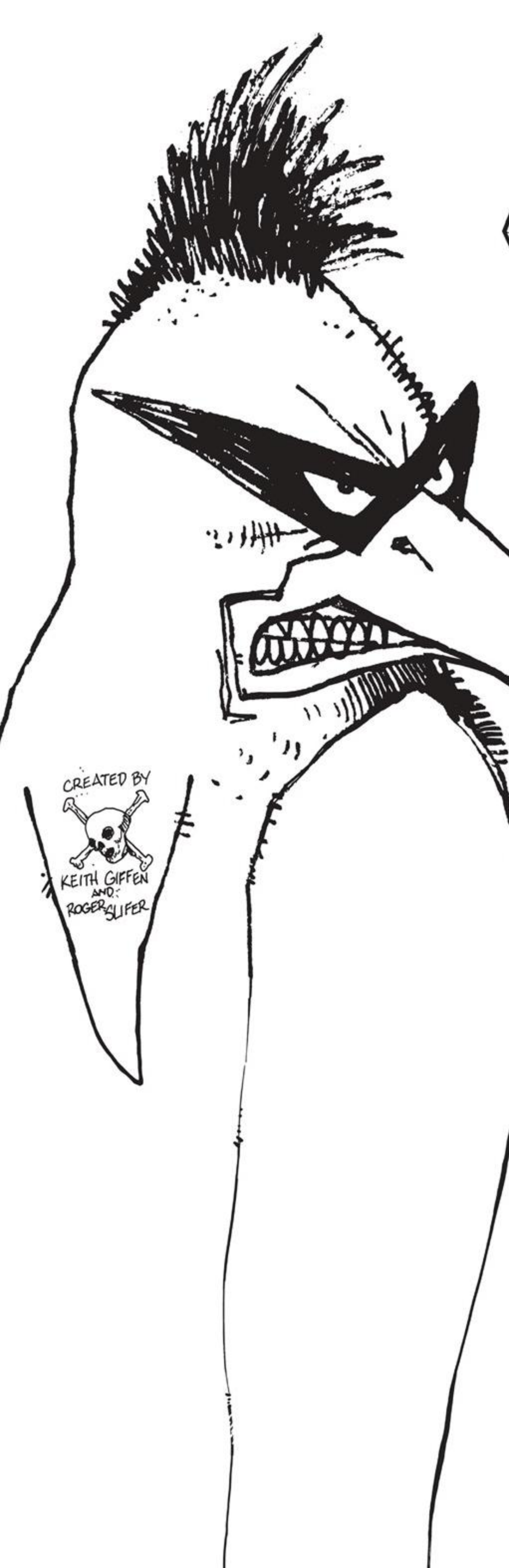
LOBO'S

BACK™

KEITH GIFFEN
ALAN GRANT
SIMON BISLEY

**STRONGLY
SUGGESTED
FOR
MATURE
READERS!**





LOBO'S BACK

PART
1

THE FINAL FRAGDOWN

BRUNG
TA YOH
BY...

KEITH FRAGGEN: PLOT/BREAKDOWNS
FRAG GRANT: DIALOGUE
SIMON FRAGLEY: PENCILS & INKS
LOVERN FRAGSKI: COLORS
TODD FRAGEIN: LETTERS
BAD DAN FRAGLER: EDITOR

YOU GOT
A PROBLEM
WIT DAT?

CREATED BY



KEITH GIFFEN
AND
ROGER SLIFER

"LOBO'S BACK" Front Cover #1

Title page,

Big Killer Penguin Inside Front Cover #1

Fun and Games with the Main Man, Parts 1 to 4:

- 1) "Making Shadow Pictures,
the Lobo Way" Cover #2
- 2) "Lobo's Totally Mental
Word Puzzle" Inside Cover #2
- 3) "How to Fish, the Lobo Way" Cover #3
- 4) "Connect the Dots," featuring
Lobo and friend.....Inside Cover #3

Our Feature Presentation

The Opening.....Page 1, o' course!
The Setup.....Page 4
The Villain.....Page 8
The Reunion.....Page 9
The Vehicle.....Page 11
The Dive (featuring "The Crew").....Page 13
The Splash Page.....Page 19
The Ultra-violence.....Page 20
The Surprise Ending.....Page 24

The Special Text Feature

Introducing the Lobometer,
and a new Contest.....Page 25
The Solution to that fraggin' puzzle Page 26

FOUR-ISSUE
MINISERIES



LOBO'S BACK

1

MAY 92

LOBO'S BACK™

**VEHEMENTLY
SUGGESTED
FOR
MATURE
READERS!**

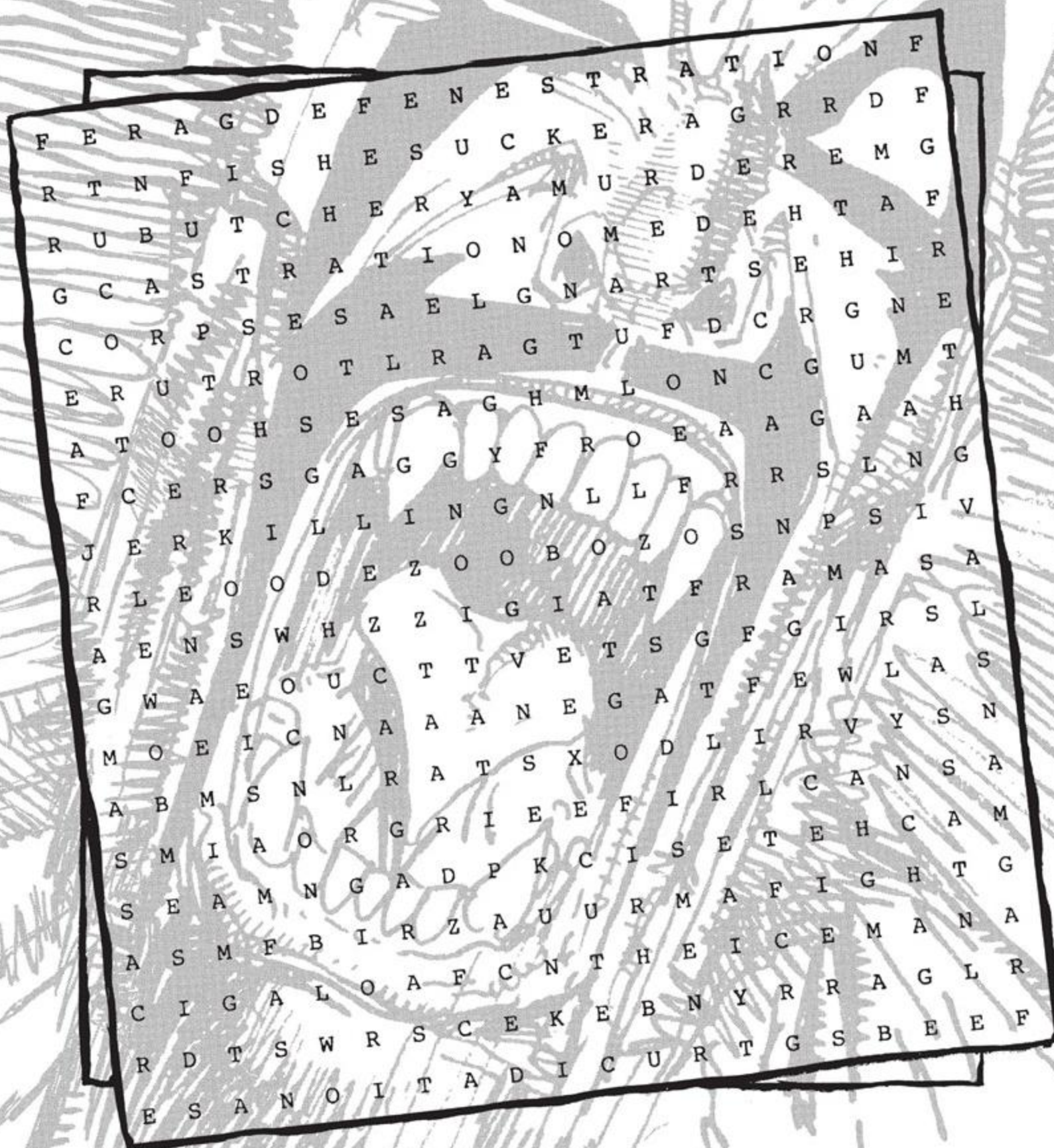
KEITH GIFFEN
ALAN GRANT
SIMON BISLEY



LOBO'S TOTALLY MENTAL WORD PUZZLE

Hidden in the grid are 63 words pertaining to everyone's favorite psychotic boor. They can be written forward or backward, up or down, even diagonally. Among them are:

- A) Lobo's homeworld
- B) Lobo's alias
- C) Three of the folks Lobo likes least
- D) Description of Lobo's sense of humor
- E) The super-group he's stuck in
- F) Two words summing him up
- G) Three weapons he likes almost as much as the hook (one of which is spelled wrong and should be "garrote" but isn't)
- H) Three things he does with these weapons
- I) Six of Lobo's favorite expletives
- J) Lobo's most sensitive body part
- K) Seventeen things Lobo likes
- L) Six things Lobo violently dislikes
- M) Five things Lobo *would* do if he knew what they meant (hint: one is "trucidation," which does not appear in most dictionaries, but which Alan Grant insists is a word)
- N) Twelve things Lobo likes to do to other people
- O) What Lobo's enemies usually become



FOUR-ISSUE
MINISERIES



LOBO'S BACK

1

MAY 92

US \$1.50
CAN \$1.85



...SO
PUT IT
BACK,
KID!

KEITH GIFFEN
ALAN GRANT
SIMON BISLEY



CONNECT THE DOTS

featuring Lobo and friend

Starting with #1, draw a line from dot to dot in sequence to unravel the Main Man's Secret Message!!



YA CALL THIS A
PAYCHECK?

HELL, THIS PITTANCE
WON'T KEEP ME IN BOOZE
'N' BABES FER MORE 'N
A WEEK--

--TEN
DAYS,
TOPS!

ONLY TWO

TWO
TRANSACTIONS
PER
CUSTOMER

A
U
T
O
C
A
S
H

DANZIG

SLAY

TER

MOTIVATION

BLOOD
MUNKIE

CLUB

Gleeer

FRAG



ALL THE TIME I
WASTED WITH VRIL DOX
AN' L.E.G.I.O.N. HAS REALLY
LOUSED UP MY CASHFLOW.

DADDY
BIG-BUCKS I
AIN'T!



HEY, DWEEB!
WHATCHA DOIN' IN
THERE--MAKIN' LOVE
TO IT?

I CAN'T
WAIT ALL FRAGGIN'
DAY!



ERK!

THINK I'M TALKIN'
TO MYSELF HERE, YA
LITTLE WEASEL?

YA SEE THE
SIGN? YA SEE WHAT
IT SEZ? TWO FRAGGIN'
TRANSACTIONS!



TWO,
GEDDIT?

ONLY TWO

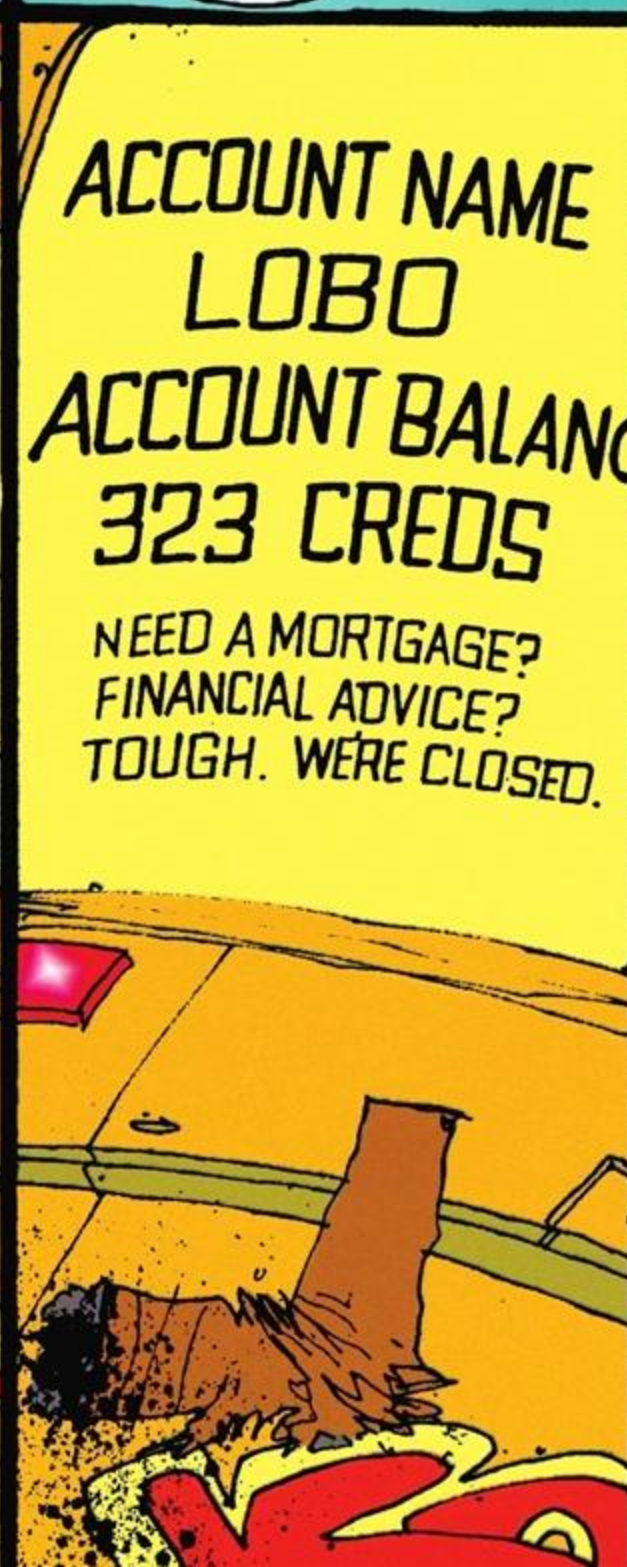
SLAM!

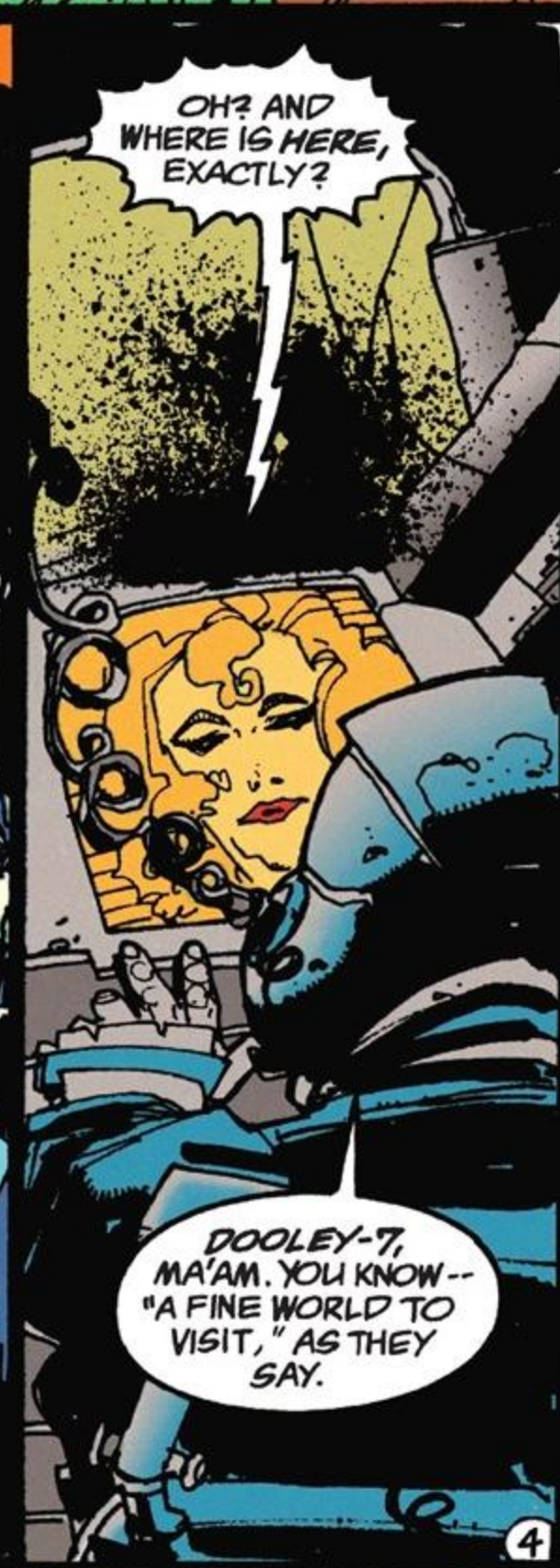
LAYER
LAYER
MOTANFONGS



BU-BU-BU--

DON'T GIMME THAT
"BU-BU-BU" BULL! I COUNTED!
YOU KEPT ME WAITIN' WHILE YOU
COMPLETED THREE!







WE FOUND A PAYCHIT
WITH YOUR ORGANIZATION'S
NAME ON THE BODY--

BODY? ON
DOOLEY-7?

YES, MA'AM.
NAME OF CHUNDERHEAD
KRAY.



JUST GIVE
ME A SECOND
HERE...

AH! YES,
HE'S ONE OF
MINE. ALL
RIGHT.



DAMN! THAT'S THE
FIFTH TRACER I'VE LOST
THIS MONTH TO THAT
"CLIENT"!

BAAM!

AFRAID THAT'S NOT
OUR PROBLEM, MA'AM.
WHAT YOU WANT DONE
WITH THE BODY?



SIGH! SHIP IT BACK
HERE, I SUPPOSE. I'LL ATTEND
TO ALL THE DETAILS.

ON ITS
WAY, MA'AM!



BLAST! GOOD
HELP IS SO HARD TO
FIND THESE DAYS!

AIN'T THAT
THE TRUTH! ANY-
WAY, I SEZ TO
HIM --

THAT
AFTERNOON...

BROKE AWREADY! FEETAL'S
GIZZ, I MUSTA MISCALCULATED
SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE!

AN' ME WITHOUT
SO MUCH AS A
BUZZ ON!

I'D'VE HAD
MORE FUN WITH AN
UNNECESSARY
SURGICAL
OPERATION!

YARRRS

THE SITUATION HAS
REACHED TH' CRITICAL POINT
A LOT FASTER THAN--

WELL,
WELL,
WELL!

YO, GHERKIN!
HOWSA BIGBOY?

HEY, YER
LOOKIN' MEAN,
GHERK!

LOBO!
MY MAIN
MAN!

'S THE TEETH, MAN.
NEW IMPLANTS. GIMME
THAT JUNGLE LOOK,
HUH?

SPOOK-EEE!

SO TELL ME--
YOU STILL WANTED FER
THEM DEFENESTRATIONS
ON DOGG'S WORLD?

WASN'T ME, MAN!
I ONLY THREW SOME GEEKS
OUT A WINDOW!

DONE ANOTHER
DOZEN SINCE THEN.
GETTIN' A REAL BIG
PRICE ON MY
HEAD!

IZZATSO?



DOOLEY-7...
A FINE PLACE
TO VISIT.

LOO, IT'S NOT
LIKE I GOT ANY-
THIN' AGAINST
YOU--OR YOUR
BROTHER.

BUT THIS
CAN'T GO
ON!

YER BRINGIN'
DOWN ALL KINDS
OF HEAT. TWELVE
DEAD BOUNTY-
HUNTERS...GEEZ!

REALLY, LOO,
I GOT MY OWN
NECK TO CONSIDER.
I GOT STAKES IN A
DOZEN DIFFERENT
RACKETS.

I JUST CAN'T
RISK THIS KIND OF
ATTENTION!

YOU... YOU'RE
GOIN' TO HAVE TO
MOVE ON.

UHH...
NO HARD
FEELIN'S?

NOT A
ONE, TRUMP.
NOT A ONE!

RUNT





WHY NOT?
PAY'S GOOD.
THERE'S FRINGE
BENEFITS. PLUS
YOU SET YOUR OWN
HOURS!

COULDJA
HELP ME GET
HIM IN THE
BACK...?



I WOULDN'T
HAVE TO DO NO
HAIR STUFF?

HEAVENS, NO!
THAT'S PROFESSIONAL
WORK!

WELL?
WHAT DO YA
SAY?



WHAT
HAPPENED TO
YER REGULAR
GUY? QUIT? FIRED?
RUN OFF WITH ONE
OF YER
CLIENTS?



HE HAD AN...
UNFORTUNATE
ACCIDENT ON
DOOLEY-7.

ACTUALLY,
THAT WOULD BE
YOUR FIRST
RUN.

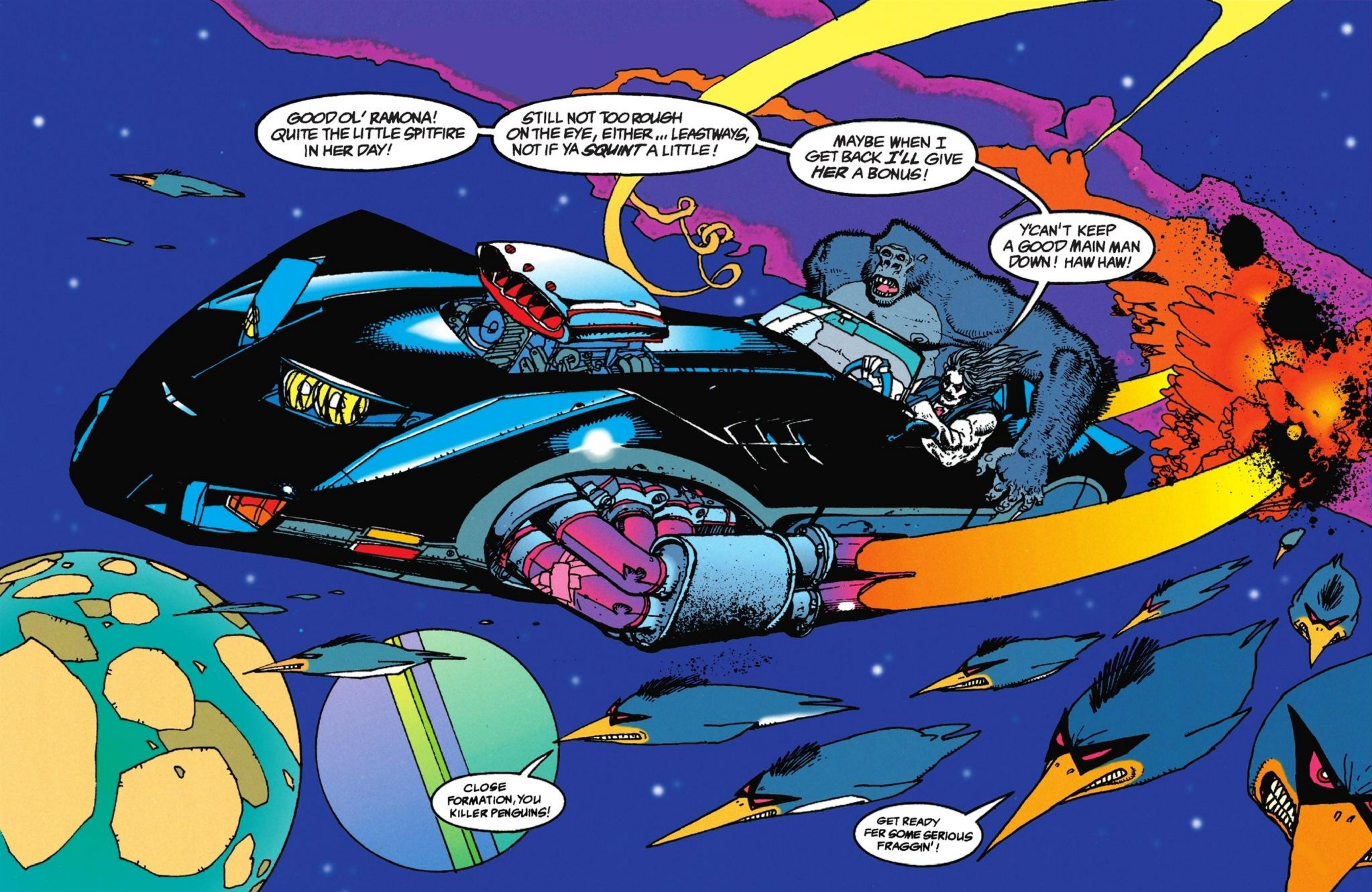


SO--
ARE WE IN
BUSINESS?



OR DON'T YOU
NEED THE TEN THOU
BONUS...?

BONUS,
HUH?



GOOD OL' RAMONA!
QUITE THE LITTLE SPITFIRE
IN HER DAY!

STILL NOT TOO ROUGH
ON THE EYE, EITHER... LEASTWAYS,
NOT IF YA *SQUINT* A LITTLE!

MAYBE WHEN I
GET BACK I'LL GIVE
HER A BONUS!

Y'CAN'T KEEP
A GOOD MAIN MAN
DOWN! HAW HAW!

CLOSE
FORMATION, YOU
KILLER PENGUINS!

GET READY
FER SOME SERIOUS
FRAGGIN'!



WELCOME TO DOOLEY-7.

The PLOK'N'PUKE Inn
PROP: BIG ARCHIE

YO, AIRCHIE!

GET THE CORK
OUT YER BUTT, M'MAN!
GIMME BOOZE!

HOOJIE
PALOOJIE! IF IT'S
NO' LOBO!

HOO ARE
THEY HINGIN', BIG
YIN?





LITTLE GUYS
LIKE YOU--BOUNTY-
HUNTERS? YER
KIDDIN' ME,
RIGHT?

GRAB A
SEAT. HAVE A
BREW.

THERE'S SO
MUCH WE CAN TELL
YOU--

ESPECIALLY
ABOUT LOO!

NOW... BOUNTIES--
IN OUR TIME WE'VE
COLLECTED A FEW!



BUT NO ONE IN
HIS RIGHT MIND GOES
AFTER LOO!

HE'S ONE
TOUGH FRAGGER.
BUT SO ARE
YOU.

WE HEAR
YOU'RE THE BEST.
WE HOPE THAT
IT'S TRUE!



BUT TWELVE MEN
HAVE TRIED--AND TWELVE
MEN HE SLEW!

ANOTHER
BREW?

THANKS,
THIS ROUND'S
ON YOU.



NOW,
EVERY DAY
LOO--

CAN BE
FOUND SOMEPLACE
NEW.

BUT FAVORITE
PLACES--WELL, HE
HAS ONE OR TWO.



FOR FIFTY
PERCENT, WE'LL
GIVE YOU A
CLUE.

SO YOU
CAN KILL
LOO--



AND
WE'LL PROFIT,
TOO!

HOW'S
THAT SOUND
TO YOU?



AAAAAH!
IT MAKES ME WANNA
SPEW!





LOOK, I SAID I WAS ON IT!

I'M A SKIP TRACER, NOT A FRAGGIN' MAGICIAN! I'LL FIND THE CREEP, DON'T WORRY.

'FACT, I GOT A COUPLA LEADS ALREADY. I'LL BE CHECKIN' 'EM LATER.

SNIFF



THIS CLOWN'S GOT EVERYBODY SHAKIN' IN THEIR BOOTS... WHADDYA MEAN, ME? NAH, I LOVE A CHALLENGE!



SNIFF SNIFF
GRRRR!



GOTTA RUN, RAMONA! YO, MUTT! YA GOT A PROBL--



BEST DEFENSE
IS ALWAYS A GOOD
OFFENSE!



S'LONG, LOBO. I
ALWAYS FIGURED THAT
REP O' YOURS WUZ
WAY OVERBLOWN!

HEY, BROTHER-
MINE, WE'RE THE
NEW MAIN-MEN
NOW!

WHEN WORD O'
THIS GETS'ROUND, EVERY
HARDCASE IN THE GALAXY'S
GONNA BE LININ' UP
TA PAY HOMAGE--



--NOT TO
MENTION BIG CASH
TRIBUTES!

BUT!

HUH?

HAW!
WHATTA
RUSH!

I JUST
LOVE GUYS THAT
TRY T' FRAG
ME!

YER MY KINDA GUY,
LOO. ALMOST MAKES ME
FEEL SORRY FER THE
BRUTALITY AN' CARNAGE
THAT'S ABOUT TO GO
DOWN!

ALMOST!









LESSEE IF YA
LIVE UP T' THE MISTER
MACHETE TAG,
WOLF-BOY!

OHH
MAN, WHATTA
ROLL!

THIS IS THE START
OF A BLOODBATH OF
EPIDEMIC PROPORTION!

Y' GOT ME SO
RILED, WHEN I
FINISH WITH YOU I'M
GONNA SLAUGHTER
THE WHOLE FRAGGIN'
PLANET!



A full-page comic book illustration. In the center, a large, grotesque monster with a green, multi-eyed head and a body covered in numerous red, circular eyes. It has a yellow and green patterned tunic. To its left, a man with a yellow, bearded face and a green tunic holds a large, futuristic blue and silver gun. In the foreground, a white, skeletal figure with a long, flowing blue beard and a red, multi-eyed head lies on the ground. The background is a dark, industrial setting with red and yellow lighting. Three speech bubbles are present.

WE DID IT,
BIG BROTHER! WE
DID IT!

WE
KILLED THE
MAIN MAN!

WE'RE THE TOUGHEST,
MEANEST, ORNERIEST SONS
O' BASTICHES IN THE WHOLE
FRAGGIN' UNIVERSE... AN' I
DEFY ANYONE TO SAY
WE AIN'T!

The big LOBO CONTEST

Hey! I have an idea! What if Lobo were under development by a major motion picture studio? And what if the producers hadn't yet decided who was going to play the Main Man? And what if there were some law somewhere that said that a loyal Lobo fan had to play the part or the whole deal was off? And what if those crazy guys at DC Comics ran a contest in the letters page to determine who would win the role? And what if the only thing that mattered wasn't if the fan could act or not, but if he really looked just like Lobo?

Well, then this would be your BIG CHANCE, wouldn't it?

Because that's what's happening!! We're really having a contest!

We want to see who looks the most like Lobo! We want those of you who look like the Last Czarnian himself to send in photos of yourselves!

Naturally, winning this contest has nothing to do with movies, and even if you could talk in outer space and had big, veiny arms, you probably wouldn't get the job. Producers would have to be pretty desperate to want to work with Lobo fans.

But we're really having a contest! Whoever sends in the photo of himself that bears the closest resemblance to the Main Man will win some seriously valuable stuff.

Like Simon Bisley art! Or original Keith Giffen plots! Or original Alan Grant scripts!

Runners-up will get the notorious LOBO SLIPCASE set, and a few LOBO TRADE PAPERBACKS will be given out at the discretion of the judges.

Please bear in mind, though, that it's tough to get in touch with the prize-winners if they forget to include their addresses. Just write it on the back of the photo, okay?

THE FINE PRINT, AND OTHER SUNDRY LEGAL RESTRICTIONS

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY (but you'd have to be a real stiff to enter the contest without first buying the fraggin' comic).

All entries must be received by May 8, 1992. All prizes will be awarded. Cash value of prizes less than \$100. Prizes cannot be substituted. Employees of DC Comics Inc., Time Warner Inc. and their families are not eligible. No radioactive entries will be considered. Odds of winning depends upon the total number of entries received: if you send in the only entry, you're a shoe-in for the grand prize. All photographs become the property of DC Comics Inc. and will not be returned, unless they are radioactive. All entrants grant to DC permission to use their name and likeness in DC's publications, and any promotion and publicity therefor. Decisions of the judges shall be final. Winners will be notified by mail. Winners shall be responsible for all applicable taxes. Federal and state regulations apply. Void where prohibited.



the LOBOMETER

...which is pronounced "lo-BOM-a-ter," by the way, and not LOBO-meter.



G
R
O
O
V
Y

- BIG, BUTT-STOMPING BOOTS
- VISCERA
- FISHIES
- SHARP HOOKS
- INDUSTRIAL-STRENGTH CHAIN
- ICON-BASHING
- THE NASTY
- BOUNTY HUNTIN'
- 'SPLOSIONS
- BISLEY, BY THUNDER
- GRISTLE
- BACKGROUNDS
- TRUCIDATION
- NON SEQUITURS
- NEW COSTUMES
- THE CLASS CLOWN
- TWO-WHEELERS
- SHAVING
- REAL PROBLEMS
- FORCE FIELD BELTS
- WRITER/ARTISTS
- CONTINUITY
- TONGUE-FILM
- SLICED BREAD
- RECTAL LOBOMETERS
- DOING LUNCH
- GUYS WHO JUST DON'T SHUT UP
- CROSS-HATCHING
- AIR-FRESHENERS
- THE CUCUMBER TRICK
- SHOPPING
- THE THEATRE
- REASONED ARGUMENTS
- UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHIES
- COOLOMETERS

G
R
I
E
V
O
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S

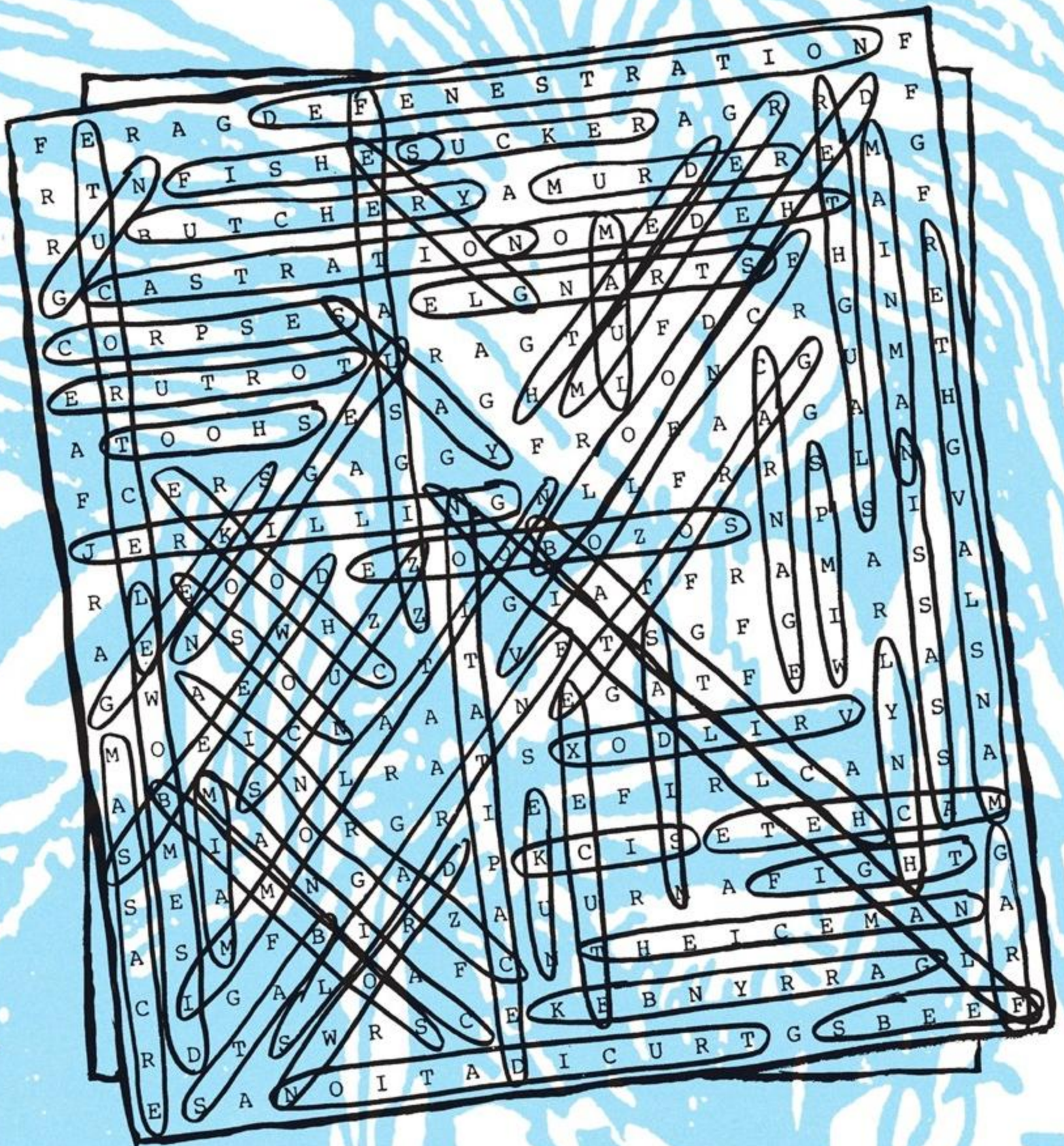
**THE
SOLUTION
TA THAT
FRAGGIN'
WORD
PUZZLE**

Ya couldn't do it, huh? Ya just couldn't figure out what the hell words to look fer, much less where they were.

Well, here are the words.

And if ya *still* can't find 'em, look at the answer chart down below. But if ya ask me, that's pretty fraggin' weak.

- A) Czarnia
- B) Main Man
- C) Vril Dox, Garryn Bek, The Ice Man
- D) Sick
- E) L.E.G.I.O.N.
- F) Maniac, Assassin
- G) Gun, Garotte, Machete
- H) Shoot, Strangle, Stab
- I) Feetal's Gizz, Bastich, Frag, Scuzz, Jerk, Sucker
- J) Nose
- K) Booze, Bimbos, Entrails, Gore, Fishes, Death, Murder, Violence, Carnage, Killing, Bloodshed, Sadism, Butchery, Castration, Slaughter, Manslaughter, Massacre
- L) Geeks, Dweebs, Feebs, Wimps, Bozos, The Demon
- M) Flagellation, Decapitation, Defenestration, Immolation, Trucidation
- N) Disembowel, Electrocute, Execute, Maim, Maul, Drown, Choke, Lynch, Slay, Fight, Nuke, Torture
- O) Corpses



FOUR-ISSUE
MINISERIES



LOBO'S BACK

2

JUN 92

LOBO'S BACK™

SUGGESTED
FOR
MATURE
GROWN-UPS!

KEEP
YER HANDS
WHERE I CAN
SEE 'EM, YA
BASTICHES!



BIZ 92.

KEITH GIFFEN
ALAN GRANT
SIMON BISLEY



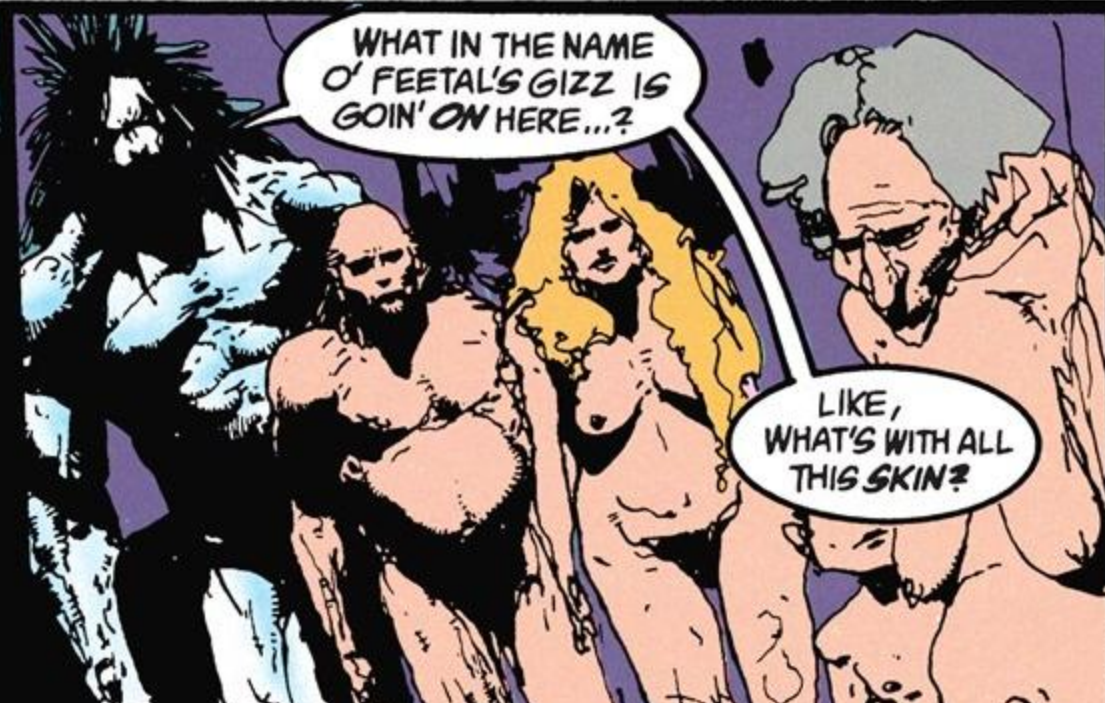
WELCOME TO
THE AFTERLIFE!

THE RED ZONE IS
FOR LOADING AND UN-
LOADING ONLY. DO NOT
LOITER IN THE RED
ZONE!

REPENTANT SINNERS,
JOIN LINE "X". PLEASE HAVE
YOUR PENANCE CLEARANCE
PAPERS READY.

KEITH FRAGGEN:
PLOT/BREAKDOWNS
FRAG GRANT: DIALOG
SIMON FRAGLEY: ART
LOVERN FRAGZIERSKI: COLORS
TODD FRAGEIN: LETTERS
BADDAN FRAGLER:
EDITOR

PART 2: HEAVEN IS... A
4-LETTER WORD



WHAT IN THE NAME
O' FEETAL'S GIZZ IS
GOIN' ON HERE...?

LIKE,
WHAT'S WITH ALL
THIS SKIN?



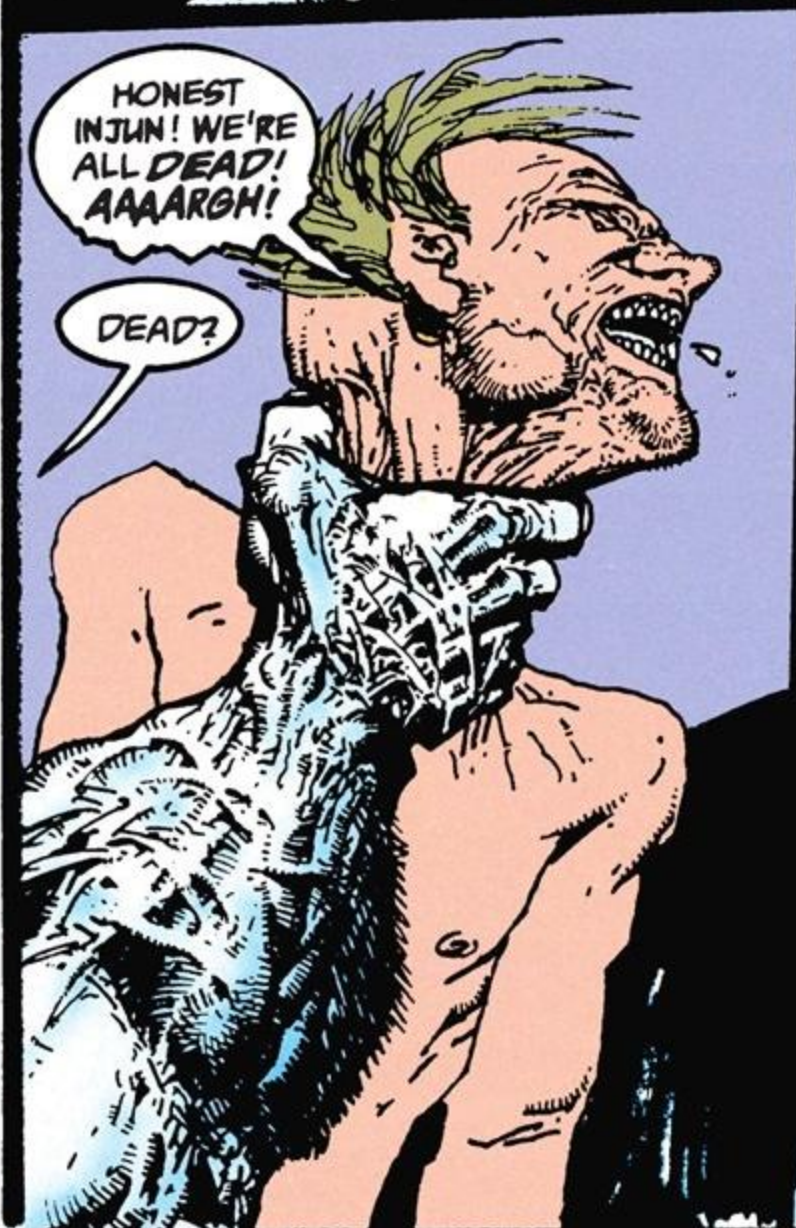
YO, DWEEB!
WHERE TH' FRAG
AM I?

EH? DON'T
YOU KNOW? YOU'RE
DEAD. WE ALL
ARE!



WHAT...
DID...YOU...JUST...
SAY?

L-LOOK AROUND--
THIS IS THE AFTERLIFE! WE'RE
ALL ON LINE FOR EVALUATION
AND PROCESSING!



HONEST
INJUN! WE'RE
ALL DEAD!
AAAARGH!

DEAD?



THAT LOWDOWN
BASTICH LOO MUSTA
KILLED ME!

DAMN!
THIS'LL NEVER
DO!

ACK!
WHEEZE!

NOBODY WASTES
TH' MAIN MAN AN' LIVES T'
BRAG ABOUT IT--

--SPECIALLY
NOT SOME GEEK
LIKE LOO!

HIS SKILL'S ALL
IN HIS BAG WITH HIS
FRAGGIN' BROTHER!

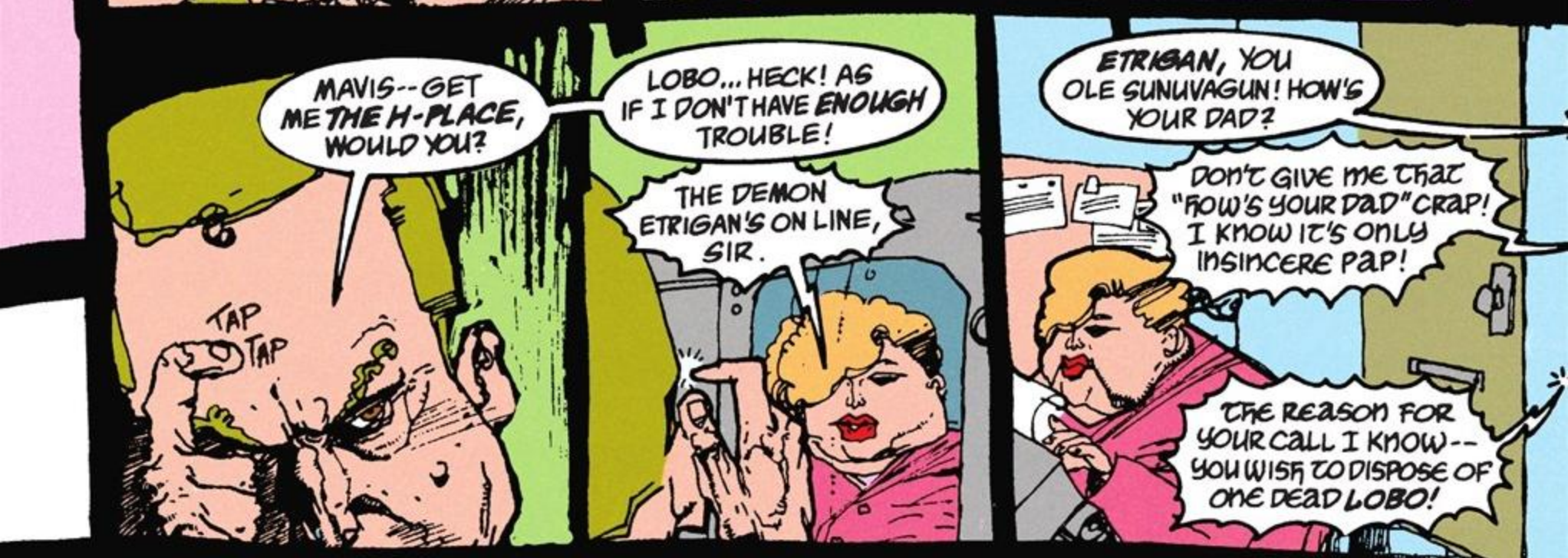
WAIT FROM
THIS POINT:
41 YEARS
"Patience is a
Virtue"

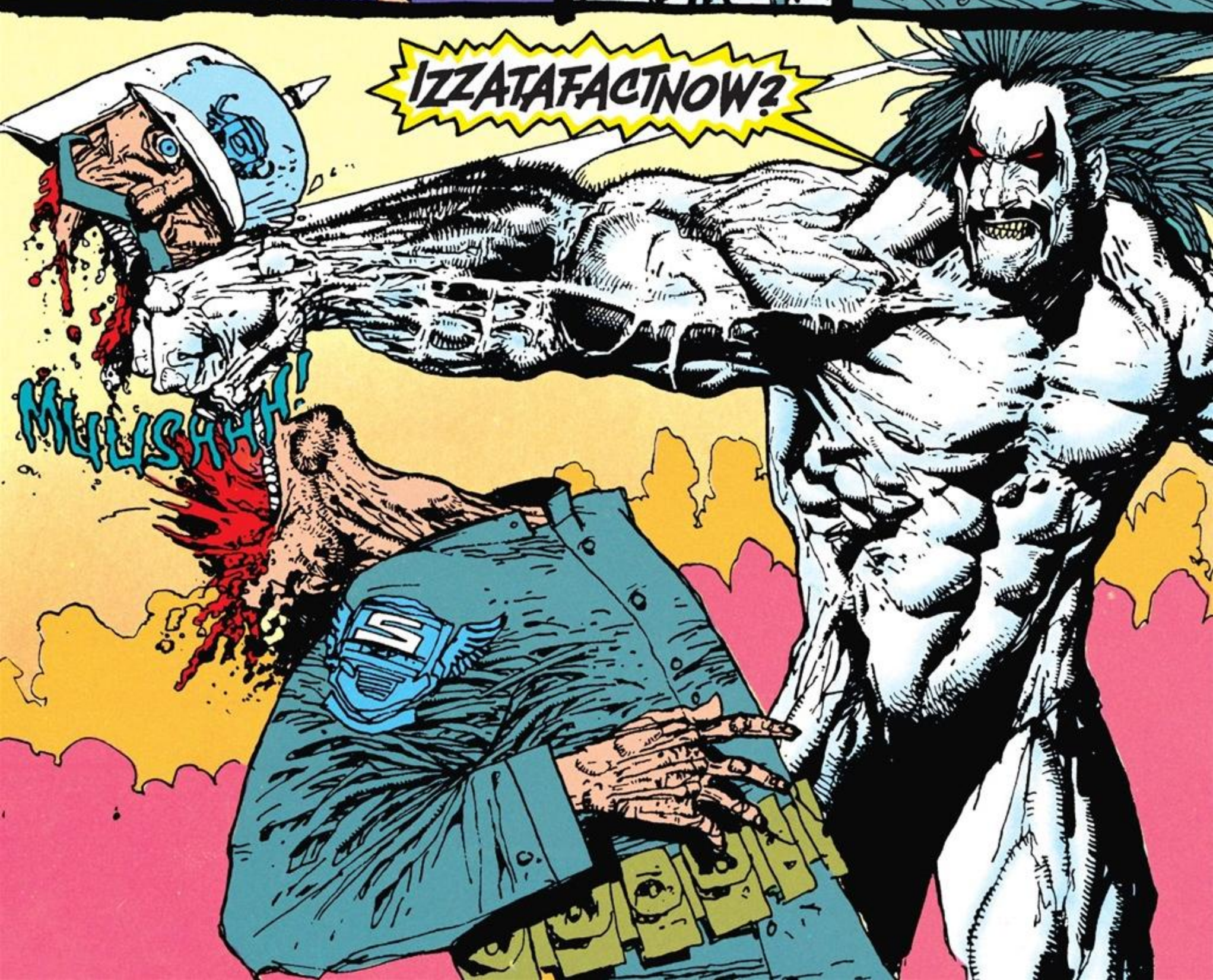
NOT THIS
DUDE!

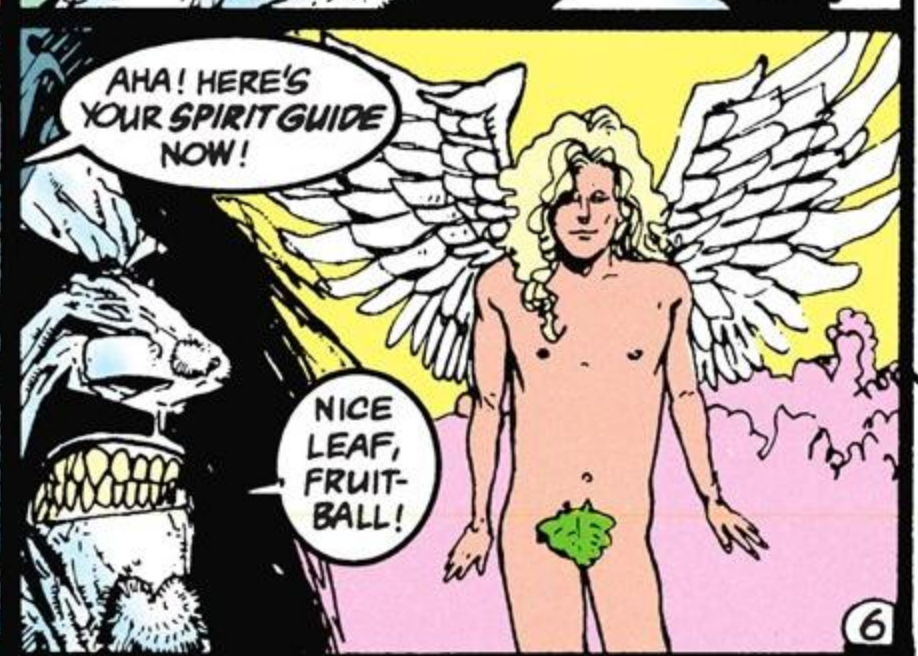
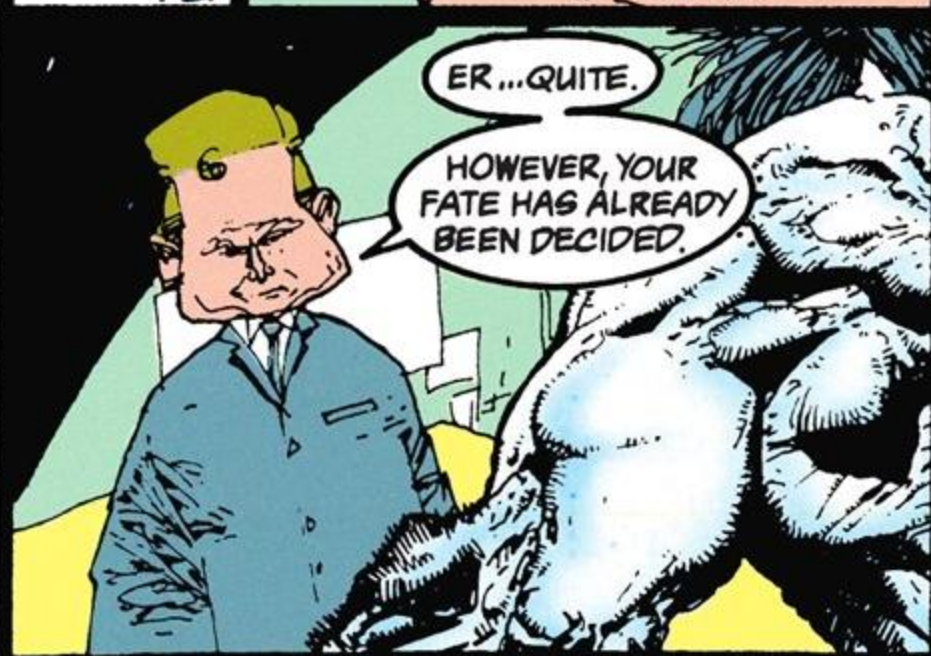
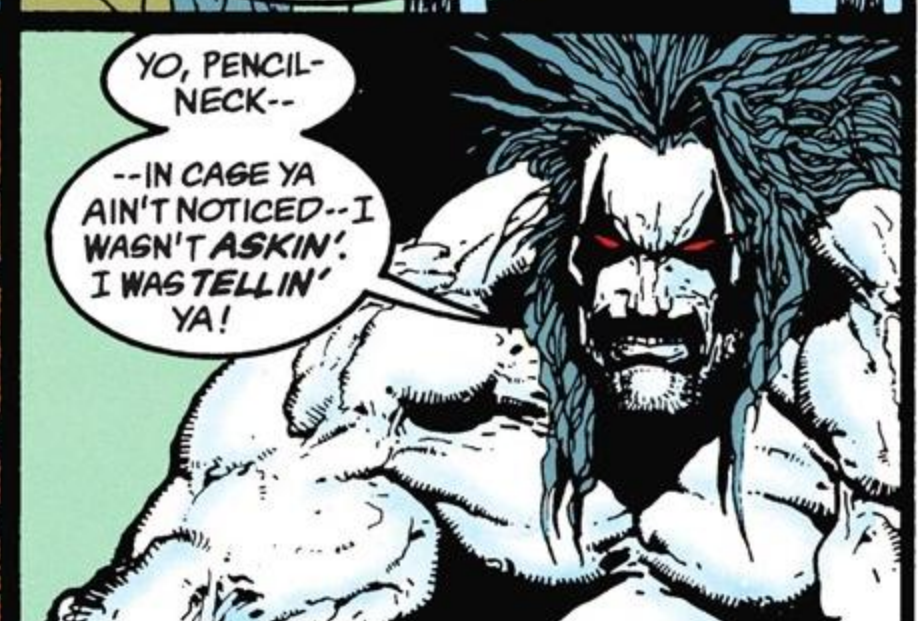
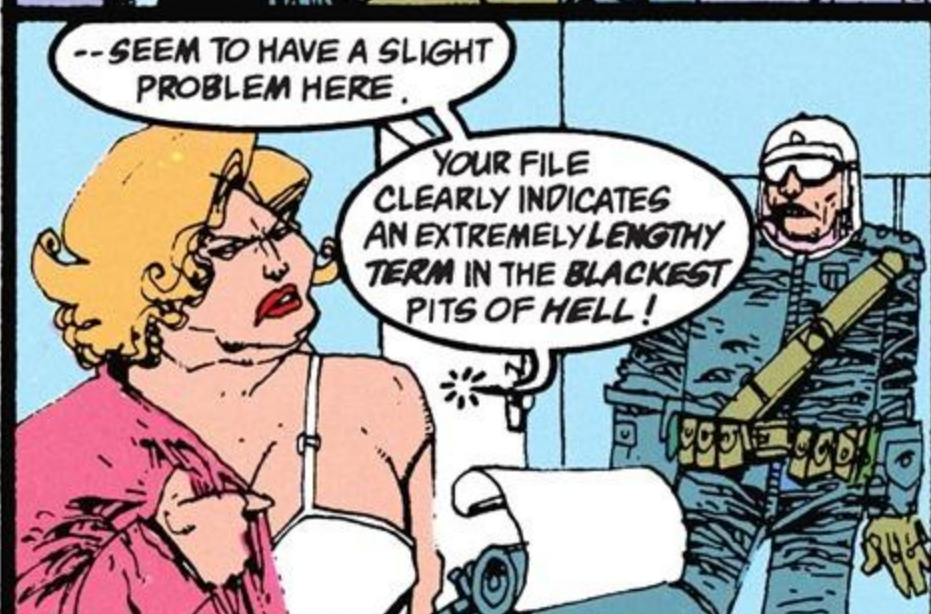
ONE SIDE, YA
FEEB-BUTT LAME-OS!
I GOTTA SEE A MAN
ABOUT A GRIEVOUS
ERROR!

THUD

OH
MERCY
ME!







HMPH! NEVER
FIGURED I'D WIND UP
IN HEAVEN... A BAD-ASS
DUDE LIKE ME!

IT HAPPENS SOME-
TIMES. THE "INFINITE
MERCY" CLAUSE IS ONLY
USED IN EXTREME
CASES.

AM I GONNA
HAVETA WEAR THEM
GIRLIE ROBES?

I'M, UH...
AFRAID
SO.

UM, PARDON
ME ASKING,
BUT...

BIT OF A
HIT WITH
THE LADIES,
WERE YOU?

AIN'T HAD
NO COMPLAINTS,
BIRD-BOY!

THINK THAT GAG'LL
GET BY WITHOUT BEIN'
CENSORED?

HARD TO SAY.
WE'VE NOT HAD
AN EDITOR UP
HERE YET.

OR A PUBLISHER,
FOR THAT MATTER!

Heaven

MARKETING



THIS WAY.

MIND THE CUTE LITTLE CRITTERS NOW!



WHOA! PUKESVILLE! IS THIS SOME KINDA SICK GAG?

FAR FROM IT! WE BELIEVE IT SETS THE ANTICIPATORY MOOD-- GETS NEWCOMERS OFF TO A LOVELY START!



Oh what a Beautiful morning! Tra-lee! Tra-lee!

WHAT KINDA DEVIATION IS THAT?



TRA-CHOMP!



REAL CUTE!



BIP!

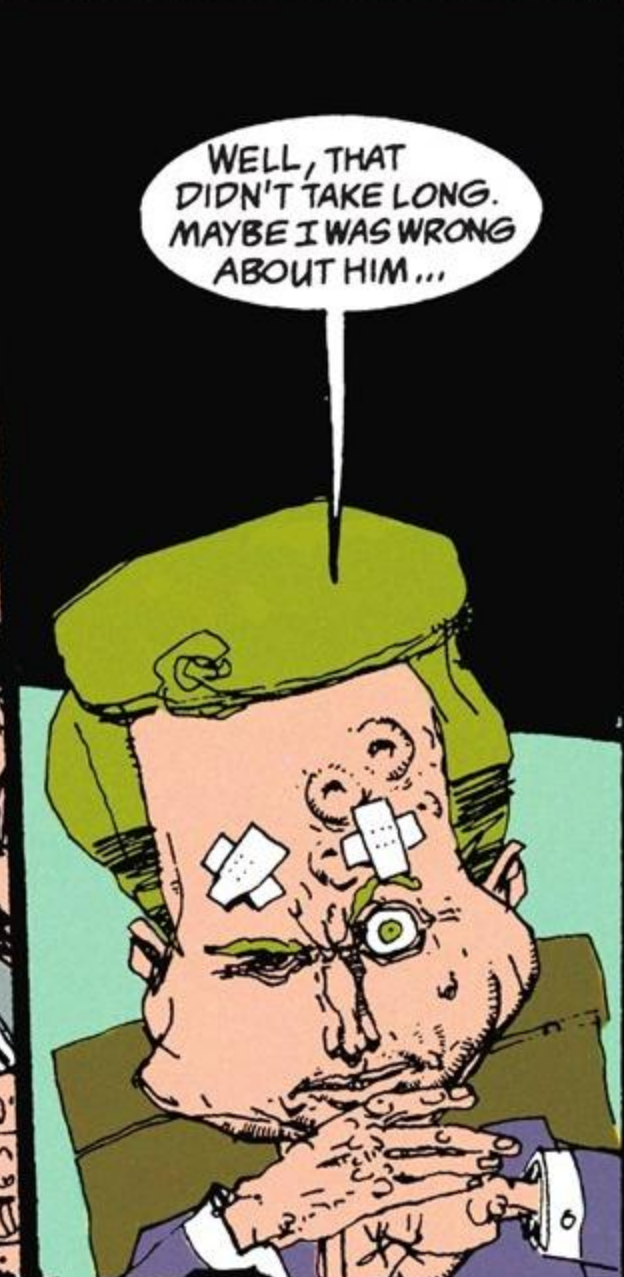
SHEESH! SICKENIN'LY SWEET!



DING!

HERE WE ARE--AND MAY I BE THE FIRST TO WELCOME YOU TO YOUR NEW HOME--





♪ JESUS, JESUS, BO BESUS!
BANANA-FANA, FO FESUS!
ME MI MO-MESUS! ♪

HEY, YOU
HEAVENLY HOST! GROOVE
IT AN'-A MOVE IT!

YOU SLAM-
DANCED ON MY FOOT,
CREEP!

WRAP THAT
'ROUND YOUR HALO,
PAL!

YO! FOR
THE HOLY MOLEY
MAIN MAN!

ZEEEEEEZAWWWWW

BOPPI

BAPPI

I KNEW YOU
WOULD BE A PROBLEM--
BUT NOT EVEN IN MY
WILDEST DREAMS...!

ANGELS -- HALF
THE HEAVENLY HOST--
SLAM-DANCING!
FIGHTING, LIKE COMMON
MORTALS!



I'M SURPRISED
YOU DIDN'T SELL THEM
DRUGS FIRST!

'S EASILY FIXED,
MAN! SEND ME BACK
TO DOOLEY-7.

I TOLD YOU--
THAT IS ENTIRELY
OUT OF THE
QUESTION!

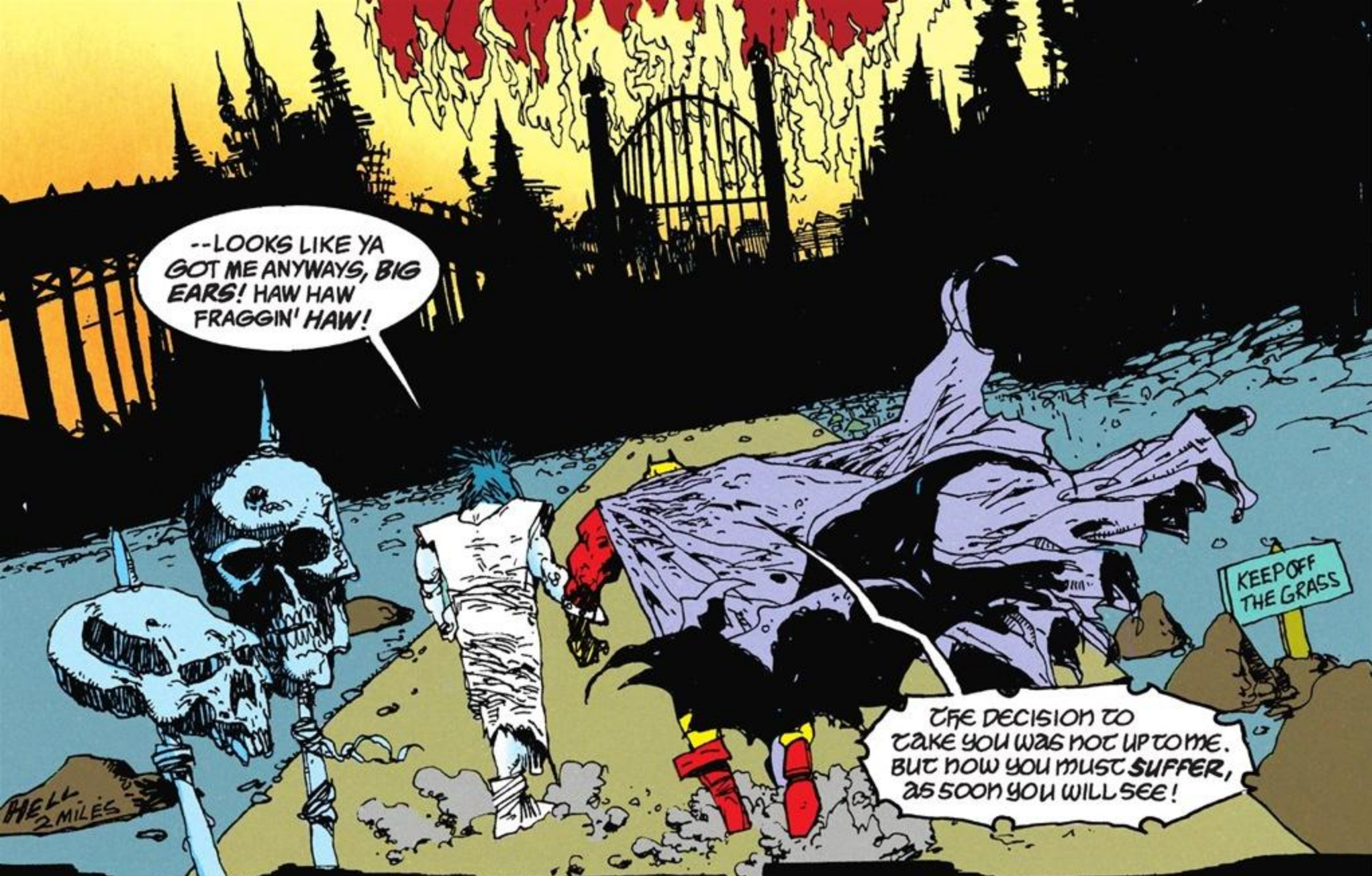


THEN QUIT
BEEFIN', MAN. YER
MAKIN' YER OWN
HASSLE!



OH,
AM I?

WELL, WE'LL
JUST SEE ABOUT
THAT!



--LOOKS LIKE YA GOT ME ANYWAYS, BIG EARS! HAW HAW FRAGGIN' HAW!

THE DECISION TO TAKE YOU WAS NOT UP TO ME. BUT NOW YOU MUST SUFFER, AS SOON YOU WILL SEE!



AN' THIS IS YER FAR-FAMED HELL, HUH? GOTTA SAY, I SEEN SHABBIER!

YOU'RE ON PROBATION--BEAR THAT IN MIND.

JUST DO AS YOU'RE TOLD AND YOU'LL GET ON JUST FINE!



SURE. AN' MY ARMPIT SUCKS EGGS!

MORTAL CLOWN!

BIG-EARED BASTICH!

FLESHY FOOL!

YELLA-BELLIED GEEK!

aaaah!

AAAOWW!

--LACK OF SANITARY FACILITIES. THOSE CAUGHT NOT USING THEIR BOWEL BAGS WILL BE LIABLE TO TIME IN PURGATORY!

I'M TAKING AN EARLY LUNCH, MAVIS. I'M MEETING WITH THE BIGWIGS LATER.

IF MY WIFE CALLS, TELL HER--

NOT SO FAST, YOU TRAITOROUS DOG! THERE ARE WORDS THAT MUST BE SAID

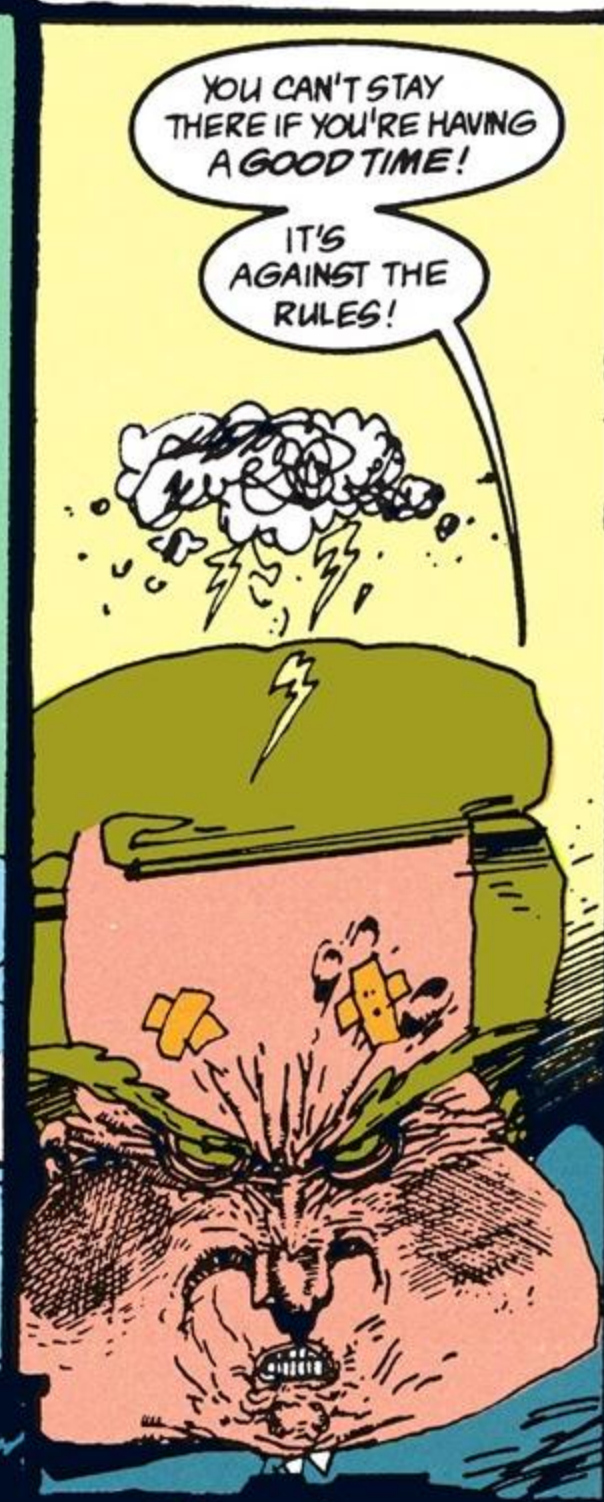
HUH?

LIKE, WHEN ARE YOU TAKING LOBO BACK? OR DO WE MOVE IN HERE, INSTEAD?

CHURN
GLOOP
GUZZLE



ENJOYING YOURSELF?!!!
BUT THE H-PLACE ISN'T THERE
TO BE ENJOYED! YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO SUFFER!



YOU CAN'T STAY
THERE IF YOU'RE HAVING
A GOOD TIME!
IT'S
AGAINST THE
RULES!



SO
SUE ME,
BUTT-
BRAIN!



OH MERCY--A
HEADACHE!
A THOUSAND
YEARS DEAD,
AND I HAVE A
HEADACHE!

WHY ME?
THAT'S ALL I
WANT TO KNOW.
WHY ME?



HEY, FART-FACE--
MAYBE I CAN MAKE A
SUGGESTION...

REINCARNATION UNIT

ABOUT TIME
THAT DWEEB SAW
THE LIGHT!

LOOK OUT, LOO!
I'M COMIN' RIGHT BACK
FER YA! I'M GONNA SPREAD
YER ENTRAILS OVER
SEVERAL GALAXIES!

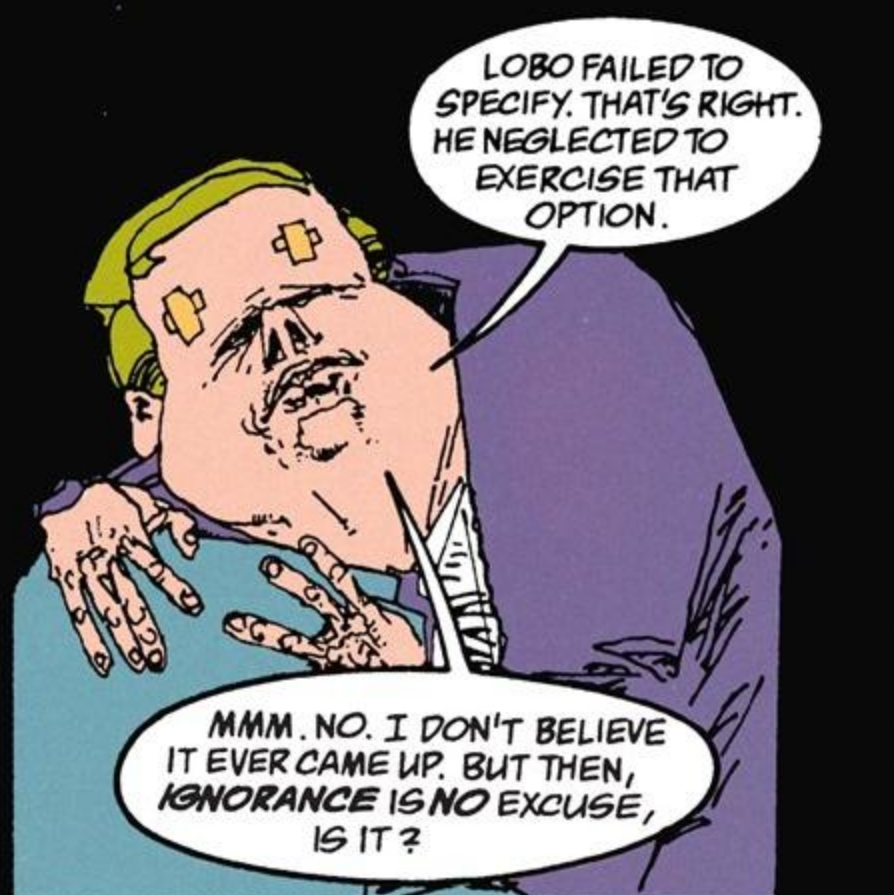
YUK
YUK
YUK!

THIS WAY
PLEASE...
SIR.

HAW! CATCH
YOU KNUCKLEHEADS
NEXT TIME ROUND...
I DON'T THINK!

YOU KNOW, I
FIND IT VERY HARD TO
BELIEVE THE SUPERVISOR
ACTUALLY APPROVED
THIS!

I GUESS HE
KNOWS WHAT HE'S
DOING, IF ANYBODY
DOES!





IT-- IT'S NOT **POSSIBLE!**

OWN UP-- WHO PUT THE **ETHER** IN MY **BOVRIL?***

OHGODOHGODOHGOD!
IT'S... **REAL!**

***BOVRIL--DISGUSTING BRITISH BEEF TEA.--DAN.**

GANGWAY!
IT'S THE ANTI-CHRIST!

ALL EARTH IS
IN PERIL! FLEE FOR
YOUR LIVES!

...SEEN A...
A... A...

A...
A... A...
A...

19

FEETAL'S
GIZ!





A WOMAN!
A FEMALE! ASHE!
A BROAD!

THOSE
LOWLIFE BACKSTABBIN'
HEAVENLY SONSA
BITCHES!

I'M
A FRAGGIN'
BROAD!



FEETAL'S GIZZ--
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
NOBODY CAN DO THIS
T' ME!

THEY'LL PAY!
OH YEAH, THEY'LL PAY!
SURE...THROUGH THEIR
GOODYGOODY FRAGGIN'
NOSES!



1940?

I AIN'T
EVEN IN MY
OWN FRAGGIN'
TIME?



THAT DOES
IT! THIS MEANS
WAR!



THEY'LL LEARN!
NOBODY JERKS AROUND
WITH TH' MAIN MAN!

GRRRRRR!



OKAY... ALL I GOTTA DO
IS GET THIS BODY WASTED..
AN' WHAM! I'M BACK ON THE
HEAVENLY PLANES!



HEY, IF IT ISN'T
DAME VERA LYNN!
HAW HAW!

WHAT'S
THE HURRY,
GORGEOUS?

WHAT TH'
HELL--?



ME AND THE CHAPS
WERE JUST WONDERING
'OW TO WHILE AWAY THE
TIME BETWEEN BOMB
ATTACKS, LIKE!

YEAH? SO
WHY DON'T YOU
GO EAT DOG
CRAP?

OOOOH!
SAU-CEEE!



I DON'T KNOW, TEDDY.
SHE LOOKS SORT OF... NOT
ALL RIGHT, KNOW WOT I
MEAN?

DON'T BE STUPID,
CHALKY! SHE'S JUST A
BINT WIVA BIG ARM!



YEAH.
THAT'S
RIGHT.

GO... YOU
BOZOID'S WANNA
PARTY?

SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!

♪ THERE'LL BE ♪
BLUEBIRDS O-VER THE
WHITE CLIFFS OF
♫ DO-VER...! ♫

WHASSAT, TEDDY?
DIDN'T HAVE TIME T'CHANGE
INTA YER *DANCIN' SHOES?*

NEVER MIND.
I'LL SHOW YA HOW
T' BOOGIE!

COR BLIMEY
AN' STRIKE A LIGHT,
GUV! THAT AIN'T
CRICKET!

STICK AROUND,
YA CHEEKY BLIGHTERS--
YER NEXT!

WELL, THANKS FOR THE MOMENTARY
DIVERSION, YA SEXIST CREEPS-- BUT I GOT
BIGGER FISH T' FRY!

AWOOOOAWOOOOAWOOO

PITY I CAN'T
STICK AROUND TOO
LONG--

--THIS LOOKS
T' BE A REAL FUN
TOWN!

BUT-- **BUSINESS**
AFORE PLEASURE, AS THE
ACTRESS SAID TO THE
BISHOP.

HELL!
THESE HEELS'RE
KILLIN' ME!

FOUR-ISSUE
MINISERIES



LOBO'S BACK

3

OCT 92

SUGGESTED
FOR
MATURE
ADULTS!

LOBO'S
BACK

ONE
MO'
TIME!

KEITH GIFFEN
ALAN GRANT
SIMON BISLEY

ENGLAND, 1940. WHILE HITLER'S AIRBORNE BULLY BOYS BOMB THE CRAP OUT OF LONDON, THE EAST END'S CHIRPY COCKNEYS SING TO KEEP UP THEIR SPIRITS--

MY OLD MAN
SAID FOLLER THE VAN,
AN' DON'T DILLY DALLY
ON THE WAY--!

BUT I DILLIED
AND DALLIED, I DALLIED
AND I DILLIED...!

FER FRAG'S
SAKE, GUYS--
SHURRUPP!

OR YA'LL BE
DILLY-DALLYIN' ALL
THE WAY TO EARLY
FRAGGIN' GRAVES!







HOHUM... GUESS
I BEST BE GETTIN' ON
WITH IT.

SOONER I'M
OUTA THIS BODY,
HAPPIER I'LL
BE.



LIKE, IT'S A BIT
PNEUMATIC FER MY TASTES.
AN' I CAN'T HELP FEELIN'
SOMETHIN' IMPORTANT IS
MISSIN'...!



STILL... I SUPPOSE
IT COULD'VE BEEN
WORSE.



IT COULD'VE
BEEN THAT
TIME!



AAWOOOAAWOOOAAWOO!

HOT DOG!
THE BAD GUYS
IS COMIN'! IT'S
PARTY TIME!



NICE T' KNOW
THAT *SOME* FOLKS ON
THIS PATHETIC MUDBALL
KNOW HOW TA GET
DOWN AN' BOOGIE!

KA-BOOM!

KERBLAST!

PART 3:

IF THE JACKBOOT FITS...!

BASTICH GIFFEN: PLOT/LAYOUTS
GEEK GRANT: SCRIPT/WORDS
THAT FRAGGIN' BISLEY: ART/PICTURES
BAD DANNY VOZZO: COLORS/HUES
TOUGH TODD KLEIN: LETTERS/NUMBERS
REAL BAD DAN RASPLER: IR/RESPONSIBLE

PLEASE, MISS!
HELP ME! MY MUMSY'S
PINNED UNDER THIS
HEAVY DEBWIS!

ADMIT IT, KID--
YER TRYIN' TA HASSLE
ME INTO BAD-TASTE
SPEECH IMPEDIMENT
JOKES!

WELL, IT
WON'T WORK!
WIGHT?

NOW--HOW
MUCH CASH
YA GOT?





'S ALL I
COULD FIND,
TOOTS.

SOWWY!



CHUMP! WHAT'D
SHE EXPECT FER THIS
PITTANCE...?



FIERY DEATH FROM
THE SKIES... **GREAT!**

SHOULDN'T BE
TOO HARD TA GET
MYSELF THE **ONE-
WAY WHUMP!**



'S JUST A MATTER OF
BOOZIN' MY NATURAL REFLEXES
INTA OBLIVION SO'S I DON'T
FIGHT BACK!



OKAY, DWEBBS!
COME 'N' GET
ME!

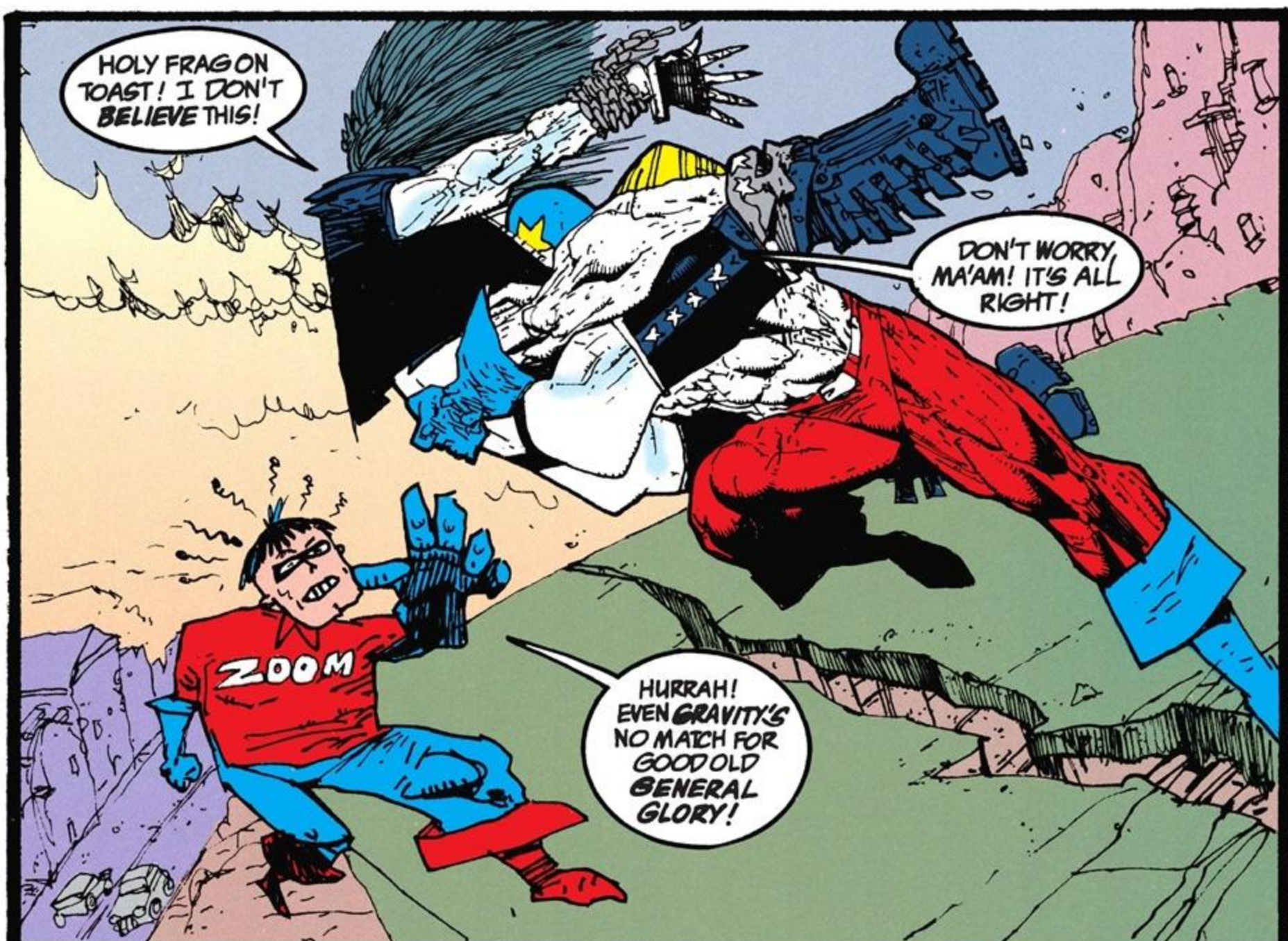
HEY! DOWN
HERE, YA GEEKS!
**BLOW ME
AWAY!!**



NOW NOW, LITTLE LADY--
THAT'S JUST THE ATTITUDE
THE RATZIS ARE TRYING TO
ENCOURAGE...!

WHAT IN
THE NAME O'
FEETALS GALL
BLADDER...?







WELCOME TO THE
AFTERLIFE!

PLEASE
JOIN THE LINE
APPROPRIATE
TO--

SIR, THAT MEANS
YOU! PLEASE JOIN
THE--

GLURKK!

WE-ELL!

GRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

SHOCKING!

WHEN I WAS
A CHERUB, IF YOU
DIED A WOMAN YOU
STAYED A
WOMAN.

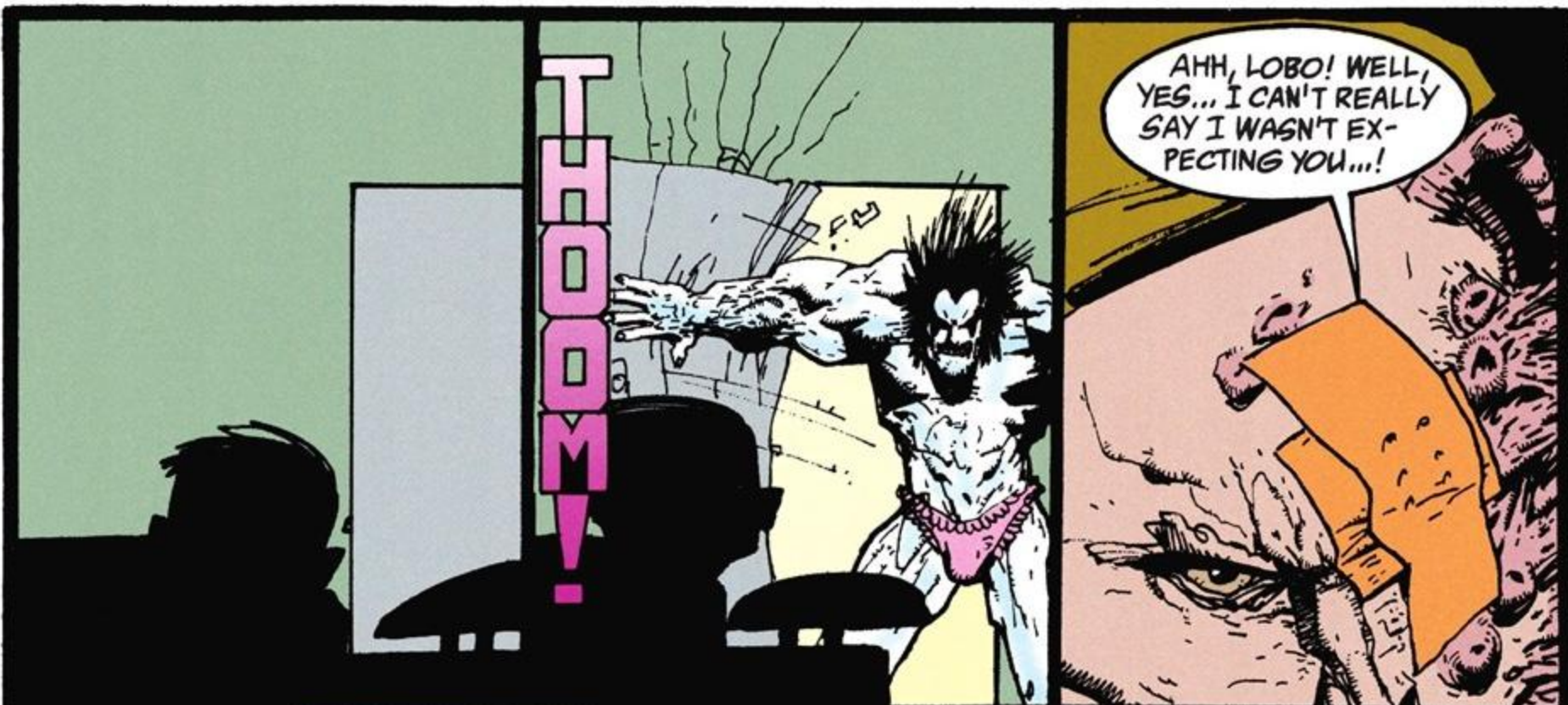
Eek!

Flee! It's
Satan!

POP!

POP

KRUNCH!



AHH, LOBO! WELL, YES... I CAN'T REALLY SAY I WASN'T EXPECTING YOU...!

THOOM!

THREE GUESSES WHAT HAPPENED TA TH' LAST CLOWN TA **CROSS** ME?

IN EXACTLY ONE MINUTE, IF I'M STILL HERE, I **SHOW** YA!

LOOK, ONE IS NEVER REINCARNATED QUITE AS ONE'S OLD SELF. I THOUGHT YOU UNDERSTOOD THAT MUCH.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND **NOTHIN'** UNLESS I WANT TA UNDERSTAND IT!



I AIN'T JUST **ANYONE**, SEE? I'M **THE MAIN MAN**!

AN' THAT'S **EXACTLY** WHAT I'M GOIN' **BACK** AS!

LISTEN, MR.... AHH... BO... I'M AFRAID THAT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION. IT JUST ISN'T DONE!

NOW, IF YOU'D LIKE TO TRY FOR ANOTHER--



NO!



I DON'T WANNA
TRY ANOTHER FRAGGIN'
NOTHIN'!



I WANNA GO BACK AS
ME--NOW--AT EXACTLY
THE **SAMETIME** I WAS
ORIGINALLY **WASTED**!

YA GOT
TEN SECONDS
LEFT.



OR WHAT? YOU CUT UP
ROUGH? RATHER A HOLLOW
THREAT, DON'T YOU THINK,
WHEN WE'RE ALL **DEAD**
ANYWAY?



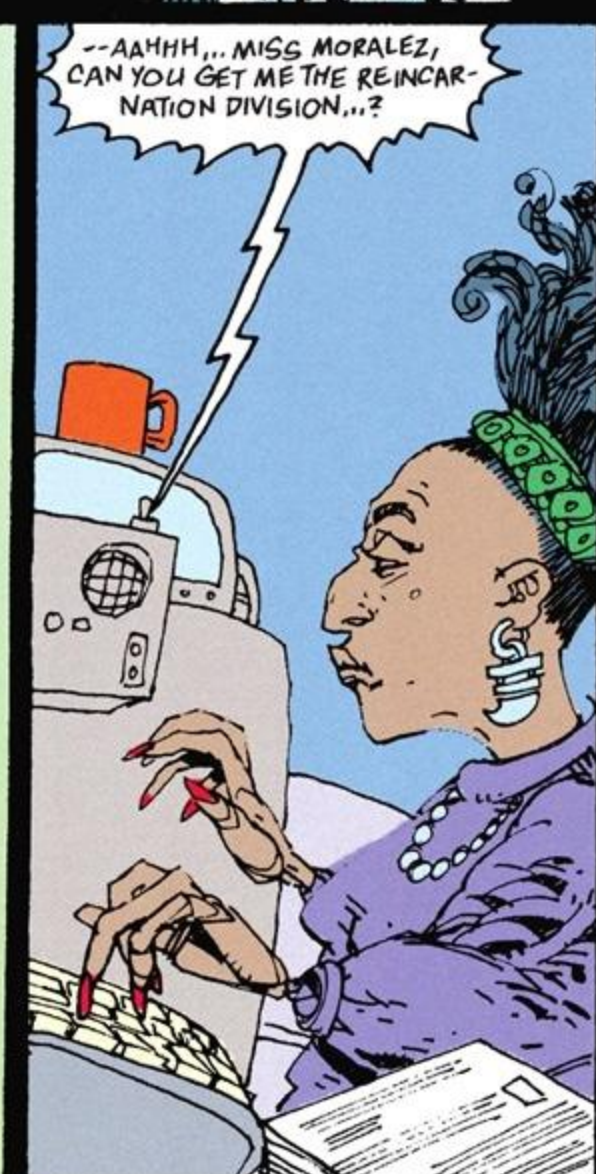
THERE'S NOT
MUCH YOU CAN
DO TO A DEAD
MAN, YOU
KNOW!



GOT
YOU THERE,
MMM?



CH-CHINGG!



--AAHHH... MISS MORALES,
CAN YOU GET ME THE REINCAR-
NATION DIVISION...?

REINCARNATION UNIT 3-B

ALL APPLICANTS--
PLEASE HAVE YOUR **KARMIC
EVALUATION SLIP** READY
FOR INSPECTION.

AND ALWAYS
REMEMBER--THE **BAD
TIMES** DON'T LAST
FOREVER!

ANOTHER LINE?
THIS PLACE IS WORSE
THAN **HANNAH THE
HAPPY HOOKER'S!**

IT'S THE **APPEALS
DIVISION**. YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR A
SPECIFIC **RE-INTRO**,
AREN'T YOU?

CAN'T HURRY
THESE THINGS,
YOU KNOW.

HOLY FRAGGAROLEY!
I COULD BE HERE TILL
DOOMSDAY!

HI THERE,
BIG BOY!
AND WHAT
ARE YOU
APPEALING
FOR...?

I'M HOPING FOR
SOMETHING A TRIFLE LESS...
GAUCHE THIS TIME
ROUND.

IZZATAFACT?

THE LAST TIME... OH!
ALL OF THAT *BODY HAIR*--THOSE
PECTORALS...! IT WAS
POSITIVELY *GRUE-SOME*!

LET ME TELL YOU,
HELL CAN'T EVEN *BEGIN*
TO DESCRIBE IT.

I USED TO GET
THESE TERRIBLE
MIGRAINES...!

BUT THIS TIME... SOMETHING
WITH *BRIGHT PLUMAGE*, I THINK.
SOMETHING... *GLITTERY*!

YES!! LOVELY *PLUMAGE*,
A *SOUPÇON-DE-GLITTER*...
AND AN OH-SO-DELICATE
DEMEANOR!

OR PERHAPS A
NICE LITTLE TOP-KNOT--
GGKKKK!

ENOUGH'S
ENOUGH,
CECIL!

HOW'S ABOUT
A *SOUPÇON DE SHUT UP*,
AWRIGHT?

Hello, friend.
What are you
hoping for?

KRUNCH!

12 YEARS LATER (THOUGH TIME HAS
ABSOLUTELY NO MEANING IN THE
CELESTIAL REALMS)--



--OR MAYBE SOMETHING
LIKE A SHITSU. THAT MIGHT
BE NICE. THEY'RE SO-OO
AFFECTIONATE...!



ALTHOUGH--THE
MALTESE ARE A HARDY
BREED, AREN'T THEY?
STRONG DIGESTIONS,
I BELIEVE.



BUT DEFINITELY NOT A
FRENCH POODLE. THEY'RE
SO...YAPPY, DON'T
YOU THINK?

NO, A SHITSU
SOUNDS JUST
RIGHT!



YA WANNA MOVE IT
ALONG THERE, FIDO?

WHAT'S YER
BEEF, ANYWAY?
'S NOT AS IF YA
AIN'T ALREADY
A DOG!



SIR! PLEASE RETURN TO
YOUR PLACE IN LINE. THIS IS
A VERY FRAGILE TIME--

VERY FRAGILE
INDEED!



FECKLESS
HOOLIGAN!





AHOOOOOGA!
AHOOOOOGA!
AHOOOOOGA!

-- 37 CRACK TROOP
DIVISIONS TO RESTRAIN
HIM, SIR. WE'RE HOLDING
HIM IN UNIT 3-B PENDING
ORDERS.

JUST... JUST
DO WHATEVER
HE WANTS.

PARDON, SIR?
NO PUNISHMENT--
NO PURGATORY--
NO--?



JUST DO WHAT
HE **ASKS!** I WANT
HIM **GONE!**

≥Sob!≤ GONE--
LIKE HE NEVER
EXISTED! GONE--
AWAY--FOREVER!
PLEASE...!

UHH,
YESSIR! AT
ONCE, SIR!



THEN HOW ABOUT *THIS*?
THE POTENTIAL FOR MAYHEM
AND ALL-ROUND *BADNESS*
IS HIGH. *VERY* HIGH!

A *COMIC BOOK EDITOR*?
HEY, BITE ME, GEEKWAD! EVEN
I GOT STANDARDS!

≥ SIGH!≤ YOU'RE
DETERMINED TO MAKE
THIS *DIFFICULT*,
AREN'T YOU?



HOW MANY TIMES
DO I GOTTA TELL YA,
FOUR-EYES?

ME -- AS
I WAS -- WHEN
I WAS!

LIKE, A
BOULDER COULD
UNDERSTAND
THAT!

IT'S NOT
NEARLY AS EASY AS
YOU THINK!



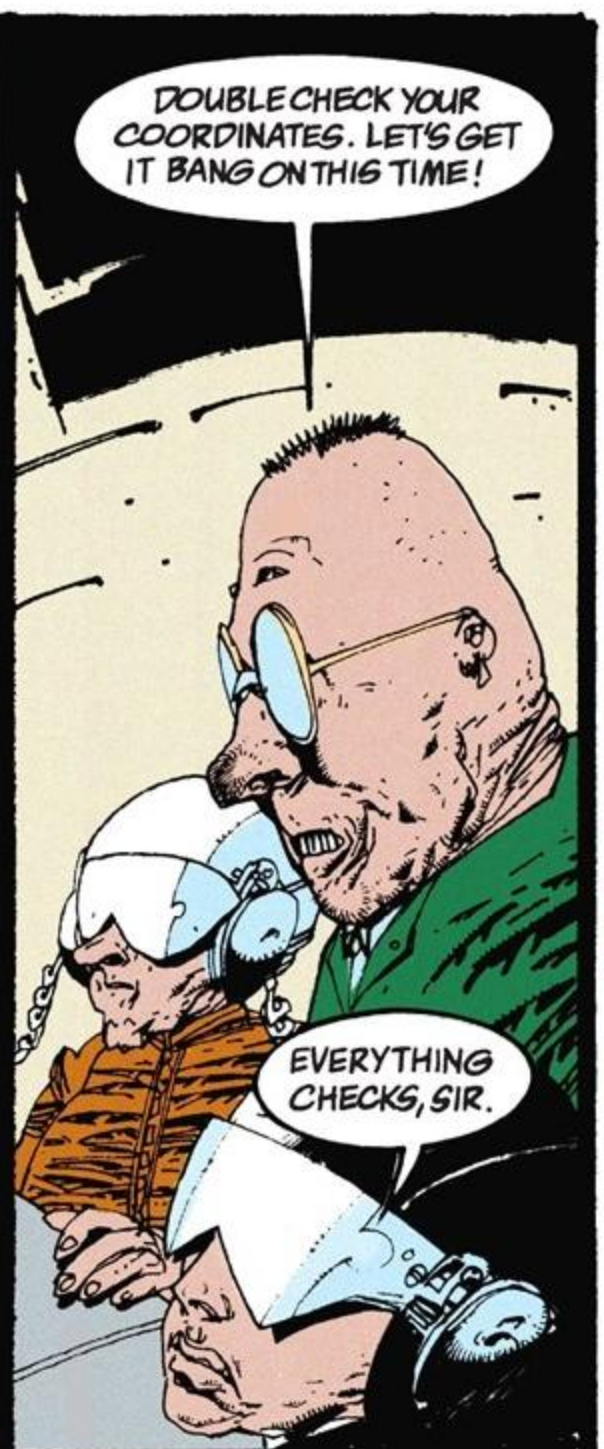
OH, ALL RIGHT. WE'LL GIVE IT A TRY. WHO CARES IF THE UNIVERSAL WHEEL OF KARMA COMES GRINDING TO A HALT?

HA HA.



ALL SYSTEMS GO!

WE HAVE A GREEN LIGHT!



DOUBLE CHECK YOUR COORDINATES. LET'S GET IT BANG ON THIS TIME!

EVERYTHING CHECKS, SIR.



INITIATING FINAL SEQUENCE... NOW.

CZARNIAN MALE ONLY SURVIVING SPECIMEN



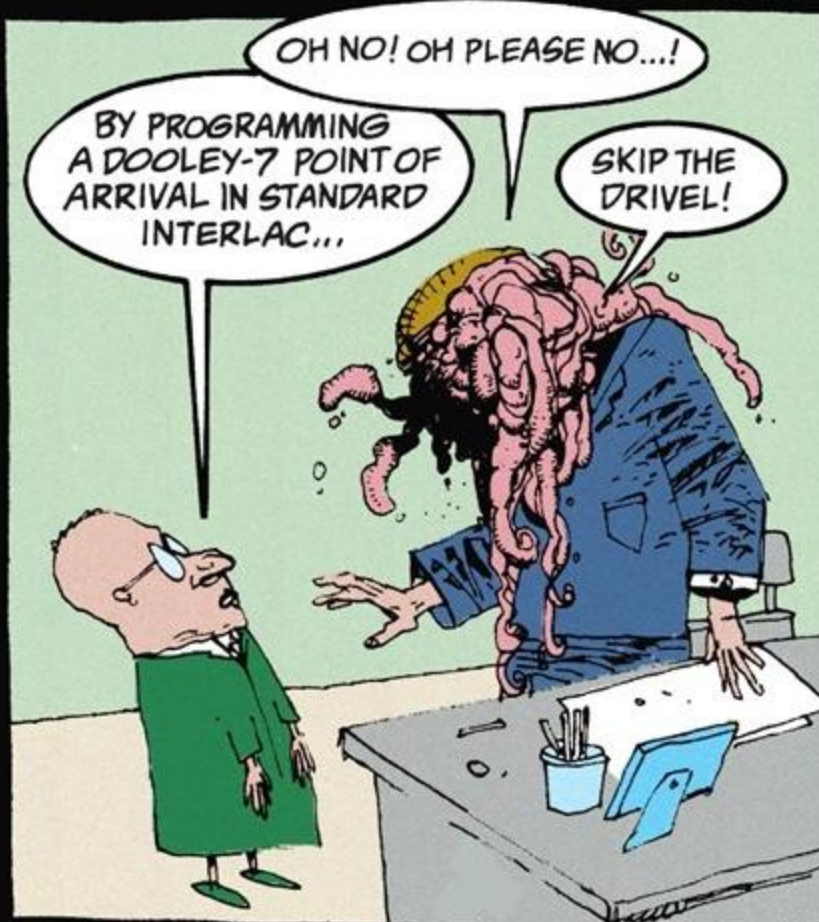
BETTER PRAY YA GOT IT RIGHT, CLYDE-- OR I'LL BE BACK, AN' YER PALS'LL BE CALLIN' YA EIGHT EYES! COMPRENDEZ?

ON MY MARK! THREE-- TWO-- ONE--



GONE!

BOFF!





THEY DID IT AGAIN!
SUCKERED ME LIKE A
GREEN FRAGGIN'
ROOKIE!

A SQUIRREL?!

A FRAGGIN'
SQUIRREL?!?



OH, MAN! WHEN I
GET BACK UP THERE--

I'LL USE THEIR STUPID
HEADS FER **BOWLIN'**! I'LL EAT
THEIR PUKEY **WINGS** ON
TOAST!

THEY'LL REMEMBER THE
MAIN MAN FER ALL FRAGGIN'
ETERNITY!



FECEB?
WHO IN TH' NAME
O'--

FEETAL'S
GIZZ!



YA...YA
GOT ME!

YA
DIRTY
RAAAAAA...

UH-OH--



SQUISHH!



I TOLD YOU
TO WATCH THOSE
HANDS, LOBO!

SLAP!



DON'T
SWEAT IT,
PALEFACE!

ONE OF THESE
DAYS, ME AN' YOU'LL
REALLY HAVE TO
GET IT ON!



BUT FER NOW,
I GOT BUSINESS
TO ATTEND TO. LIKE,
PAYBACK BUSINESS
WITH EXTREME
VIOLENCE!

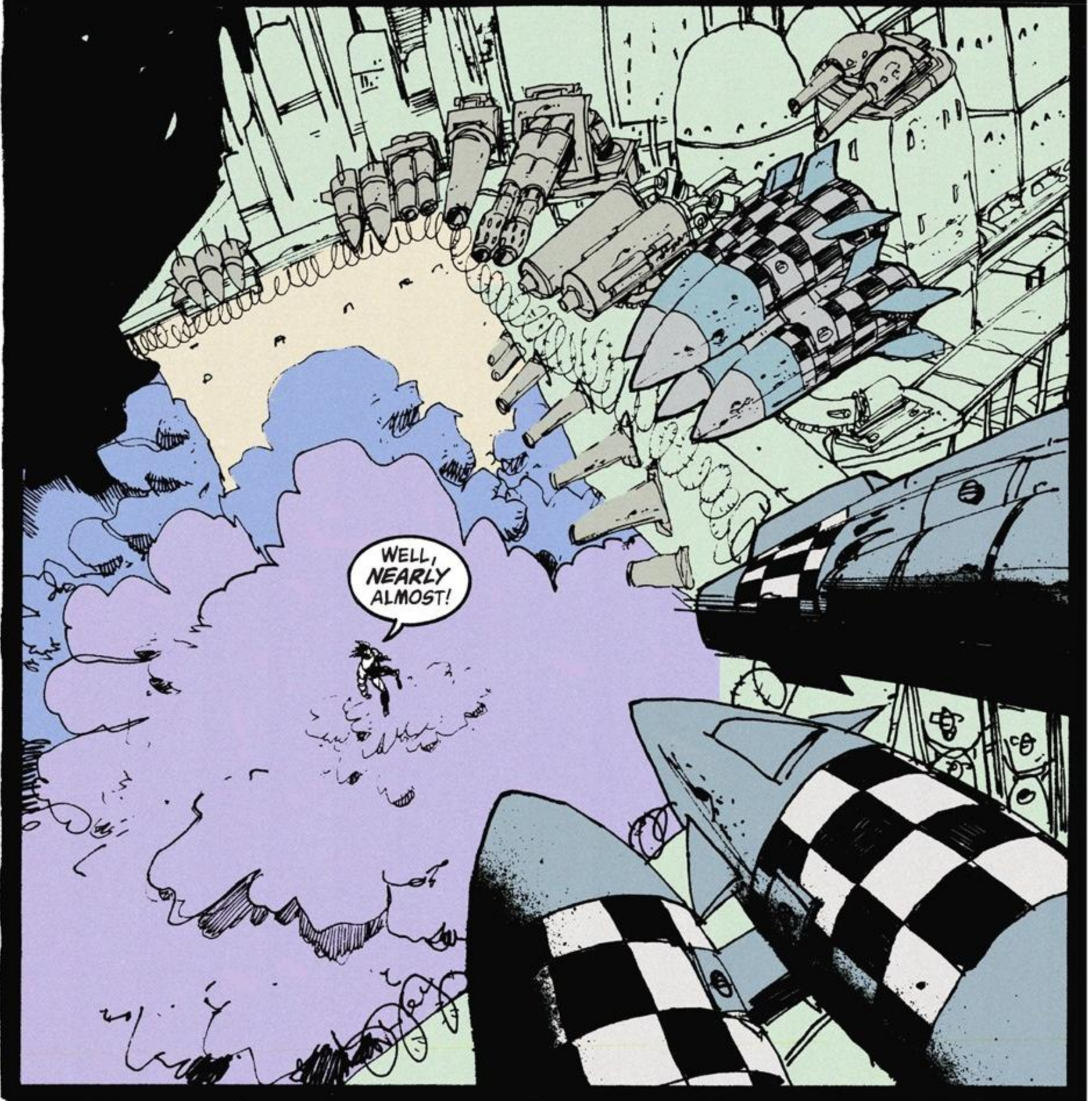


HEY! WHAT
HAPPENED TA
TH' LINE...?



GUESS
THEY'RE EXPECTIN'
ME!

HAR
HAR
HAR!





OKAY,
YADO-GOODIN'
CELESTIAL
DWEEDS!

LET'S ROCK
'N' FRAGGIN'
ROLL!

SUGGESTED
FOR MATURE
READERS



LOBO'S BACK

4

NOV 92

SUGGESTED FOR
VERY, VERY
MATURE
READERS!

LOBO'S BACK™

"Our Lobo, Who
Art In Heaven"

GO AHEAD...

...TURN TH'
OTHER CHEEK.



PART 4!

THE WAR IN HEAVEN!

ANGEL GIFFEN: PLOT/BREAKDOWNS • THE REV GRANT: SCRIPT
LE CHRISTIAN ALAMY: ART • DIVINE DANNY VOZZO: COLORS
NICE GUY KLEIN: LETTERS • "BAD" DAN RASPLER: EDITS

LOBO
CREATED BY
GIFFEN + SLIFER

WE'VE GOT THE
WHOLE PLACE SEALED
UP TIGHT AS CLINT
EASTWOOD'S TAIL-
FEATHER, SIR!

FAR AS THE CELESTIAL
FIELDS ARE CONCERNED,
NOBODY GETS IN, NOBODY
GETS OUT--

--ESPECIALLY
NOT LOBO!

HMMPH! THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, SOLDIER!

YOU'VE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH HERE!

ACH!

HE'S MONSTROUS! AN ABOMINATION IN THE EYES OF -- WELL, EVERYBODY!

EVEN SO, SIR--WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE COMBINED MIGHT OF EVERY CONCEIVABLE AFTER-LIFE! THIS HAS ONLY HAPPENED ONCE BEFORE--

ENOUGH! I DON'T WANT TO EVEN THINK ABOUT HIM!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE NEW ARRIVALS?

FUNNELLED THROUGH LIMBO TO THE AGNOSTIC ETERNAL WAITING AREA. THEY CAN READ GOLF MAGAZINES UNTIL IT'S ALL OVER!

stitch!

OR PRACTICE SINGING PRAISES, PERHAPS ...?

SIR! SECURITY BREACH, SECTOR CLOUD-9!

HECK! THE KRISHNAS!

I KNEW THEY WERE TOO HIGH A RISK!

SEAL OFF CLOUD-9! SCRAMBLE ALL UNITS!

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT US A WAR!



SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!

SHUT THE
FRAG UP, YA DOME-
HEAD GEEK-EYED
BASTICHES!

--KRISHNA,
HARI HARI, HARI
RAMAAAIEE!

KROK!

RAMA RAMA,
HARI RAMA, HARI
DOYAH!

HARI VISH-
NOOOGH!

HARRY!
HARRY, ARE YA
LISTENING...?

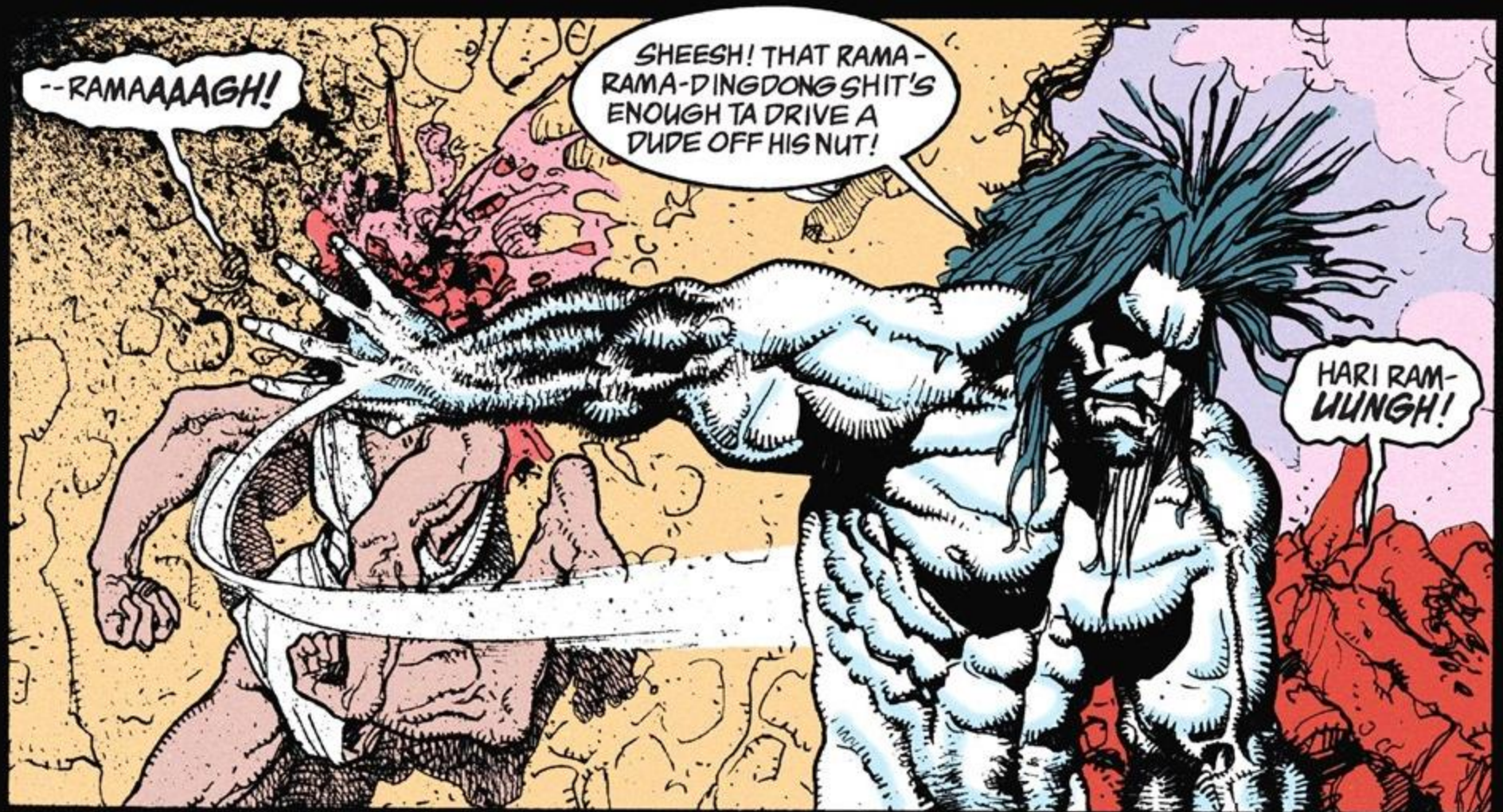
HARI
AAAGH!

TOB-
TCHIN

TOB-
TCHIN

STOMP!

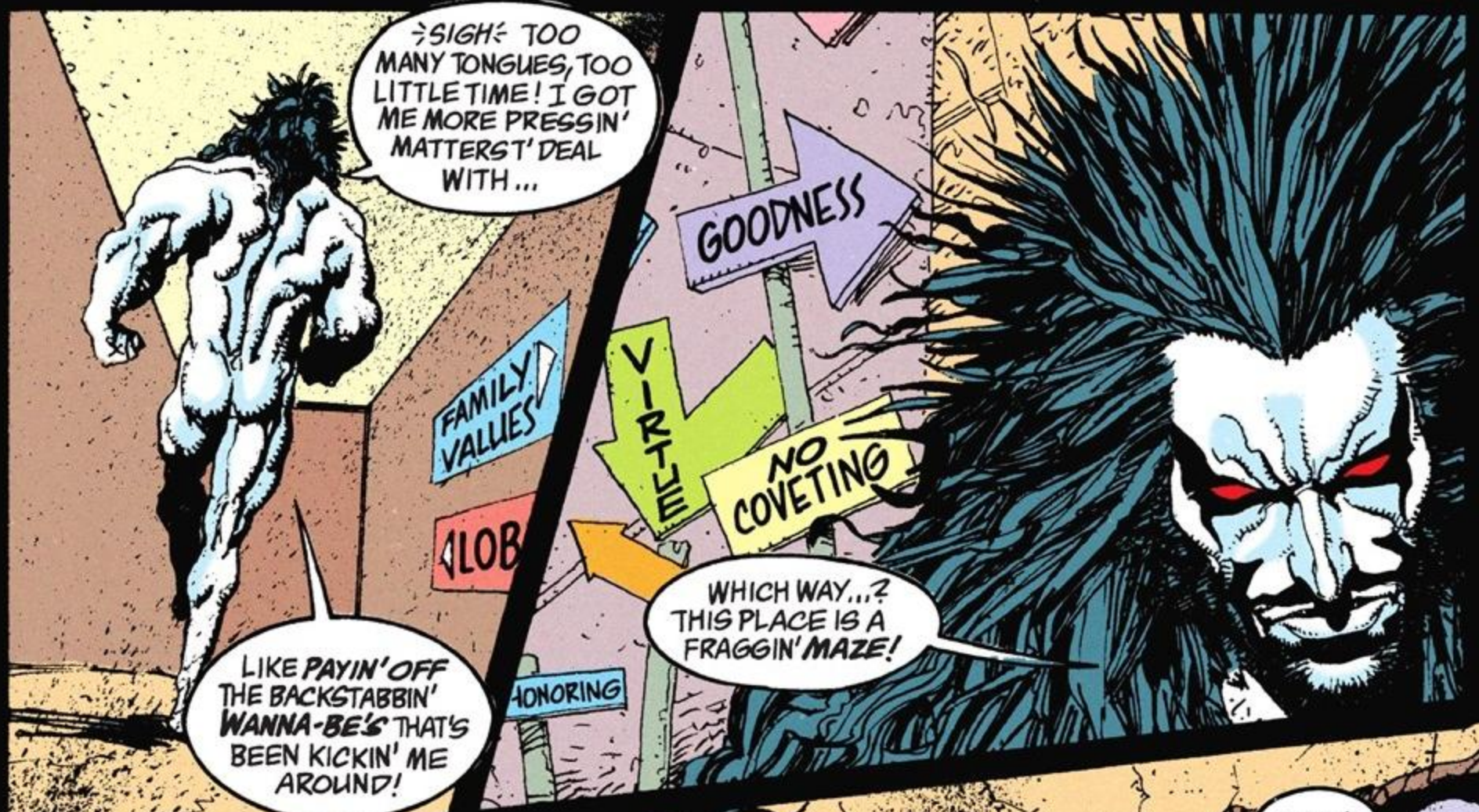
SQUITCH!



--RAMAAAAGH!

SHEESH! THAT RAMA-
RAMA-DINGDONG SHIT'S
ENOUGH TA DRIVE A
DUDE OFF HIS NUT!

HARI RAM-
WUNGH!



≥SIGH≤ TOO
MANY TONGUES, TOO
LITTLE TIME! I GOT
ME MORE PRESSIN'
MATTERS T' DEAL
WITH...

GOODNESS

VIR-
TUE

NO
COVETING

WHICH WAY...?
THIS PLACE IS A
FRAGGIN' MAZE!

LIKE PAYIN' OFF
THE BACKSTABBIN'
WANNA-BE'S THAT'S
BEEN KICKIN' ME
AROUND!

FAMILY
VALUES

LOB

HONORING

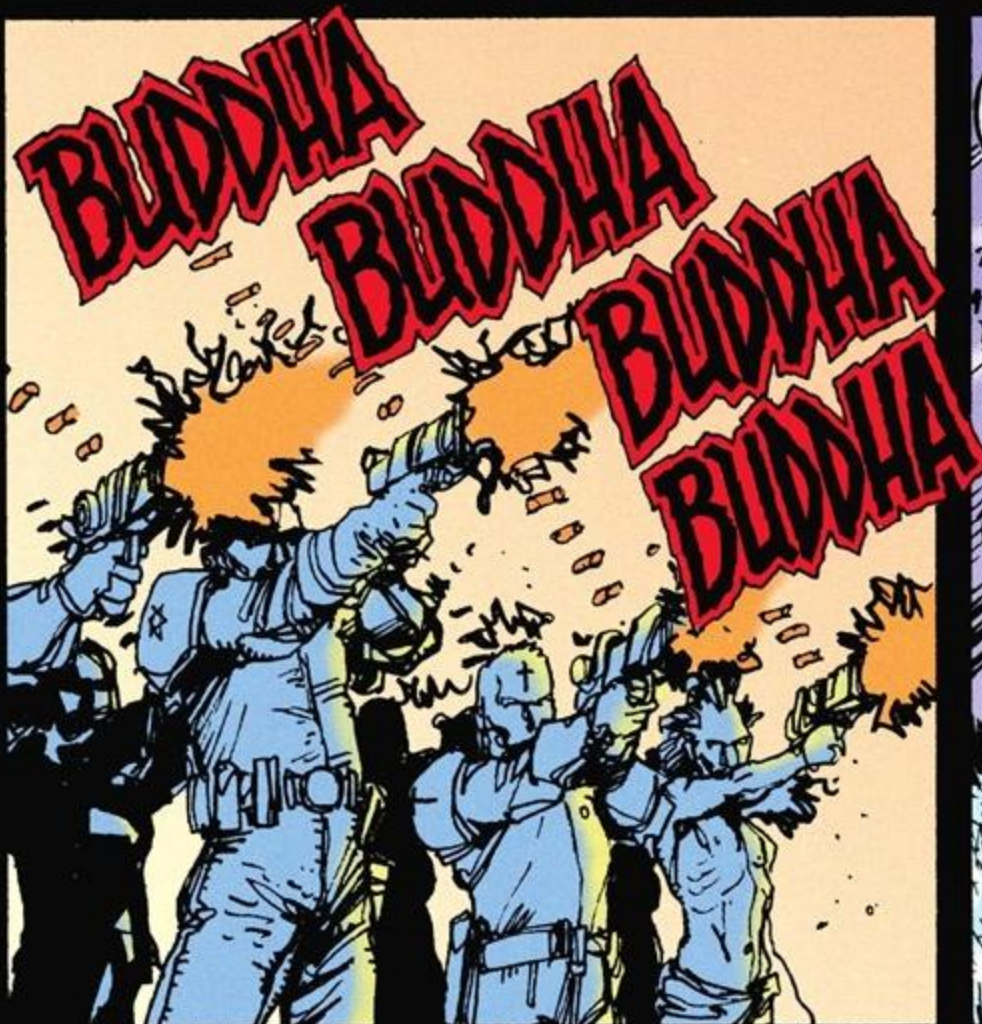


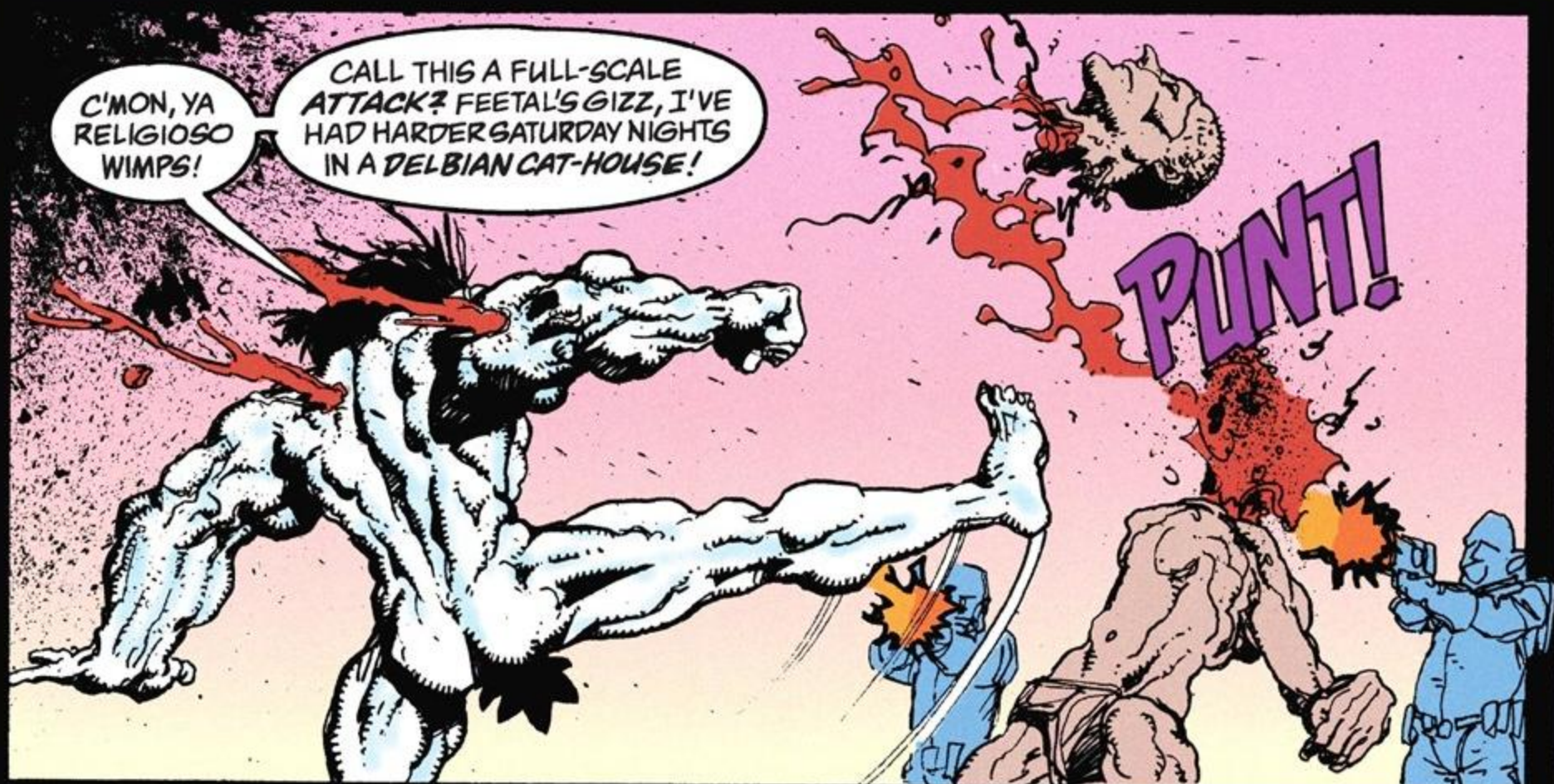
♪!
WHERE'S THAT
SWEET STINK
COMIN'
FROM?

THAT'S
HIM!

WOW!
WHAT A
MONSTER!

LOCK 'N' LOAD,
YOU GUYS! BLOW
HIM AWAY!





C'MON, YA RELIGIOSO WIMPS!

CALL THIS A FULL-SCALE ATTACK? FEETAL'S GIZZ, I'VE HAD HARDER SATURDAY NIGHTS IN A DELBIAN CAT-HOUSE!

PUNTI!



TH-THERE'S MORE WHERE WE CAME FROM, DARK ONE!

GREAT-- KEEP 'EM ROLLIN'! I AIN'T BIASED--



HINDU, CHRISTIAN, JEW, AGNOSTIC, BAPTIST--

YOW--



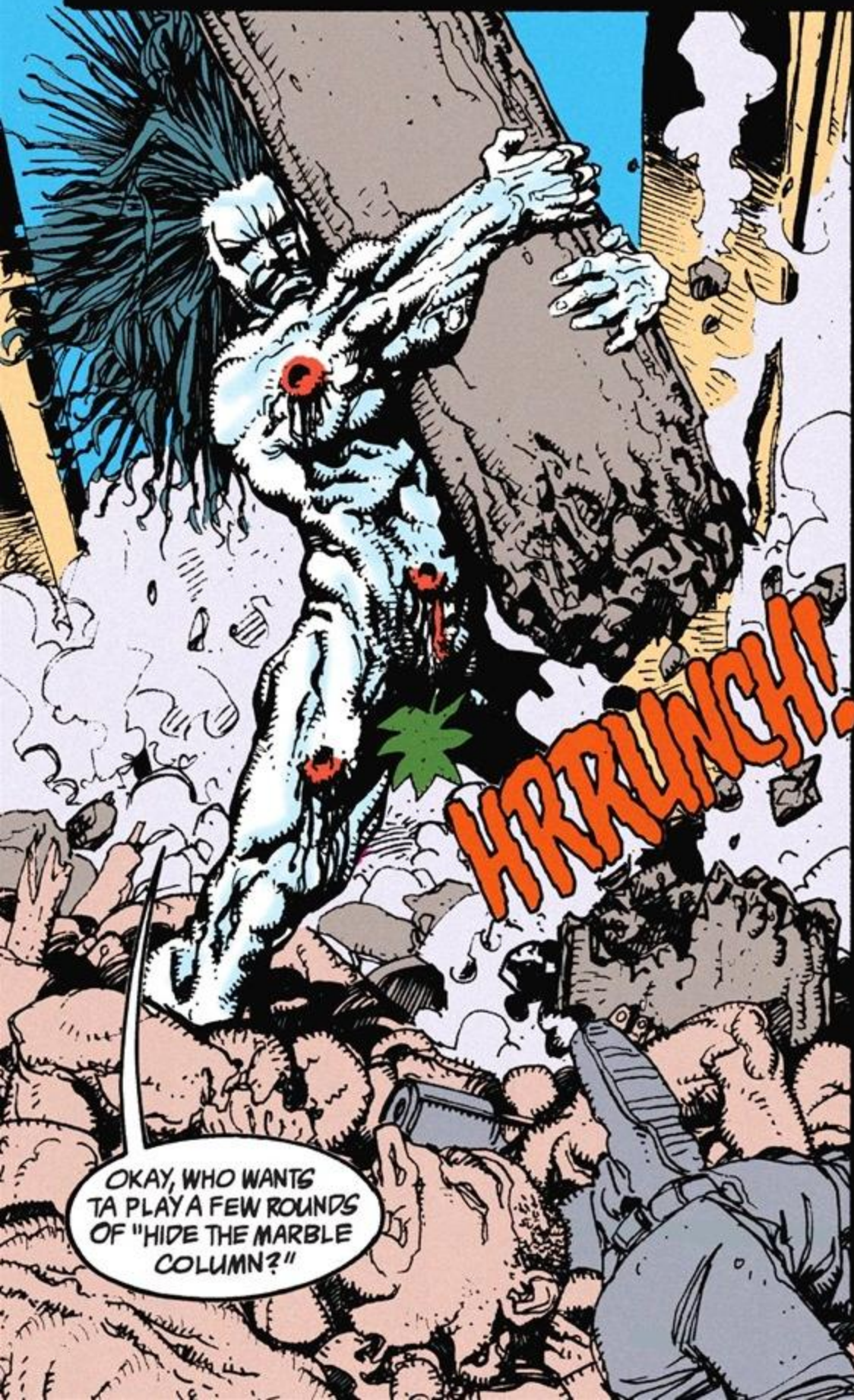
--OWNFFF!

BLAM!

YER ALL TH'SAMETA TH' MAIN MAN--



--FRAG FODDER!



AW, C'MON, BOYS! I'M JUST GETTIN' WARMED UP!



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
HE'S FORCING THEM
BACK!

HE'S
APPROACHING
AN OPEN-AIR
PLAZA, SIR!
AIR FORCE
STANDING
BY--!

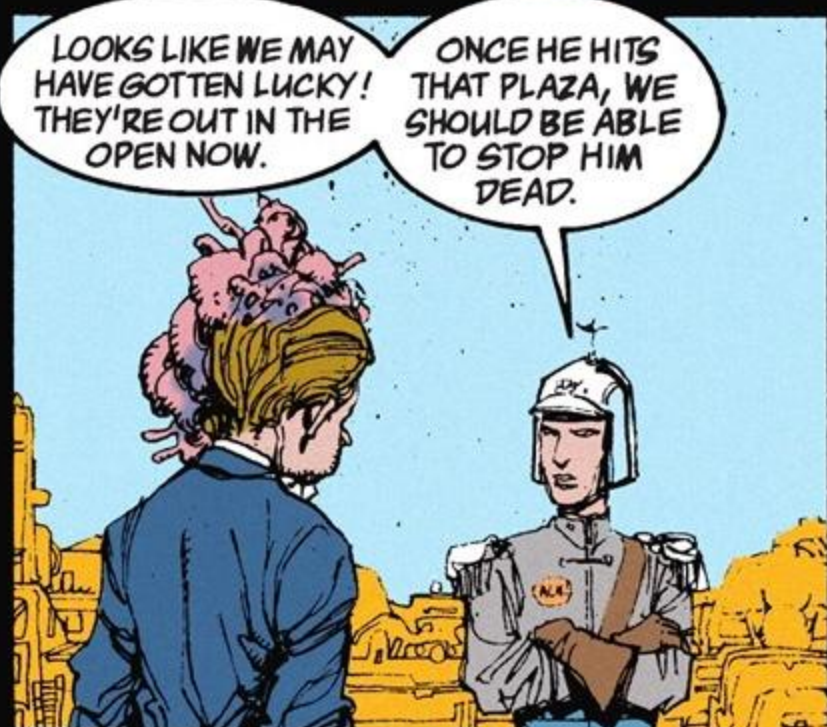


GOOD! MAYBE A
LITTLE **PRECISION**
BOMBING WILL SLOW
HIM DOWN!

JUST
HAVE IT
READY!



THAT'S RIGHT! ON
MY AUTHORITY, IT COULD
BE OUR ONLY HOPE!



LOOKS LIKE WE MAY
HAVE GOTTEN LUCKY!
THEY'RE OUT IN THE
OPEN NOW.

ONCE HE HITS
THAT PLAZA, WE
SHOULD BE ABLE
TO STOP HIM
DEAD.



SHOULD
BE?

WILL
BE.

WE'LL
SEE.



IF IT DOESN'T
WORK, I WANT HIM
HERDED TO THE
NEAREST R-UNIT.

BUT,
SIR--

YOU HEARD,
SOLDIER! JUST
DO IT!



GUESS YA DON'T
SEE A WHOLE LOTTA
ACTION IN THESE
PARTS, HUH, GUYS?

THAT AN' YER STUPID
LOVEY-DOVEY ATTITUDE
IS THE KEY TA WHY YER
DOIN' SO BADLY HERE!

PAY ATTENTION,
NOW! IF YER LUCKY
ENOUGH TA SURVIVE,
THIS COULD COME IN
REAL USEFUL SOME
DAY!

WHUNK!

**BUDNIA
BUDNIA!**

**BIAM
BIAM!**

YIKES!

**CLIC
CLAC**

TROUDUC



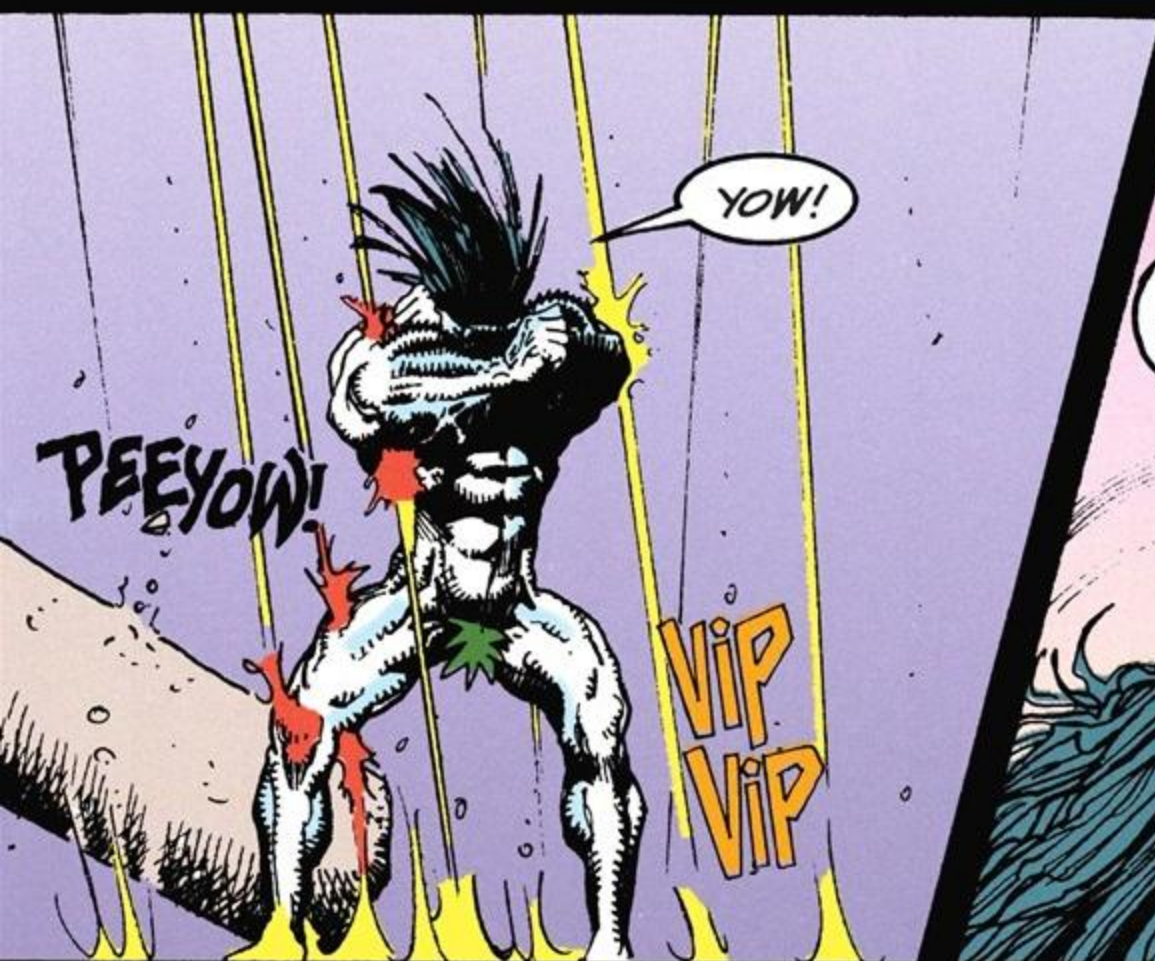
ALL UNITS
PULL BACK! I
REPEAT--PULL
BACK!

HAW! RUN FER
IT, YA WIMP DWEEB
BASTICHES!



GO ON--GET
OUTA HERE! I'VE ATE
BETTER'N YOU IN THE
L.E.G.I.O.N. CANTEEN!

HUH! I'VE
MESSED THESE
GEEKS UP TOO
BAD T' GET
DIRECTIONS!



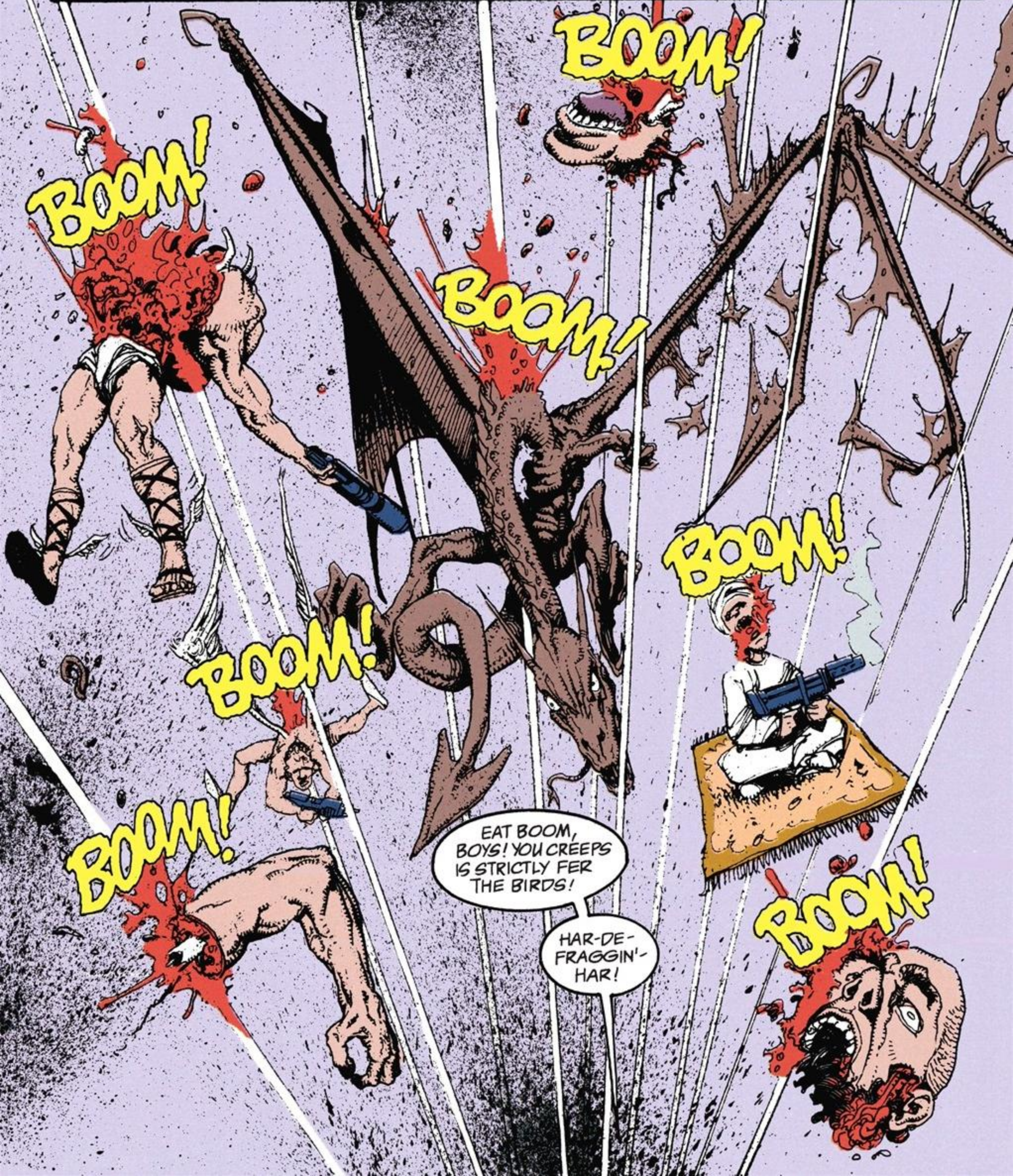
YOW!

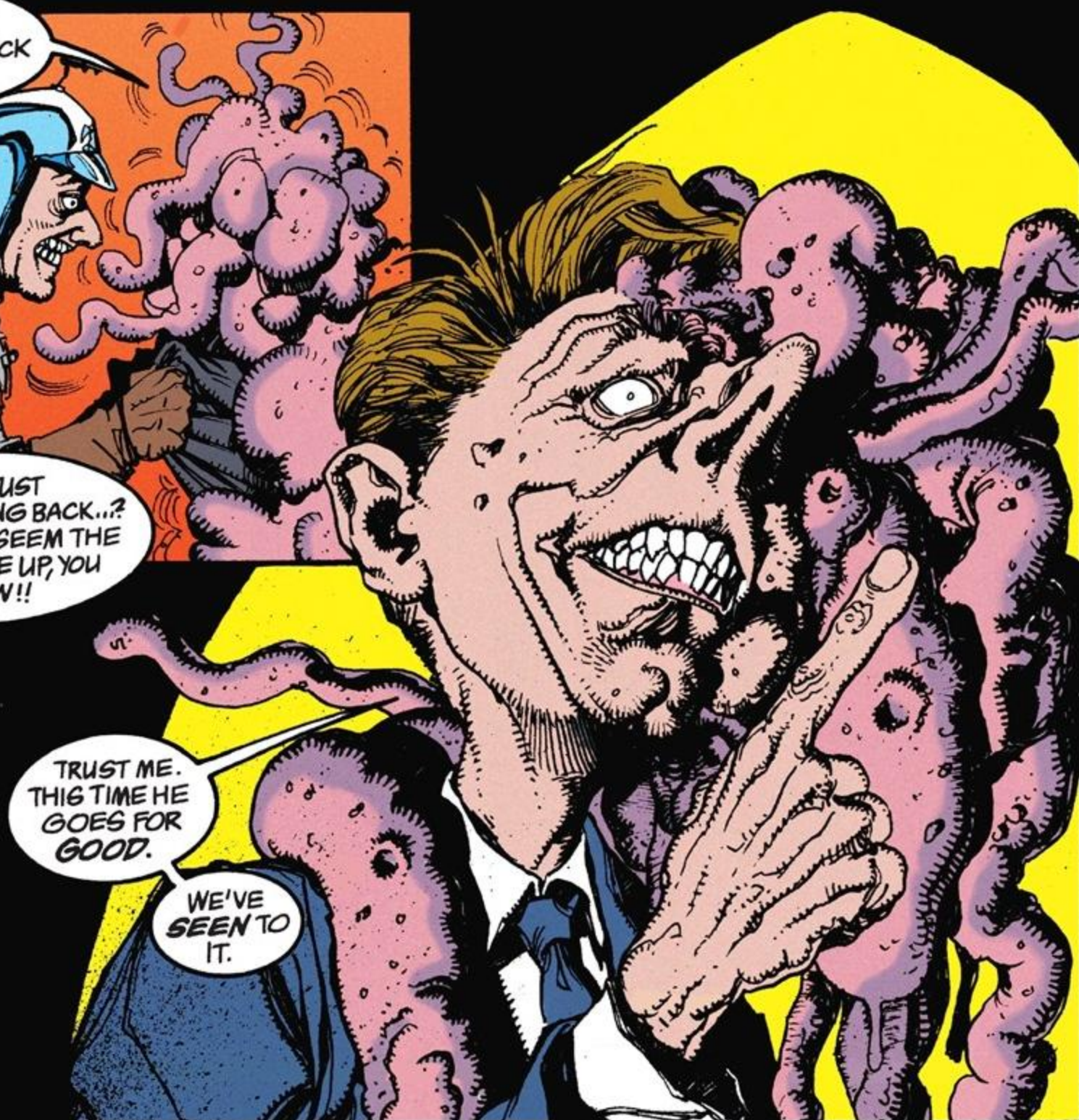
PEEYOW!

VIP
VIP

OH, FER
FEETAL'S SAKE--!
IT'S THE AIRBORNE
CAVALRY!









NOW...
WASN'T THAT FUN,
KIDDIES?

AWRIGHT,
SHRIMP! WHERE
IS HE?

Uh...Uh...



OW.

BACK OFF,
BAD BOY!

"BAD
BOY"?

WHERE'S THE
HEAD HONCHO--
THE BIG CHEESE
HIMSELF?

SCRUNCH!

WHO THE
FRAG--?



YOU'RE NOT
FACING GENTLE CHERUBS
NOW, YOU BLOOD-CRAZED
MANIAC!

BEHOLD THE
MIGHT OF NICK
TORQUEMADA AND
THE HOWLIN'
INQUISITORS!

YEAH! THE
GOSPEL-HAPPY
JOES OF
CONFESSION
COMPANY!

GAZE ON US
AND REPENT,
SINNER!

GUYS,
YA ARRIVED JUST
IN TIME--





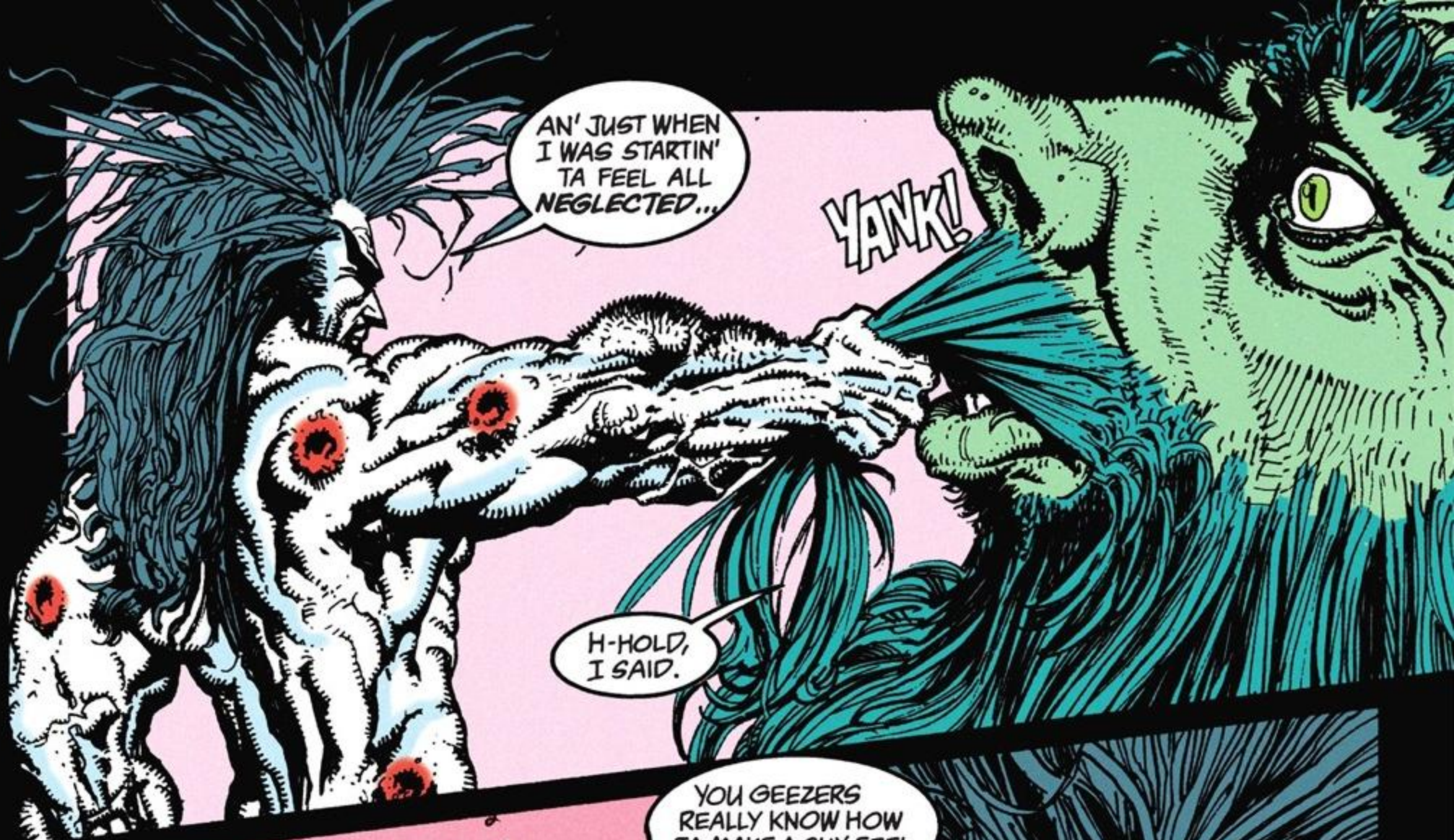
ME AND
THIS FRAGGING
ARMY!

FEETAL'S GIZZ
ON TOAST! IT'S THE
GODSQUAD!



WELL, IF YOU
FEEBS WANNA TALK
ABOUT **SMITIN'**,
YA COME TA TH'
RIGHT PLACE!

UHH...
I SAID
"HOLD"...



AN' JUST WHEN
I WAS STARTIN'
TA FEEL ALL
NEGLECTED...

YANK!

H-HOLD,
I SAID.

YOU GEEZERS
REALLY KNOW HOW
TA MAKE A GUY FEEL
WELCOME!



BOSH!



RIP

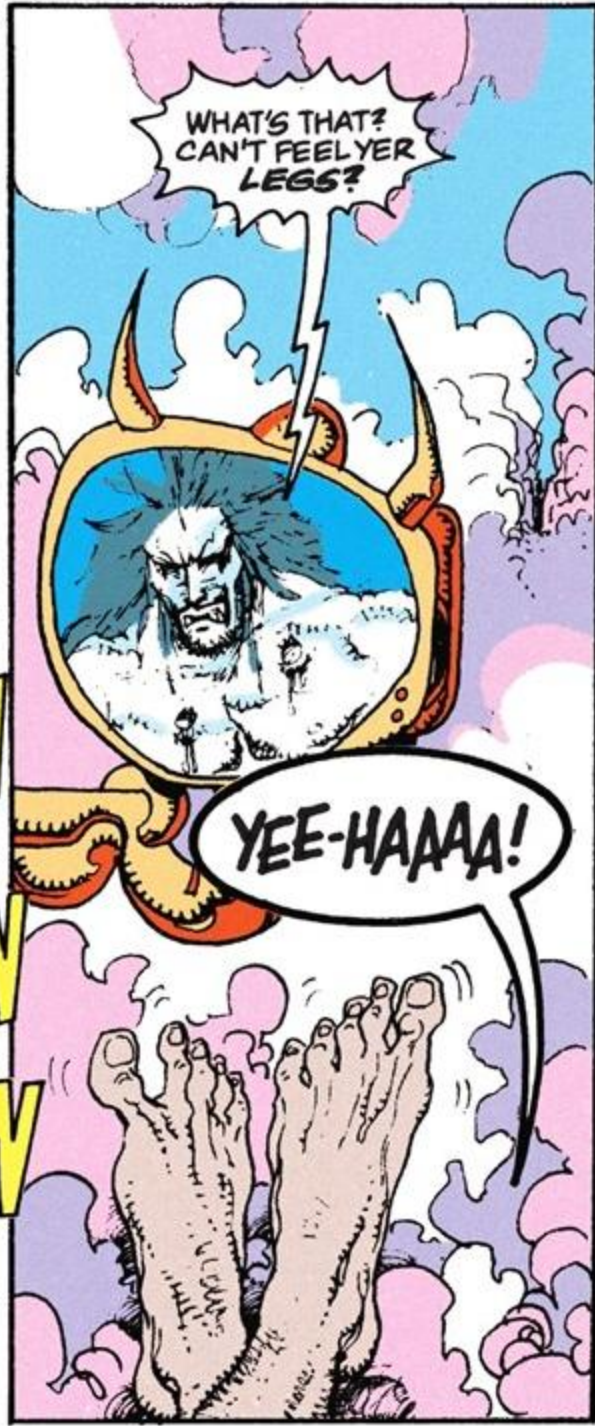
RIP
RIP

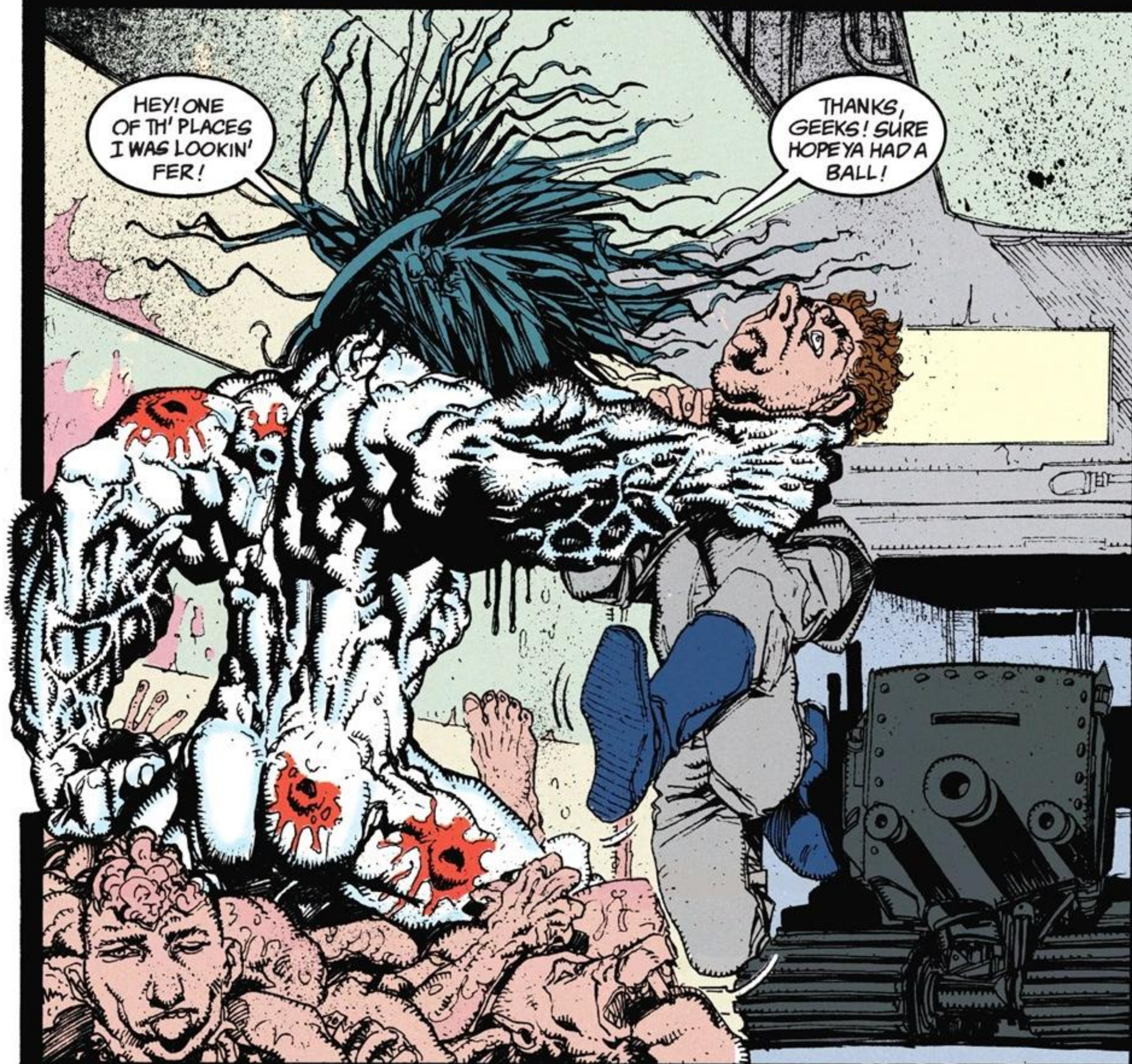
RIP



AWRIGHT!
WHO'S NEXT?

WLP!







AWW...AIN'T THAT CUTE? A BIG OL' CANNON!

OO-EEE! I'M SHAKIN' IN MY BOOTIES!

LIGSEN UP, YA BUREAUCRATIC SLUG! IT'S PAYBACK TIME!



TH' MAIN MAN'S COMIN' FERYA! GONNA GIVE YA A FRAGGIN' HOWITZER SUPPOSITORY!

I'LL TEACH YA T' MESS WITH ME! I'M TAKIN' OVER, SEE! I'M YER NEW BIG CHEEGE!



FIRE!

FIRE!



--CASTRATE YA WITH MY TEE--

CLIK







SHUNNK!

GUESS IT'S TRUE
WHAT THEY SAY, LOO--
NINE INCHES IS A
FINE THING.

YIII!

NOT BETWEEN
THE EYES, OF
COURSE!

HEY, FEECEES,
YA SNEAKY LITTLE
BASTICH--YA DROPPED
YER GUN!

THOOM!

ULP!

"ULP"
INDEED, COFFIN-
BREATH!

BOF!

PLUP!





FROM: THE DESK OF
DEREK DOOD, SUPERVISOR

MEMO: FOR YOUR EYES ONLY
RE: LOBO, aka THE main man
CC: All Level-1 Gods, Goddesses,
Devils, Death

Under NO conditions is the individual
known as Lobo to be collected. His file
has been categorized as "Untouchable,"
pursuant to Clause 27-c, Paragraph
7: i-xiv of the Immortality Brief
of 12 B.C.

Thank you for your kind
cooperation in this matter.

Derek

DEREK DOOD

THE END



W



HOME REPAIR
FIRST STAGE

BIZ



LOBO

Alter Ego: None
Occupation: Intergalactic bounty hunter, mercenary, and cold-blooded killer
Known Relatives: All dead
Group Affiliation: L.E.G.I.O.N.

Base of Operations: Cairn when with L.E.G.I.O.N., but mostly mobile
First Appearance: OMEGA MEN #3 (June, 1983)
Height: 6'4" **Weight:** 210 lbs.
Eyes: Red **Hair:** Dark gray
Skin: Chalk-white with black markings

HISTORY

Lobo, whose name means "one who devours your entrails and thoroughly enjoys it," is the last of his people for one reason: he killed them all.

Czarnia was a virtual paradise that knew nothing of war or anger. Its inhabitants were almost immortal. They had the power not only to regrow lost limbs, but to replicate — from each cell, a Czarnian could instantaneously clone a new self.

Into this Eden was born a serpent. When Lobo was born, his evil was so frighteningly apparent, the nurse who delivered him went insane. Lobo was more than the school bully; he was more like the school assassin. His parents, disgraced and ashamed, became hermits.

Lobo knew he was one of a kind on his planet, but he wanted even more — out of pure ego, he wanted to be one of a kind *everywhere*. Inspired by the idea of genocide, Lobo created a swarm of lethal scorpion-like creatures who turned heavenly Czarnia into a hell of pain, and soon, a graveyard. From death Lobo learned of ecstasy.

There's nothing Lobo likes more than killing, and he's a master at the craft. When he has a contract, he considers two things — whether to kill fast or kill slow. Nothing can stop Lobo from fulfilling a contract. He has no need for money (he kills for the thrill). Don't even think about breaching a contract with Lobo — crossing him is as

good as signing your own death warrant.

Lobo has one soft spot in that cold lump he calls a heart — his space-dolphins, "fishies" that resemble Earth dolphins but romp in the vacuum of space. He is very protective of them. Harm one of Lobo's dolphins, and you've signed your death warrant. (See a trend?)

No one in the known universe can out-drink Lobo. When intoxicated, he's even more dangerous than when sober — if such a thing is possible. Lobo likes to gamble, but does not like to lose. No one has ever collected on a bet from Lobo — nobody has ever had the guts to ask him to pay.

Lobo lives for himself; he has his own set of ethics. When he gives someone his word, he sticks to it. He doesn't care what side is right or wrong; he is his own judge, jury, and executioner.

Lobo is a walking contradiction, a being of savage inner turmoil, capable of merciless violence and destruction. Who really knows Lobo? No one can get close enough to find out. No one dares.

Through the machinations of Vril Dox II, Lobo is honor bound to work with the Licensed Extra-Governmental Interstellar Operatives Network — L.E.G.I.O.N.

POWERS & WEAPONS

One of the most powerful creatures in the universe, Lobo can rip through solid rock, kick his way out of a steel safe, and lift a two-ton semi and use it as a club. He can run at amazing speeds, leap to the point of flying, and he never seems to tire.

Lobo never carries a weapon — weapons take the fun out of killing — preferring instead a rough-and-tumble street-fighting technique. Lobo is blessed (depending on what end of his fist you're on) with the ability to sense a person's weakness. He can beat just about anybody, including Superman.

Lobo's Czarnian ability to replicate himself was taken from him by Vril Dox; still, he's virtually indestructible. Hit him with anything, and when the smoke clears, Lobo will say, "Is that the best you can do?" The only way to kill Lobo is by *vaporization* — the total, complete, absolute obliteration of all his cells. Make sure he's dead . . . or you are.

Lobo's uncanny tracking ability helps him locate any prey. Unrelenting, he'll spend as much time as he needs tracking his target. He usually travels on a modified intergalaticycle — a motorcycle with space-travel capabilities. He has been known to use other modes of space travel, but the bike is his favorite.





WHOOOP-DE-FRAGGIN'-DOO!

Hey, ya little bastiches! A lot of youse have been curious 'bout the legend of the Main Man, who he is, and how he came to be. Since so many of you asked, I got them bozos at DC Comics to put out another greatest-hits collection of mine to show you how Lobo gets things done!

If you've ever wondered how I got my reputation as the biggest, baddest bounty hunter the universe has ever known, this book shows you why the Last Czarnian is the last person you wanna mess with. Besides my killer looks, it's also almost impossible to kill me (which comes in mighty handy when people are tryin' to frag you all the time). And when I do die, not even the afterlife can stop me from collecting a sweet payday.

So if you like pages of mindless violence, gross-out gags that'll split your sides, and salty language, this comic is perfect for you sickos! Enjoy these tales from my first two miniseries, *Lobo* #1-4 and *Lobo's Back* #1-4, scripted by some guys named Keith Giffen and Alan Grant, with pictures by Giffen, Simon Bisley, and Christian Alamy. And see more of my handsome mug in the movies!

OKAY,
YADO-GOODIN'
CELESTIAL
DWEEDS!

LET'S ROCK
'N' FRAGGIN'
ROLL!